# THE LIVING AGE

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## THE WORLD OVER

### TREATY REVISION

THE combined efforts of Mussolini and Lord Rothermere to effect a change in the Treaty of Trianon have stimulated the British Liberal press to outbursts of ridicule that ignore the really important factors involved. Mr. Wickham Steed, for instance, feels that it is a matter of the utmost consequence to know that Lord Rothermere's pro-Hungarian campaign originated in a conversation between the noble lord and a mysterious princess, as intelligent as she was beautiful, who told him how perfectly lovely it would be for a powerful newspaper proprietor to espouse the cause of the outraged Magyar aristocrats. Mr. Steed then twits poor Rothermere at great length, ridiculing his fear of the Reds and showing how neither Mussolini nor the Magyars had anything to do with the defeat of Bolshevism in their respective countries. One can only ask why, if Lord Rothermere is so preposterous, his activities should merit such fervent attention.

Sisley Huddleston provides the answer. Writing in the *New Statesman*, this astute critic of European affairs points out that the agitation for a revision of the Treaty of Trianon may be the first step toward a revision of the Treaty of Versailles and a consequent readjustment of the entire map of Europe. Far-reaching movements often arise from origins as absurd as the vanity of a Rothermere or a Mussolini.

'It is possible,' says Mr. Huddleston, 'to point out that the *Daily Mail* possesses no political influence; it is possible to regard Mussolini as theatrical in his political proclamations; but it is not possible to deny that the present pronouncement has an immense significance. Language such as Mussolini used cannot be uttered by a man in his position without shaking the very foundations on which the constitution of Europe reposes. Italy plainly and publicly extends its support to Hungary in the campaign for a wholesale rectification of its frontiers. The ambitions of Hungary are legitimized. Hungary claims land held by Czechoslovakia, Rumania, and Yugoslavia. But then Austria claims land held by Italy, and Germany claims land held by Poland, as does Russia. If once this proc-

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ess of the restoration of territory taken by treaty from the defeated nations is recognized as inevitable, it will be impossible to set limits to it in a dissatisfied Continent.'

European history is replete with precedents of treaty revision, many provisions of the Treaty of Versailles having already been ignored. As Mr. Huddleston points out, the ex-Kaiser is living peacefully at Doorn, Hindenburg is President of the Reich, and the Dawes Plan and the Locarno Pact have superseded the diplomatic achievements of 1919.

But wholesale or even partial amendments cannot be expected soon. M. Pierre Bertrand has pointed out that there are two indispensable conditions of readjustment — first, propitious circumstances, and, second, that in the removal of one iniquity another and greater iniquity must not be allowed to arise. From this logical point of view it is impossible to effect a European arrangement that will be fair both geographically and ethnically. Mussolini, who demands geographic considerations to prevail in the Tirol, asks for ethnic considerations to be given precedence in Central Europe. 'There is need,' Mr. Huddleston concludes, 'for a revision of treaties, but the revision can only be carried out by common consent — or else by war.'

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### POST-ELECTION FRANCE

THE French elections, hailed by the London *Times* as 'the most important in many years,' leave the country in almost as confused a condition as ever, and we are now told that we must wait until the United States has gone to the polls before we can tell what to expect. A few conjectures may, however, be in order.

The campaign was fought on just one line — Poincaré; and it proved just one thing — that the voters would prefer to trust the country's destinies to the National Union rather than to the New Cartel sponsored by Socialists and the followers of Caillaux. But beyond this point all is confusion. The multitude of parties, the Opposition's fear of what would happen if it were called upon to assume responsibility, make it seem probable that a dynamic balance of powers will keep the present Government in office and give Poincaré the four years he says he needs to stabilize the franc.

Robert Dell, a man of very positive and decidedly anti-Poincarist views, pointed out in the *Nation and Athenæum* the bland attitude of indifference that the French assume toward matters of vital concern. The younger generation tends to ignore all politics, and the politicians themselves avoid many matters of importance. One element in the campaign interested Mr. Dell particularly, and produced the following comment from him: —

'Take a vitally important internal question — the appalling French death rate. The *Journal des Débats* published statistics of the death rate in eighteen of the principal European countries during the years 1921–1925, which showed that the only countries with a higher death rate than France were (in that order) Rumania, Spain, and Hungary — that is to say, three of the most backward countries in Europe. Even Bulgaria and Italy had lower death rates than France. Everybody knows that the high death rate is due to bad housing and lack of sanitation and hygiene, but not a single party has any remedy to propose, and not a single candidate, so far as my observation goes, even mentions the matter.'

*Le Temps*, speaking for the Government, has given a clue to what may be expected. This paper looks forward to a general settlement after the American

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elections, adding that the order in which the conditions of such a settlement will present themselves is as follows: Security, Reparations, Inter-allied debts, and Rhineland evacuation.

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### OUTLAWRY OF WAR

THE interminable Kellogg-Briand correspondence on the outlawry of war has received a wider, more sympathetic, and more intelligent press abroad than it has in our own country. The diplomatic correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, an astute person little given to sentimentalizing, regards Mr. Kellogg's proposal as 'an event of the greatest moment.' The British Foreign Office is taking the matter with the greatest seriousness, — largely, no doubt, out of deference to the United States, — and British common sense has been quick to detect certain practical considerations that American idealism and French logic might ignore.

First of all, England appears willing to make real concessions if America will collaborate with Europe in maintaining world peace. No doubt these concessions will turn out to be more apparent than real, if each encounter between foreign and American diplomacy proves as disastrous to the Americans as the Washington Conference did. Thus the enthusiasm of the English is not difficult to account for.

In the second place, the British incline to make light of their obligations to blockade an aggressive state under the Covenant of the League of Nations. Such a blockade would obviously be ineffective without the assistance of the British fleet, whose aid the Geneva Protocol makes subject to American approval.

The *Manchester Guardian* takes a long and liberal view of the whole subject, offering the following excellent comment: —

'To say that you renounce war is a splendid thing if you really mean it. But if you do not really mean it, or if you mean it with mental reservations, you may lull people into a false sense of security, or you may divert their energies from more practical methods of proving their determination to avoid war. The draft treaty as it stands would amount to a solemn declaration against the principle of war-making, and it might perhaps be of some value, when warlike feelings arose, in making the actual declaration of war a clear breach of a treaty undertaking. Without underrating the value of abstract pledges, one may reasonably question whether a pledge of this kind would have any real effect in stemming the currents of warlike passion at a time of international crisis. To make the pledge effective you must have at least two things. You must define what war is, or at any rate differentiate between the kinds of war which you really mean to renounce and those which you do not, and you must establish an effective machinery for the pacific settlement of disputes for which war would otherwise be the probable or only alternative. Without these two things the pledge becomes no more than a rather empty assertion of a peaceable disposition. It might have its uses, but it would also have its dangers. Nevertheless, that the United States should, with little encouragement, have persisted in this attempt to frame a treaty, open for the whole world to sign, for the renunciation of war is altogether to be welcomed.'

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### ITALY, TURKEY, AND OTHERS

PROSPECTS of Turco-Italian coöperation are puzzling the diplomats of the Quai d'Orsay, and even of the Wilhelm-

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strasse, who see Mussolini extending his influence in still another direction. The conversations in April between the Duce and Tewfik Rushdi bey, the Turkish Foreign Minister, indicate that the tension between the two countries, caused by Italian expansion in the Levant, has subsided and that some form of most-favored-nation treatment may be looked for.

Already Italy is a close second to England in the amount of tonnage passing through the Straits, and her Balkan ambitions as well as her own *Drang nach Osten* would profit from some understanding with Angora. Possibly special privileges will be accorded to Italian capital and commerce, from whose growing activities Turkey herself would be the first to gain. It has been Turkey's consistent policy since the war to put up the bars against foreigners in general and Allied Powers in particular, but the time may well have come for a change of front.

Important European repercussions would follow a Turkish-Italian pact. Relations between Turkey and Greece have never been smooth, and it might be that Italy could hold the two countries in check in case of a general European disturbance, for, as Italian hegemony in the Balkans increases, each new link in the chain assumes increased importance. Rumania, Bulgaria, and Hungary have swung into the Roman orbit, and the French ambition of a Serbo-Turkish agreement to offset Italian influence looks dim at the moment.

The Budapest correspondent of *Vossische Zeitung* does not feel, however, that Mussolini has Hungary entirely under his thumb. Bethlen he describes as being a cool customer, proud, wary, and sensitive, who realizes that the gradual Franco-German rapprochement is going to make it worth Hungary's while to look toward Berlin, Belgrade, and Paris, and to renounce some of her wilder hopes for territorial readjustment.

One of Foreign Minister Beneš's spokesmen comments as follows in a Prague newspaper: —

'Czechoslovakia desires good neighborly understanding with all other nations, and she is especially eager for the economic reconstruction of Central Europe. France, and even England, who would profit greatly from a political consolidation of Central Europe, support this political programme of Czechoslovakia's. Germany takes no sides. Although an alliance of the Danube states is not in accordance with plans for a greater Germany, the Reich could coöperate profitably with such a new group, and has no reason to oppose it. Italy, on the other hand, inevitably sees a danger in any big Central European bloc, and therefore supports Hungary against the Little Entente. But compared to this rather illusory danger of a Central European bloc of states, the danger to Italy of a greater Germany extending from the Baltic to Arabia is a stern reality. Italy has the choice between a consolidation of Central Europe by means of a loose alliance of free and equal states and the *Anschluss* between Austria and Germany with all its inevitable consequences to the Tirol and the Adriatic.'

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### RUSSIAN RUMORS

THE Soviet Government has had no easy task in forcing the peasants, and even some proletarians, to give up their religion and subscribe instead to the 'Hundred-Million-Ruble Cheap Peasants' Lottery Loan.' As for the anti-religious campaign, it appears that the Actors' Union, which went on strike when ordered to perform an antireligious play at Easter, obeyed the Commissariat's command. Motion-picture

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theatres remained open until after midnight on Easter eve, and no charge was made for admittance. Loud-speakers were set up in the streets, and a new newspaper, *Anti-Religiosnik*, began publication.

The Moscow *Pravda* bitterly laments the fact that peasants spend three hundred million rubles a year on religion but fail to support their own one-hundred-million-ruble lottery loan. In order to force the peasants to subscribe, the Government has resorted to strong measures and offers economic advantages to each town and village that buys its quota. Every peasant household is expected to possess at least one bond, which costs two and one-half rubles, and which may win a valuable prize. Rykov, however, has attempted moral suasion rather than force.

The London *Daily Herald* reported that Briukhanov, the Soviet Commissar of Finance, had declared that the loan was oversubscribed, but the London *Times* Riga correspondent calls this announcement 'Briukhanov's April joke,' since the same gentleman had declared but a few days previously that two months of hard work had not yielded half the required amount. The *Daily Herald* also reported successful grain collections and increased acreage under seed, which the *New Statesman* denied, adding that, 'as no government which rides roughshod over agrarian interests can ever hope to make an economic success of Russia, the Bolsheviki themselves, in spite of their immense political power, may eventually fall before the formless but nevertheless persistent pressure of peasant discontent.'

The extent of the dissension which has broken out in the ranks of the Communist Party over the policy to be pursued toward the peasants is indicated by the sudden resignation of Commissar for Agriculture Smirnov and his replacement by Kubjak. It appears that in the Politbureau Stalin and Tomskii lean toward the proletariat, whereas Rykov and Kalinin favor conciliating the agrarian element.

Reports of impending alliances either with or against the Soviet continue to emanate from Berlin. According to the Communist *Rote Fahne*, Lord Birkenhead's visit to the German capital was inspired by a plan to force Germany into a coalition against Russia. The same journal even goes so far as to connect this ostensibly private visit with the suppression of the German Communist organization, the 'Red Front' — all of which is emphatically denied by the *Manchester Guardian*.

On the other hand, the Moscow correspondent of *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* forecasts a fantastic alliance between the Soviet, Germany, Yugoslavia, and Turkey to thwart the imperial ambitions of Italy or Great Britain. Germany would form a bridge between the Soviet and Yugoslavia, whose Radicals, particularly Radič and Pribitchewitch, are friendly toward the present Russian Government. Unfortunately, the Yugoslavian Minister at Berlin, Balugdschitch, leans toward Conservatism, and the report is perhaps based either on fond Bolshevist hopes or on the desire of the Germans to conjure up a Soviet bogey to replace the one that collapsed when the German engineers in the Don Basin were arrested.

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### BALKAN DEVELOPMENTS

FACTIONAL rivalry between former Premier Tsankov of Bulgaria and the present Premier Liaptchev has thrown a small monkey wrench into the negotiations for a foreign loan to that country under the auspices of the League. Tsankov's opportunist objection, which some of Liaptchev's own supporters

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have endorsed, is that the National Bank should not be converted into an institution founded on private capital, since Bulgaria lacks the funds to maintain it on such a basis.

The series of destructive earthquakes that have been afflicting that unfortunate country may at least have the beneficial effect of silencing the opposition and forcing the loan through. The mountain districts are suffering pitifully from starvation owing to poor harvests last year, and reparation payments are exhausting what little spare money is available. Responsible opinion seems to favor Liaptchev, and to hope that the present hardships may be the making of him.

The London *Times* welcomes Yugoslavia's return to normalcy, although internal politics remain as disturbed as ever. Italian Fascisti have been doing their best to strain the relations between the two Adriatic neighbors, and the brother of the Italian Minister at Belgrade has been going into ecstasies over the 'beautiful war' his country is going to wage one of these days. Fascisti in Trieste have also been demonstrating for the annexation of 'unfreed Dalmatia,' but even the Yugoslavians must have learned by this time how heavily such rant should be discounted. A faintly comic note has been injected into the Tirolese dispute in the form of a letter from Dr. Stumpf, head of the Tirolese Provincial Government, to Rothermere, expressing the hope that the *Daily Mail's* campaign in favor of oppressed Hungarians in Transylvania will also take cognizance of the unfortunate Tirolese victims of Fascist oppression.

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### RUMANIAN RUMBLINGS

THE deaths of King Ferdinand and Jon Bratianu are now making themselves acutely felt in Rumania, for the Opposition — the National Peasants' Party — is increasing its power, and the Liberal Party with the Council of the Regency may prove too weak to withstand the Tsaranist demands. The economic policy of Vintila Bratianu, the present nominal dictator, is in large part responsible for the present situation, for in raising the value of the leu and in creating a surplus in the National Budget he has wrought great hardship upon the business of the nation. Nevertheless, by abandoning his former policy of excluding foreign capital and by offering the necessary securities for the eighty-million-dollar loan through the Blair group he hoped to ease the internal situation sufficiently to prevent a revolution.

Dr. Maniu had two hundred thousand peasants behind him recently at a gigantic congress at Albajulia, the birthplace of both Hungarian and Rumanian independence, where they demanded the removal of the present Liberal Government. Both *Le Temps* and the London *Times* feel that the one party of importance in Rumania is the National Peasants' Party, and both journals would deplore any effort of that party to gain control of the government by force. The platform of Dr. Maniu calls for the removal of export and import taxes which impede trade, encouragement to foreign capital, increased salaries for government employees, and fair elections.

It is generally admitted that Prince Carol would be a stronger ruler than the present Council of Regents, but, although he is popular with the Army, little Carolist sentiment was shown by the peasants at the Albajulia congress. Prince Carol has taken more interest in his country than he did several months ago, and the London *Express* reports that he plots to seize the throne of his young son, King Michael. The peasants support the present monarch, but

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the London *Times* asks: 'A king is a king, but what can they expect from a child of five?'

The *Daily Telegraph* sums up the chief trouble of the Liberal Party as follows: 'Opinions may differ as to whether or no a dictatorial system is an admirable thing for certain imperfectly developed countries. But everyone will agree that for the success of such a system the presence of a dictator is essential. And a dictator is precisely what the Liberal Party of Rumania is unable to produce.'

One point upon which both the Liberals and the National Peasants' Party agree is the status of Hungarian optants in Transylvania, a question which again comes before the League of Nations Council in June. It would surprise most observers if Rumania agreed to the suggestion made at the last League Council meeting for a mixed claims commission with two neutral members to settle this complicated question. At present, moreover, there seems to be little chance of the two nations coming to an independent settlement.

William Martin declares in the *Journal de Genève:* 'Human reason fails to find a path in this labyrinth, above all because the two adversaries are arguing from different and equally impregnable positions. Count Apponyi discusses strict law, and M. Titulescu pleads equity.' Wickham Steed, in a letter to the London *Times*, feels that it is 'a case for political common sense in the first instance and for a business settlement in the second.'

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### AMERICA IN CHINA

THE *China Weekly Review*, a liberal American periodical published in Shanghai, fears that the United States has lost its position of leadership in Far Eastern affairs. This paper contends that the decline set in after the Washington Conference, and that it has reached its lowest depths in the past two years, when we have been sailing in the wake of European and Japanese diplomacy instead of following the lines laid down by Hay and Roosevelt. Chinese Nationalism, as the British press is never tired of proclaiming, developed in America and under the guidance of American missionaries. The *China Weekly Review* feels that 'the modern Chinese educational system is a product of American genius, and the same American inspiration is to be found in the Chinese professions and in business. The modern Chinese banking system is modeled directly upon the American banking system, most of China's present-day bankers and financiers being products of American schools. Dr. Sun Yat-sen received his early education in mission schools in Honolulu, and promoted the first revolution from the vantage ground of American soil. Today the Nationalist Government is almost entirely staffed with graduates of American universities, who have at last found a place where their knowledge and experience can be of some service to their country. It is therefore pathetic to contemplate the failure on the part of the United States to correctly appraise and evaluate the present-day forces in China, which are largely a product of American inspiration.'

A few years ago, when the American fleet coöperated with the British and Japanese in a demonstration against Dr. Sun Yat-sen, we succeeded in throwing his followers into the arms of the Bolsheviki. More recently American business men have been urging the State Department to intervene in conjunction with the British, and now that the time for a general settlement approaches we still fail to take a positive lead.

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SOUTH SEA ISLANDS

DURING four disturbing weeks the brown-skinned, black-thatched natives of Apia, principal town of Western Samoa, had been carrying out a determined boycott of all European business concerns. Three hundred tall, well-formed Polynesians, dressed in purple and swinging long bludgeons, formed the special boycott-enforcement squad of the unofficial League of Samoa. They patrolled the streets of Apia, scowling defiantly at the government police whom they passed. They forced other natives to return purchases made in European-owned stores. They hoped that business would be ruined, that taxes therefore would go unpaid, that the Government would be weakened. They were protesting against the 'dictatorship' of their Administrator from New Zealand, entrusted by the League of Nations with the government of these fertile, palm-fringed Western Samoan islands, set in the middle of that vast group of coral islets that dot the South Pacific between Australia and South America and go by the general name of Polynesia.

Suddenly, when the streets of the town were filled with menacing figures and an open clash seemed imminent, through the single narrow opening in the chain of coral reefs that mark the entrance to Apia Bay steamed two gray warships — the Dunedin and Diomede, light cruisers of the New Zealand Navy. New Zealand was sending her only two men of war to put down a native uprising in her South Sea mandate — an uprising whose story properly begins with the arrival of a blonde Swedish trader named Nelson in the islands in the 1880's, revolves around the life of the Swedish trader's son, and will end with an investigation by the Mandates Commission of the League of Nations.

Nelson, the Swede, left his cold country for the warm climate of the South Pacific nearly half a century ago. Arrived in Samoa, then still under native rule, he set himself up in the copra trade, dealing in the dried kernel of the coconut which is the South Sea's principal article of commerce, used to make the world's candles and to provide the ocean traveler with that peculiar kind of soap that forms a lather with sea water. He made friends with this island race from which sprang the original stock of all Polynesia, learned their soft language, — still called 'the Italian of the Pacific,' — and married a Samoan girl. He prospered, had a son by his pretty native wife, and named the boy Olaf in memory of his Swedish ancestry.

Olaf, growing up and taken into his father's business, worked hard to learn to judge copra and to deal with the easy-going, gullible natives who produced it. Civil wars left him unmoved. In 1899 a new treaty was signed between Germany, Great Britain, and the United States, who had ten years earlier agreed to neutralize the islands. Germany was given Western Samoa; the United States was given Eastern Samoa, including Pago-Pago, the finest harbor in the South Pacific; Great Britain withdrew completely. Olaf Nelson, undisturbed by the fact that his South Sea island had overnight become a German colony, continued to build up his business. By 1914 he had become the principal merchant of Western Samoa. A network of his stores overspread the islands; his firm had agencies all over the world. He was Samoa's biggest copra buyer, and with his fellow citizens had built up a highly profitable system by which they agreed not to compete with each other and fixed a common — very low — price to the native producers.

Then came the World War, the sei-

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zure of Western Samoa by a British expeditionary force, the Treaty of Versailles which turned over the former German colony to the League of Nations. In 1920 New Zealand, under mandate from the League, was given control of Olaf's islands. The Swedish-Samoan merchant became a British citizen. He was a member of the Samoan Legislative Council, was called the Honorable Mr. Nelson. His star seemed still to be in the ascendant, until in 1923 Sir George Richardson was sent out from New Zealand as Administrator of Western Samoa.

Sir George surveyed the Samoan scene, saw the natives being exploited, and came forth with two disturbing edicts. The first broke down Nelson's profitable system of fixing prices to native copra producers, by substituting a non-profit-making government export system in the natives' interest. The second enforced the Prohibition laws.

Nelson liked neither edict, the one cutting into his business, the other presumably into his pleasure. He began in 1926 to travel about the islands, organizing a native League of Samoa in order to combat the Government. As the unrest which Nelson was stimulating grew, Sir George Richardson took repressive measures against it; whereupon Nelson, marshaling his native League behind him, raised the cry of 'Dictatorship!' A commission of New Zealand jurists last January investigated his charges and fully exonerated the Administrator, who thereupon banished Nelson for a period of five years from the islands of his birth.

The dissatisfied merchant did not leave without a last fling at his 'persecutors.' The day before he was to sail, three hundred natives from a neighboring Samoan island rowed across forty miles of water to Apia to protest against his deportation. They marched through the streets of the town brandishing long knives, fired shotguns in front of the government buildings, sang obscene songs. As Nelson's ship sailed, from the deck he urged the embattled natives to continue the fight. They instituted a boycott of all stores owned by Europeans, and in four weeks had brought down the two New Zealand cruisers upon them.

Now peace is restored, and Apia Bay is empty of war vessels. But the affair has two sequels. One will come when the Mandates Commission of the League of Nations examines the whole case later in the year. The other has already arrived. On March 23 Sir George Richardson was replaced as Administrator of Western Samoa, and appointed as New Zealand's representative at Geneva. Perhaps the shift was designed to calm the natives of Samoa; perhaps it was made the better to plead New Zealand's case when the Samoan affair comes before the League. Olaf Nelson, deported from Samoa but allowed to enter New Zealand, waits there his chance to speak. While nursing his grievances, he is probably gloating over the fact that his 'dictator' is gone and that New Zealanders have been made to realize that the way of a League of Nations mandatory is not smooth.

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# BUSINESS ABROAD

*Anglo-America*

Prospects of further financial coöperation between London and New York have arisen as a result of the listing of a British Government sterling loan on the New York Stock Exchange. The London *Times* greets this as 'an historic event,' and the financial papers comment favorably on the new development, pointing out that it arises from the insistent American demands for gilt-edged securities. Another even more important point to be borne in mind is that the loan in question, which carries no tax upon foreigners, is an internal and purely sterling obligation. American investors have only recently been educated to subscribing to foreign loans issued in dollars, and consequently the fact that we are taking up an internal loan issued in a foreign currency indicates that our attitude has been modified still more.

Sir Alfred Mond's announcement of a British-American industrial and financial combine is another manifestation of the same tendency. The new firm is to include American financiers and British industrialists, who will, in the words of Sir Alfred, 'take up the amalgamation of steel works and quite a number of other industries.' The *Manchester Guardian* remarks: 'This certainly opens up an interesting vista of possibilities. Are we to witness, for example, the amalgamation of the British mines advocated in the Samuel Report, not by fusion from within, but through purchase from without? Or is it intended to set up that horizontal and vertical combine within the Lancashire cotton trade which is the dream of the Yarn Association? The new company, according to Sir Alfred Mond, is game for anything. It has the money and the technical resources to reorganize a whole industry, if an industry will repay the trouble. There is no lack of material in Great Britain alone to show whether the boast is an empty one.'

Extraordinary interest surrounded Henry Ford's visit to England, and the greatest importance was attached to his every opinion. When he said, 'I regard Great Britain as still being the centre of world trade,' the *Economist* took advantage of the occasion to preach the following sermon on England's natural prosperity: —

'While awaiting Mr. Ford's elaboration of his utterance, we may remind ourselves of some of the elementary truths that underlie it. The two greatest assets which enabled Britain in the past to achieve industrial supremacy were her geographical position and the wealth and availability of her coal resources. They remain to-day, the one unimpaired, and the other, to take a long view, only slightly less in value than of yore. On a map of the earth our islands lie in the centre of the land hemisphere of the world. Almost at our gates lies the continent in which the greater part of the world's white population lives. Providence has blessed us with an exceptional equipment of natural harbors. Apart from this great European market, we have exceptional opportunities for trade over a quarter of the globe, thanks to the ties of kinship and common Imperial citizenship. If our coal industry is at the moment in the slough of despond, it remains true that our factories are



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assured of cheap fuel close to their gates. If oil, for many purposes, has for the moment ousted coal, it merely means that one of our natural assets is temporarily a little depreciated. If geologists are right, coal resources will outlive the oil supplies of the world. We are still a maritime race, holding tenaciously to the position of the world's chief carriers of sea-borne trade. Add to the list the facts of the comparative freedom of our ports, and the sustained prestige of London as a world financial centre, and you get a catalogue of advantages for the purposes of world trade such as no other nation — not even the United States — can excel.'

From the American point of view it is indeed surprising to find conservative Englishmen taking so seriously the pronouncements of a man whose fame rests almost solely on his development of mass production in a single industry. The fact that such importance was attached to his visit shows, first, what an impression our methods have made on the English mind, and, secondly, how eagerly any advice is welcomed.

*Reparations Revision*

The revision of Dawes Plan payments is becoming more widely discussed, and it appears that the public mind of Europe and America has been gradually prepared to accept some sort of funding arrangement, although it is generally admitted that no definite step can be taken until after our American elections in November. At that time an International Conference may be held to arrange the floating of a reparations loan, and, although negotiations are now very secret, matters are expected to take much more definite shape as the summer progresses.

Parker Gilbert's journeys to Rome, Brussels, Paris, and London have given rise to many rumors, one of which is that he is holding out promises for easy debt terms if reparations are settled, and that Secretary of the Treasury Mellon may offer more acceptable warranties this summer, when he is expected to visit Europe. There have been consultations between the British Chancellor of the Exchequer and his reparations and debt experts; conversations between Poincaré, the Governor of the Bank of France, and the representatives of the largest French banking groups, stabilization perhaps being the chief topic; and conferences between Mussolini and Count Volpi, who apparently do not agree, since their conversation has been described as 'heated.' American financiers who can place large amounts of foreign securities on the American market are expected to visit Europe this summer, apparently with the idea of putting their thumb or whole hand into the reparations pie.

In his preëlection speech at Carcassonne Poincaré expressed his willingness to consider some new plan for a reparations loan so long as the safety and security of France, of course, were not affected. Gustav Stolper, the editor of *Der deutsche Volkswirt*, wonders what motives may lie behind this change of front. The German economist feels that English and American interests may be lurking in the background, and that Poincaré may fear a close economic bond between Germany and the United States because of transfer priority. 'Many Americans of moderate means who have bought German bonds,' Dr. Stolper says, 'may read with considerable interest a debate on whether they will be paid their next coupon or whether the money will go to France for reparations.' Thus transfer priority may assume political significance in the United States.

*Mitteleuropäische Wirtschaft* also recognizes the bond between politics and

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economics in the Dawes Plan, and that economic laws suffer from political interference. 'So long as the atmosphere is relatively quiet,' that journal points out, 'it is desirable to allow the Dawes Plan a four-year trial. The Plan is inextricably bound up with the question of war guilt, and it is doubtful whether any acceptable solution may be found.'

The *Economist* remarks that the question of reparations revision is not being regarded in Germany with much confidence, and that she is passively accepting Parker Gilbert's journeys to various European capitals and his conferences with various international financiers. Some writers in the Italian press regard this reopening of discussion on the Dawes Plan as merely an electioneering measure on a grand scale, adopted alike by France, Germany, and the United States.

Dr. Stresemann, in an address before the Congress of German Chambers of Industry and Commerce, spoke unenthusiastically about the revision of the Dawes Agreement. He said that it merely meant that one day they would be paying the interest on a fixed sum, 'without the pressure of the Transfer Agent.' Naturally, such payments could only be made out of an export surplus, but since Germans may enjoy foreign products they can hardly be expected to keep up such an existence indefinitely.

*Gold*

France is marshaling her gold reserves with the evident purpose of stabilizing her currency on a *de jure* gold standard basis. So long as the pound sterling remains above par London remains unworried over French withdrawals of the yellow metal, for it is decidedly to the advantage of the Bank of France to purchase gold in the United States. That institution may have it in its power, by converting some of its dollar assets into gold, to influence very appreciably the credit situation in the United States, since it could buy up over one third of the gold reserves of our Federal Reserve System. The *Statist* predicts: 'Over the next few years the United States will cease to have any claim to the unenviable distinction of being the arbiter of world prices.' As a matter of fact, France is not the only country making withdrawals from our huge post-war reserves, for there has been a steady drain of the metal toward South America, particularly Brazil, and India too has been taking its seasonal share of gold.

The statistical heads of central banks of issue have held a conference in Paris to discuss ways to coördinate their activities and to clarify their statistical and accounting methods. The meeting may be a preliminary to a more important gathering of the heads of such banks to discuss such problems as world prices and general prosperity. Sir Josiah Stamp and Mr. Charles Hambro have been elected directors of the Bank of England, posts which they are expected to fill competently because of their experience and recognized ability and authority in banking and economics in general.

With the reëlection of Poincaré, and with the present strong position of the Bank of France, there is no reason why France should long postpone legal stabilization. In doing so she will perhaps elect the classic gold standard rather than the gold bullion or gold exchange standard, all of which are described elsewhere in this issue of the *Living Age* by M. Frédéric Jenny. *European Finance* tends to depreciate several of the problems which have confronted France in stabilizing the franc since the summer of 1926, pointing out that Poincaré is given all the credit for having saved the franc from

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collapse, whereas he was assisted by a ministry which included five ex-premiers any one of whom might have been able to do the same with such united support.

Among the natural aids to deflation are France's proverbial native thrift, lack of overpopulation, and a healthy balance between agriculture and manufacturing. The same financial journal floridly describes the absence of one great problem in deflation and stabilization as follows: 'But whereas in other European countries whose currency unit dwindled almost to vanishing point the heated soil of inflation spread the spawn of wild industrial speculation, with the result that multitudes of mushroom concerns sprang up in the hope of making fortunes in the foreign markets, France remained comparatively free from this evil development.'

*Rubber*

Great Britain will discard the Stevenson Rubber Restriction Scheme on November 1, and rubber production will once more be placed on a sensible economic basis. Some quarters had expected more gradual abandonment of restriction, but it was generally recognized that the scheme itself could no longer withstand the competition of the Dutch East Indies, the increasing consumption of reclaimed rubber in America, the projects of Firestone and Ford to grow rubber in Liberia and Brazil, and the threat of German synthetic rubber. The London *Times* reports that the scheme was adopted 'under pressure from those interested in the rubber industry, and especially the heavily capitalized and less efficient producers.' It also feels that 'there is little doubt that in 1922 the possibility of a great increase in the planted area of the Dutch East Indies had been gravely underestimated. . . . In our opinion this committee could arrive at no other decision than that the sooner the restriction scheme was abolished the better for the British rubber-planting industry.'

Of course the Government came in for its share of criticism, particularly because it had allowed the Stevenson Scheme to operate long after its period of usefulness. In a letter to the London *Times*, West Ridgeway, who is interested in the rubber industry, criticizes Mr. Baldwin as follows: —

'How is it that so kind, indeed sentimental, a statesman as Mr. Baldwin can be so harsh and unsympathetic? Through lack of imagination. Mr. Baldwin has many admirable qualities, but prescience is not one of them. He is naturally a modest man, but has impulses of sublime self-confidence which will not allow him to seek the considered advice of colleagues more gifted in this respect than himself. Why did he take the treatment of this complicated question out of the hands of the practised Colonial Office and place it in the hands of one who evidently thought that 6 P.M. in London was 6 P.M. in New York? Why has he appointed the Committee of Civil Research to be the tribunal? Who compose that committee, which he, in a moment of aberration, described as a "Cabinet Committee"? Is there a single member of it who knows anything about rubber? Why does he send Mr. Ormsby-Gore to fish for information in Malaya? Is it supposed that this gentleman in the course of a scamper through Malaya will collect information which is not at the command of that distinguished administrator, Sir Hugh Clifford, who knows Malaya from A to Z?'

'What is to happen now?' the *Morning Post* asks dolefully. 'We do not presume to predict; but expert opinion suggests that production is again likely to fall below consumption.

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The Dutch, who have a wonderful aptitude for getting things both ways, having made their profit when British planters were keeping their Lenten restrictions, are now proposing to cooperate.'

The *Daily Telegraph* feels that 'prudence strongly points to some sort of "arrangement," whatever form it may take (and it might take one of many), as the sole method of preventing a cutthroat competition which would put the rubber growers at the mercy of the powerful and well-organized rubber-buying organizations, which could squeeze them without mercy. . . . But the broad truth remains that if restriction is wholly abolished and the industry leaves itself in the position of finding its own level with complete freedom of competition it will be inviting disaster. . . . Wisdom points to the reintroduction of restriction in a new guise, which would give hopes of greater permanency than that which is to end on November 1.'

The *Outlook* makes this suggestion to rubber growers: 'Readjustment to the new conditions is needed, but if the British rubber industry set its house in order and got rid of the faulty finance — chiefly overcapitalization — which was at the root of the trouble, there is no reason why it should not prosper, provided always that there is no invention in the offing which will serve as a substitute for rubber.'

Meanwhile rubber remains weak on the market, and orders have been issued on Ceylon and Malay estates to commence tapping fully. Undoubtedly a huge supply will be thrown on the market on November 1, which is reflected in the low rubber prices now prevailing. Of course plantation rubber will take the place of much reclaimed rubber, but many of the weaker producers are not expected to survive.

*France.*

French and Italian automobile manufacturers, fearing American competition, called a conference of their European colleagues. There is now little prospect that the Italian suggestion of a definite quota of American cars for Europe will be realized, although European manufacturers are expected to make representations to their respective governments urging higher tariffs and other protective measures. Incidentally, the General Motors Corporation contemplates building an assembling plant for Chevrolets in Warsaw.

The Franco-Belgian Commercial Treaty has been received with little enthusiasm, but it is accepted as a compromise, preferable to a tariff war. Each party grants the other most-favored-nation treatment, and the agreement may be broken upon three months' notice any time after June 30, 1929.

Arnold Rechberg, writing in *Vossische Zeitung*, reports a plan devised by Dr. Emil Mayrisch, the first president of the International Raw Steel Union, who has recently died. Since the scheme would bring about a much closer relationship between France and Germany, particularly on an economic basis, Herr Rechberg has now come out as its public champion. He would unite the iron works of Germany, France, Belgium, and Luxemburg by having them turn over 30 per cent of their stock to a holding company in return for an equivalent amount of stock in the parent organization. In this way perfect coöperation between the four countries would be secured, and competition would be reduced to a minimum, since all would share in the profits of the combined companies.

Renewed activity was noted in German foreign borrowings during March, an increase of $17,173,600 being shown over the previous month. An agree-

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ment has been reached between the Agent-General and leading Government circles whereby the Beratungstelle will determine the total amount of money municipalities seek to borrow abroad, and they will be allowed to float foreign loans for the first time since last autumn. *Der deutsche Volkswirt* estimates that German municipalities will seek loans amounting to about 200 million dollars this year, and that other undertakings may raise the total amount to be floated to 250 million dollars. The Beratungstelle examines the merits of municipal loans, the larger ones being floated separately and the smaller ones being combined.

*Germany*

England, Holland, and the Scandinavian States are expected to absorb 25 million dollars' worth of mortgage bonds of the mortgage banks, and the Ruhr industry has concluded some loans with American bankers. Domestic loans have been floated at high rates of interest, among them being the bond issues of Breslau, Königsberg, Frankfort, Leipzig, and Girozentrale. Foreign investors are said to have been heavy buyers of these bonds.

It is reported that an agreement is being considered to put an end to the present harsh competition between the Hamburg-American Line and the North German Lloyd. The two lines had coöperated harmoniously immediately after the war, and, according to *Berliner Tageblatt*, in 1925 they had gone so far as to draft a formal pooling agreement. But the acquisition of majority interests in the German-Australian and Kosmos Lines by the Hamburg-American company was the signal for a rupture of friendly relations. The North German Lloyd countered by ordering two 46,000-ton, 26-knot boats for the New York run, whereas the best the Hamburg-American company can offer are slow 22,000-ton steamers. But the latter company is in a stronger position after the American decision to reimburse her for her sequestrated properties.

Although France, England, and America have been emphasizing the passport nuisance, Central Europe is pursuing a much more sensible policy by abolishing the passport visa for travel between Germany, Czechoslovakia, and Austria. In itself this may be a small matter, but it indicates growing economic coöperation among these countries and the tendency to lower trade barriers set up immediately after the war. It also permits greater mobility of labor.

*Central Europe*

*Mitteleuropäische Wirtschaft* publishes the new Polish law on the incorporation of companies. This law follows the German model, and is expected to attract foreign capital. Dr. Norbert Salpeter of Krakow, writing in the same journal, believes that Poland should not go over to a liberal commercial policy. He feels that her appetite for capital should be satisfied by building up an export surplus. *Moniteur Polonais* announces that a Franco-Polish group associated with the Schneider-Creusot works has undertaken the construction of five railroads before 1934. The invested capital amounts to 89 million zloties.

*European Finance* suggests a 160-million-dollar loan for Rumania, to be placed on the London, Paris, and New York markets with the 'benevolent approval and possible support of the Bank of England, the Banque de France, and the Federal Reserve Bank.' The project may have some very attractive features, but the political situation and the biased reports in Rumanian financial journals, which are guided by the Minister of Finance, are such as to cast serious doubts among some bankers on the advisability of such a bond issue.



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A bill for the classification of grain has been before both houses of the Rumanian parliament, it being hoped that with its passage Rumanian grain would improve in quality and find a readier foreign market. Warehouse facilities, however, are inadequate, and the Government has given no indication as to where the necessary capital is to be secured to build them. The measure, which affects Rumania's principal product, has received much criticism, both favorable and adverse.

*Baltic States*

Closer commercial relations between Esthonia and Great Britain seem to be imminent, and Esthonian journals are doing much to foster a friendly atmosphere for British goods. At bottom, political differences with Germany may have much to do with this shift of favor, for German exporters are already complaining that the market for their goods is increasingly unfavorable. The German Government seeks indemnities from Esthonia, but there is little prospect of this political difference being settled in the very near future. Meanwhile the Swedish Match Trust has been negotiating with Esthonia for a monopoly with government partnership, but considerable opposition has been voiced in political and economic circles to the Trust's first proposals. The monopoly, it is understood, would last for twenty-eight years, after which the Government would take over all assets.

*The East*

Although Dr. Milspaugh has done much to put Persia on her financial feet, bad harvests and other influences beyond his control have prevented complete prosperity. The Government now operates a pawnbroking establishment at Teheran which is said to have revolutionized the short-loan market and to have dealt a severe blow to the small Jewish banks, which had hitherto charged from 2 to 3 per cent per month. During the first seven months of the year 1927–28 trade continued to languish and customs receipts dropped off. Dr. Milspaugh predicts a deficit in the Budget unless there are further expansions of the Anglo-Persian Company's contributions to the national treasury.

The economic outlook for India is thus summarized at the annual company meeting of the Mercantile Bank of India: —

'So far as India is concerned, it is only the present political atmosphere that is discouraging, as the financial position is sound, and given a good monsoon the outlook for trade both in exports and imports is satisfactory, particularly in view of the wise stabilization of the rupee and the promise of a steady price-level. The comparatively small crop of American cotton should help the movement of Indian cotton, though shipments from September 1, 1927, to March 5, 1928, show a falling off when compared with the shipments during the corresponding period of the previous two seasons. The new crop of jute is estimated at over 10 million bales, and as prices stand at a reasonable level the shipments ought to be up to the average. Of tea also there is not likely to be any decrease in exports, as, while stocks in this country are large, consumption is increasing. In the case of imports generally, stocks cannot be large, and as the value of the total imports of merchandise during the nine months ended December 31 last, at 138 million pounds sterling, exceeds those of the corresponding nine months of the previous two years, I look for a further increase rather than a decrease, apart from American cotton, the large imports of which last year account largely for the slight decline in the percentage of the British share in the total imports.'

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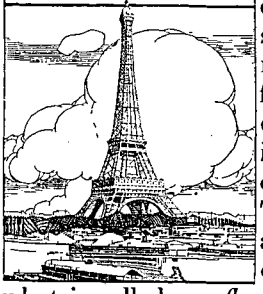
# METROPOLITANA

*The Purification of Paris — A Toreador in Madrid — The Changing Face of London — To Fame from a Roman Cellar — Berlin's Census of the Auto Honk — The Gamblers' Case in Constantinople — The Roaring Moscow Proletariat*

## PARIS



ALMOST every day, the Parisian scanning his newspaper in his favorite sidewalk café will find in it some mention of M. Chiappe. The name usually appears in connection with what is called a *rafle*. The headline is generally *L'Épuration de Paris*.

M. Chiappe is the Prefect of Police. A *rafle* is a mob scene in which a thousand or more good — and bad — French citizens are surrounded by a police cordon as they issue unsuspectingly from a theatre, a movie, or a street fair. They are made to present their identity cards. Those who fail to satisfy the gendarmes of their innocuous character are toted off to the police station. (Foreigners, when they produce their passports, are of course treated with the utmost respect.) The general movement in honor of which all this occurs is called 'the purification of Paris.'

During the past six months of 'purification,' two hundred and fifty thousand Parisians have been thus surrounded and questioned, and thirteen thousand held because their papers were 'not in order.' M. Chiappe, who has become the most talked-of man in Paris, explains that he believes in catching potential criminals before they begin work, instead of punishing them afterward. His critics point out that, if this theory had been applied to the last batch of killings which have gained headline importance, M. Chiappe would have had to arrest an apparently respectable jeweler from the rue St. Antoine, a couple of industrious bricklayers, and a dozen disappointed lovers, jealous wives, and deceived husbands. But everyone agrees that this wholesale collection by the police of a multitude of assorted undesirables has a tendency to enhance the respectability of the amusement-resort sections of Montmartre and Montparnasse, at the expense of their atmosphere and interest.

Add to this the effect of Prime Minister Poincaré's high taxes on such luxuries as champagne and certain incidentals of night life, and you have a great many observers — mostly foreigners — protesting that the erstwhile gayety of Paris will soon have passed away. In spite of the fact that the opening of the redecorated Folies-Bergères was celebrated with great pomp and the fizzing of much free champagne; in spite of the fact that a fashionable new midnight bathing pavilion, soon to be equipped with artificially heated sands and ultraviolet rays for sun baths, has been opened, the old stand-bys like Zelli's and Kiley's have closed their doors.



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It is to be doubted whether Parisians themselves are very much disturbed. If the passing of the old order makes them prick up their ears at all, it is in the case of such changes as the replacement of the flowering chestnuts along the broad Champs Élysées, poisoned by gasoline fumes from crowding automobiles, by more thick-skinned if unbeautiful plane trees; the possibility that the Eiffel Tower, which has stood since 1889 as the tallest structure erected by man, may have to be torn down on account of old age; or the passing of the joyous days when pedestrians, who must now bow to the do's and dont's of a complicated new set of traffic rules, could read their newspapers while crossing the street and carelessly breast the oncoming ranks of tooting taxis.

For true Parisians have never been very proud of the fact that their city's reputation abroad rested to such a large extent on an artificial night life. They prefer to have Paris known to other peoples as the intellectual, the artistic, the student centre of the world. That is why they take such a friendly interest in the new Cité Universitaire whose fresh, pink buildings are steadily rising on the outskirts of Paris, close to the green Parc Montsouris. Here, before long, ten thousand young people of all nationalities who are studying in Paris will live together in a busy city of their own. Already ten nations have begun to build houses for their students. Last month Ambassador Herrick laid the corner stone of the Maison Américaine, which is to be the final word in modern equipment, with an auditorium, a library, a restaurant, a gymnasium, and soundproof rooms for students of music.

If one questions bearded, broad-browed, kind-eyed M. André Honnorat, director of the Cité Universitaire, he will tell you with pride how students from all over the globe are flocking to Paris in increasing numbers — eleven hundred foreign students in 1900, thirty-two hundred in 1925, eight thousand to-day. He will argue that the old, storied Quartier Latin had to be supplanted by this modern student city: it is better for the students, more reassuring to their parents. And he will point out that though the Cité is the pride of Paris, though French students must always be in the majority so that the foreigners may learn the language, it is nevertheless a truly international undertaking — a 'laboratory of human civilization,' as he calls it, whose product will be universal peace founded on the intimacy of the youth of many nations.

## MADRID

A BLACK band was worn on the arm of every actor and actress in the theatres as they played their parts that night. María Guerrero de Diaz de Mendoza, foremost Spanish actress, was dead.

The likable, athletic, democratic King Alfonso and his colder, dignified queen sent a wreath. Jacinto Benavente, Spain's playwright winner of the coveted Nobel Prize for literature in 1922, attended the funeral the next day. So did the Diplomatic Corps in Madrid. So did the mayor of the city, the nobility in shiny silk hats, and the common people in roughest corduroys.

Forty-two years she had trod the boards. She was the Bernhardt, the Duse, of Spain. Times changed; new crowds flocked to see the beautiful Argentine dance, to hear lighter, cruder

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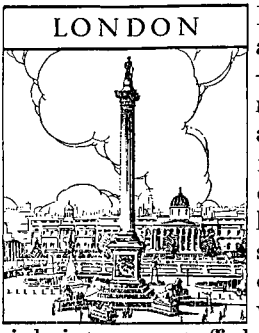
comedies. María Guerrero played on in her own theatre. She represented in part the glory of Spain. The lowest porter would stab the man who cast reflections on her glory, her art. And all Spain wept as her funeral cortège, the most impressive in years, wound through the streets of Madrid to the cemetery of Almudena.

While she lay in state, a different but equally Spanish drama took place in the streets of the city. Two bulls of the fighting breed escaped from the Plaza de Toros and wandered toward the centre of town. People fled before them. One was captured. The other made his way as by fate to the Gran Via, Madrid's new and important business street. Suddenly appeared a young man from a café. He spoke a word to a friend, who rushed off. The young man calmly approached the animal, removed his coat, waved it enticingly in front of the bull. It charged, but with a graceful sidestep the young man avoided the rush. Again the charge. Again the sidestep.

As the friend returned with a slim, straight sword and handed it to the ever graceful young man the crowd recognized him. It was Fortuna, the famous toreador. Now armed, he advanced slowly toward the bewildered bull. Straight out before him was his slender blade. At a distance of a few feet Fortuna stopped, tantalizing the now tiring animal. It lunged forward. Fortuna never flinched, poised himself gracefully, seemed to lean against the air, and the gleaming steel buried itself in the neck of the bull, which sank shuddering to the pavement.

The Madrid crowds, drawn closer with interest, broke into excited cheers, flung their hats in the air, and lifted Fortuna to their shoulders. Here was a gallant deed, dramatically executed. Thrilling to any heart, it would have thrilled above all the heart of that emotional Spanish actress who now lay still and quiet with tall candles flickering beside her bier.




British M. P.'s are shivering — at least the male Members are. For centuries the Houses of Parliament have been a sanctuary and a club for them, where they could sink into overstuffed, leather-covered chairs, surround themselves with clouds of pipe smoke, and tell their anecdotes or discuss their politics free from female botheration. Out on the terrace, overlooking the Thames, nice teas were very formally given for the ladies. In the lounges and retiring rooms, however, the men could always sprawl in comfort.

But there are women Members now, eight of them. And it seems that the women Members, split as many ways in politics as there are parties, present a solid front on one question — the demand for a lounge to be decorated in the feminine manner and devoted solely to use by their sex. If they get their way, — and the men are very much afraid that, being women, they will, — it will necessitate shifting and changing on the part of the various groups in the House, each one of which now has its favorite room. Under such circumstances the reddest Radical in Parliament bends his energies to preserving old traditions.

Another change, not a parliamentary one, which would be more obvious to the average Londoner or visiting American, has been proposed. It is the abolition of the sooty, red-brick Charing Cross railroad station that peers out from behind its iron fence on the

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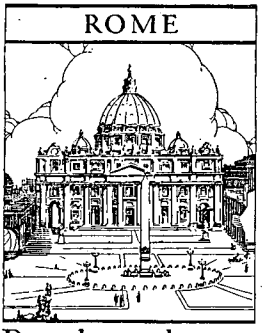
Strand very near Trafalgar Square. In its place would be built a long bridge spanning both the Strand and the Thames, its northern end beginning in St. Martin's Lane, which is behind the church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. The present Charing Cross Station traffic would be accommodated in an enlarged Waterloo Station, which of course is just across the river. With a widened Waterloo Bridge and this new Strand bridge, the London County Council believes that traffic at this crowded point will be taken care of for the next thirty years. But it will cost fifty million dollars to make the changes.

One transformation which has in a large measure already taken place is saddening to many Londoners. Soho is no longer Soho. That curious foreign backwater lying just northeast of Piccadilly Circus, bounded by Regent and Oxford Streets, Charing Cross Road, and Leicester Square, is rapidly changing its complexion. There for thirty years and more the impecunious London epicure has repaired to taste of carefully cooked French foods, to relieve his palate of the awful monotony of English boiled mutton and English boiled potatoes. There in many an unpretentious restaurant, where the French proprietor did the cooking and his wife presided over the dining-room, good wines were to be had cheap, and the *spécialité de la maison* spoke in succulent terms of the loving care its culinary inventor had lavished on it.

To Soho also went many a slumming party to be thrilled with the foreign atmosphere of the district. For years Big Business refrained from intruding within its borders. Now the scenes are shifting. One street has become the centre of the moving-picture distributing industry of England. Modern, smart millinery shops are springing up everywhere. But the final blow seems to have been struck by the automobile. Towering concrete garages, needed to house London's rapidly multiplying automobiles, have taken the district as their own. The reek of gasoline fumes has overpowered the savor of *potages* and *tomates farcies*. The foreign population is driven northward. The tourist desirous of tasting Soho's vanishing pleasures must hurry. He will find one beleaguered section still remaining in Greek and Frith Streets, just south of Soho Square. But it won't be there long.




MUSSOLINI has announced that the post of stage manager of the new State Theatre will be offered to Anton Bragaglia. The choice illustrates once again how thoroughly Il Duce knows how to keep millions of grandeur-loving young Italians in his following. The State Theatre has not been begun, and may never be, but the project has been well advertised. Already Bragaglia's name identifies it with success — a success won through enterprise and hard work, and moreover one connected with Italy's glorious past, of which the poor and ambitious modern Italian never tires of being reminded.

Ten years ago Bragaglia, like the Dictator himself, was a hard-working provincial. He had no money. His chief qualities were brains and energy. Eventually he founded a tiny theatre in Rome in which he was owner, manager, producer, scene painter, and costume designer. After a little attention from intellectuals, he sought to expand. He rented the cellars of Senator Tittoni's palace. In one wing of

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the structure lives the rich Senator, in another Mussolini himself has a winter home. Hollowing out space for two hundred seats in the foundations, Bragaglia's workmen uncovered the baths of the Roman emperor Septimius Severus. The news that the modern Dictator, all unknown to himself, lived high above the ruins of the pleasure house of a great emperor stirred again the dreams of empire that are nascent in Fascist Italy. The tidings seem not to have been unwelcome to Mussolini himself. At any rate, his attention was drawn to the theatrical manager. Money was provided for further excavations. Space for a night club and a picture gallery as well as a theatre was cleared under arches built in the great period of Rome and buried for a thousand years.

Bragaglia financed his theatre from the takings of his night club. His dramatic standards were not only kept up, but raised. The theatre, small as it is, now compares artistically with any in Europe. It offers any drama but the dull, the conventional, and the snobbish. Pirandello, whose fame has since gone round the world, owes much to Bragaglia. News of the Bonelli hoax caused a laugh outside of Italy. It was carefully planned to attract attention. A Russian playwright named Vassily Chetov Sternberg was 'discovered' on the island of Capri. He wrote only in Russian, the critics learned. His translator, young Luigi Bonelli from Florence, kept well in the background until the first work was produced — a quick success. The play had genuine merit, as Bragaglia had known. The critics hailed a second Gor'kii. Then Bragaglia and Bonelli told their little joke. Vassily had never existed. Bonelli wrote the play in his mother tongue, and producers at home and abroad are now fighting for the right to produce his next effort.

Words, and a knowledge of the effect that the right words produce on Italians. Humble beginnings. Energy. A stage cleared from the ruins of antiquity, from which ideas of the twentieth century are heard — and heard outside Italy.

Bragaglia's success has some of the elements of Mussolini's own.

## BERLIN

With many thousand fewer automobile horns to jump at than Londoners or New Yorkers, Berlin business men have been tabulating the honks. Object: a quieter city. Method: to determine how many honks are necessary, how many can be prohibited. 'Neurologists here believe that the lessening of metropolitan noises will reduce certain manias of which nearly all dwellers in noisy cities show evidences — manias not unlike those produced in soldiers in the late war by the incessant thunder of guns,' cables one newspaper correspondent from Berlin.

The holder of a new driver's license crossed the city, threaded the business district, and returned. He found that he had honked six hundred times in all — two hundred and eighty times at street crossings, two hundred at pedestrians, forty at slower traffic, eighty at traffic officers and at stray dogs and other obstacles. The trip was repeated several times by a more experienced driver, who reported that in the morning before the breakfast hour he could make the journey without one honk; at midnight with only forty, a few of which were claimed to be due to taxis leaving places of amusement with drunken

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occupants who changed destination while the vehicle was under way; at 3.30 P. M., when women and children were abroad, with sixty-eight; and during the rush hour with only thirty-six, thanks to a more studied handling of the throng by the police and a greater street experience on the part of the crowd.

Results so far: stricter tests for applicants for automobile licenses and new regulations for traffic cops, all in suggested form only. A voluntary commission of business men makes the suggestions. They have been submitted to the Berlin City Council as the basis of a new law.

CONSTANTINOPLE

THE famous 'Gamblers' Case' is lately over, revealing the sanctions given the privileges of the military aristocracy under Mustapha Kemal. The Dictator himself has approved the decision of the courts, allowing no one to mistake what he intends.

The proprietor of the fashionable Yildiz Casino was arrested and his gambling tables seized. The Public Prosecutor charged him (*a*) with conducting gambling rooms and (*b*) with receiving high military officials. In court the judge forced the Public Prosecutor to return the apparatus and apologize, ruling that public gambling is legal. On the second count the gambler was found guilty and a small fine levied, with a week's imprisonment. Later the jail sentence was withdrawn because of 'the social position' of the Casino proprietor. Moreover, the judge stated that the fine was based on the public, not the private, reception of the military. When the Public Prosecutor lodged an appeal at Angora, the new Turkish capital across the Bosporus, word went forth that there was little likelihood that it would be granted. Soon afterward the Prosecutor was removed from office, and the judge who had forced him to apologize to the gambler was given his place.

During the trial boys and girls from a neighboring school were ushered into court. The teacher in charge stated that the visit was a new departure, intended to instruct children in the administration of justice.

Incredible as it may seem to Westerners, the proceedings undoubtedly reveal a deliberate policy. It is based on the ticklish question of Turkey's prestige in the world of Islam, which rests, as everybody knows, on the supremacy of an orthodox military caste. Does not the Koran expressly tolerate lordly habits in conquerors? Sensual delights are promised in the next world and sanctioned in this, after victory. For a short period after Mustapha Kemal overthrew the Sultanate, his officers remained disciplined in the Western sense, avoiding dissipation even in private, and mixing democratically with the crowd. The orthodox complained. Were Western ideas ruining the leaders of Islam? Throughout the Moslem world it was whispered that the authoritarian habits of the Defenders of the Faithful were giving way. Democracy and puritanism — Westernism, in a word — were creeping in. Facing a rift in prestige, not only in Turkey, but with Mohammedan populations scattered through Asia and Africa, the Dictator has in certain respects given in. Some reforms have been continued; others must go. Divorce, for instance, is now an institution: Mustapha Kemal himself has recently divorced his wife. But officers placed high in society are allowed to behave traditionally. The

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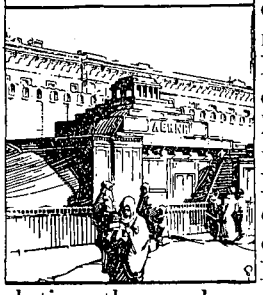
decision in the Gamblers' Case is a distinct affirmation of tradition. Schoolchildren are frankly instructed in the difference between pasha and plebeian.

MOSCOW



In Moscow no one doubts the reality of the Revolution when one is forced to hear the proletarian rejoicing. Life in the Soviet capital has become deafening. Before the Revolution the worker was unheard or sequestered, singing solo in the minor key that is characteristic of Russian music. To-day he is politically supreme and has joined the Red chorus. In an overcrowded city like Moscow, the noise he makes has become a serious menace to nerves. Yet where can the quiet-lover go for relief from bedlam?

The home is impossible, for the housing shortage is such that in general Muscovites, even those well off, are said to live, on an average, three in a room, or nearly a score to a six-room flat. Each citizen has an equal right to make music, so that one's co-dwellers are forever turning on the radio, playing the violin, the piano, and even the accordion, that favorite instrument of the Russian worker. Likewise, each family has an equal right to give a party, as gay and noisy as it wishes. In the kitchen, the common property of five or six families, the servant girls roar unceasingly, for the law protects merrymaking in servants' quarters also. Why not go to a club for quiet? But a Soviet club is a place for loud political agitation, like a Jacobin club during the French Revolution. Why not to the boulevards, in summer? But there one may suddenly be startled by a commissar's voice explaining industrial reconstruction, issuing from a radio loud-speaker hung up in the trees.

Two solutions of the problem may yet give peace and quiet to those who seek it. One is to attack the housing shortage so that so many families need not be huddled under one roof. In fact, the municipality, though lacking money credits from abroad, has found cash enough to back an unprecedented building programme. But it will be some time before Muscovites by this method can be assured of private houses, or even of flats, which they do not have to share with other families. Meanwhile, impatient seekers of silence have sought a second solution. They have formed a society called 'The Friends of the Soviet Teashop.' Ostensibly its purpose is merely to start new tearooms. In reality the members swear that never shall these new shops be invaded by speech-makers or radio sets or noisy persons with accordions. It is thought that Moscow business men with sensitive ears will flock to these quiet havens after work, there meet their wives, dine, and steal furtively home again only after their noisy neighbors are safe and silent in bed.

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# PERSONS AND PERSONAGES

*A Modern Ruler in Old Bagdad — A Traveling King from the Khyber Pass — A Chinese General with a Wellesley Wife — A London Lawyer with the Biggest Job He Knows*

## A MODERN MESOPOTAMIAN KING

ONCE he was only the third son of the Sheriff of Mecca, fretting under Turkish rule. Now he is himself the ruler, under British mandate, of three million Arabs in a country as large as California. His Mesopotamian kingdom guards the ancient cities of Ur and Babylon and Kish. Through it run the rivers Tigris and Euphrates. His capital is Bagdad, where Haroun-al-Raschid roamed the midnight streets twelve centuries ago. Yet Feisal, King of Irak, is a Modern: accustomed to the submarine and airplane, at home in a London drawing-room, full of the new gospel of Oil.

When the British in 1916 thought of utilizing the hot hatred of Arab against Turk, they turned to Hussein, Sheriff of Mecca. The old man gladly cried a general Arab revolt in June, proclaimed himself King of the Hejaz in November, and from Mecca sent his son Feisal to aid the British in Palestine, eight hundred miles away. They found Feisal keen, influential, helpful; found his aged father suspicious, narrow-minded, querulously obstinate. When peace came and the Turks were ousted, Irak became a British mandate; and in 1922 the soldier Feisal was proclaimed king by unanimous plebiscite. But far to the south, in the Hejaz, father Hussein's vanity swelled until he assumed the Caliphate, called himself King of All the Arabs, and brought down upon his people the riders of great Ibn Saud, Sultan of the Nejd. Hussein the father was defeated, forced to abdicate; and the Kingdom of the Hejaz exists no more. Feisal the son rules still.

Lawrence found him delightfully humorous, full of faith in Arab destiny, skilled at tribal intrigue, master of that tensely laconic Arab speech whereby a single word, spoken with quiet meaning, can throw a tentful of tribesmen into an uproar. Londoners, when he finally visited the country which holds a mandate over his kingdom, found him dignified, charming. They admired the tall figure in a dark brown flowing gown, the proud hooded head encircled with a golden chaplet, as he stood to be made Knight Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George.

The distinguished brow with its grave furrows, the heavy eyebrows, the dark beard, make one imagine him in evening dress at Monte Carlo. But not Feisal. He is rapt in the destiny of his country. This spring Ibn Saud, who had previously dethroned Feisal's father Hussein, was reported to have proclaimed a holy war against Feisal himself. The report, which made the ever-watchful British rush their forces to the borders of Irak, was later denied; and there has thus far been no test of strength between these two great Arab leaders. Until there is, and while he shares with Ibn Saud the leadership of the peoples of Arabia, Feisal means to make his prestige count. In 1925 the



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nations gave him Mosul and its oil fields; he wants a railway and pipe line built six hundred miles to the Mediterranean. He welcomes British help in growing cotton, which is good British policy. He believes in the West. His fathers were steeped in the traditions of antiquity. Feisal went to England in an airplane.

### THE ERRANT PADISHAH

A PRINCE of Afghanistan, twenty-six years old, hears that his father has been assassinated and his older brothers forced aside by an unscrupulous uncle who has seized the throne. Amanullah Khan, luckily for him, was a hundred miles away at the time. He gathered his friends about him quickly. He came to a working agreement with the army. Then he descended upon an unprepared uncle, defeated him, and gained for himself the position of Amir of mountainous, fertile-valleyed Afghanistan.

This was in 1919. Now Amanullah, having reigned for nearly a decade, is traveling through India, Egypt, Italy, France, Belgium, Germany, England, Russia, and Persia. Everywhere he goes, State coaches have been dusted off; bands have labored for hours to practise his dirgelike national anthem; seamstresses have stayed up nights sewing on the complicated flag of his country. In Berlin, octogenarian President von Hindenburg went himself to the station to meet the young ruler of Afghanistan, and accompanied him to the palace that republican Germany, lacking palaces, had rented from the ex-Imperial Hohenzollern family for his accommodation. In Paris he was entertained lavishly, to say the least. In England, however, the height of impressive hospitality was reached. Every branch of Great Britain's armed forces was paraded for him, staged sham battles for him, attempted to impress him, and did. Airplanes bombed and destroyed cities of tents for his edification. Thundering tanks of the latest model attacked and demolished walls, forts, other and older tanks. He was taken up in an airplane and down in a submarine. Even more purposefully, he was escorted through factories, foundries, and spinning mills. For England, as well as Italy, France, and Germany, wants the tremendous orders for road construction, automobiles, wireless equipment, and industrial material of all kinds that Amanullah is supposed to be carrying in his pocket — figuratively speaking. Russia, where he is being entertained with great military parades as we go to press, seems to be primarily interested in impressing him with her strength as a nation and with the excellence of her unique form of government. Russia, though she has little machinery to sell to the Afghan monarch, sees in his kingdom one more opportunity for the inculcation of the doctrines of Sovietism.

The Padishah, to give him his present title, signifying great king or emperor, is a wise and versatile man of thirty-six, who has devoted his nine-year reign to the modernization of his country. He is credited with having himself written a code of laws and a constitution, and with having reorganized the judicial system. He has set up compulsory education, developed well-paved roads, and partially abolished polygamy. He is the editor of the only newspaper in his country of eight million people. He will grant no foreign concessions. He has no foreign debt, and wants no foreign loans. It involved effort and courage to throw off the British yoke of protection and 'influence' in 1921. Now, though he looks forward to an Afghanistan developed by Afghans for Afghans, he is not

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averse to taking advantage of everything the West can teach him. This means buying machinery, commodities, and armaments of the newest type, spending money in huge sums; and on his present grand tour the business men of every country he has visited have spared no effort to convince him that theirs are the goods he should buy.

Amanullah is short, and tends to plumpness. To his handsome, regular, and slightly Hebraic features he has added a Charlie Chaplin moustache which in its blackness stands out vividly against a skin no darker than a Palm Beach sunburn. Though he usually appears in a military uniform, sometimes sombre and businesslike, sometimes gaudy with reds and blues, feathers and decorations, he also dresses in Western clothes correct to a smart silk hat.

And he is a canny man. An English journalist in Paris asked him if he was a friend of England. He replied: 'I will answer that question after I have spoken to Sir Austen Chamberlain.'

### ROMANCE AND REVOLUTION IN CHINA

BEFORE a glittering company of Western diplomats and admirals, General Chiang Kai-shek was married to Miss Meiling Soong in Shanghai's smartest hotel. Royal marriages alone used to attain the real significance that to-day belongs to the union of these two young revolutionists. Yet it was little noted in the press.

Meiling Soong, who was graduated from Wellesley in the class of 1917, is pro-American. But her sister, Madame Sun Yat-sen, widow of the founder of the Chinese Nationalist Party, is pro-Russian, having been deeply impressed by the usefulness of Moscow's revolutionary strategy to the Chinese revolution. Between the opposing views which the two sisters represent, Chiang Kai-shek, the revolution's ablest general, had to choose.

Last summer, when he was commander-in-chief of the Nationalist armies, he made the first move toward a choice. He severed relations with Soviet Russia, and ordered the arrest of Michael Borodin, once his trusted Russian adviser. Borodin escaped to Moscow. Furious at Chiang's action, Madame Sun Yat-sen left China for Moscow also. Later, she refused to attend the wedding of Chiang to her pro-American sister. Instead Madame Sun Yat-sen sent a telegram of angry protest at the bridegroom's break with Russia. Thus are families split as nations are forged. Chiang Kai-shek made of his marriage to Meiling Soong an unmistakable gesture which indicates that he is looking now toward America and Europe, and that the first and terrifying phase of Russian influence in China is definitely closed.

Chiang, whose appearance has been described as thoughtful and scholarly, unlike that of a soldier, was born forty years ago in a tradesman's family in a tiny village. At eighteen he won a scholarship in a military academy at Paotingfu, where the Manchu Dynasty was attempting to mould an army on the Western model. Later he was sent to study in the Imperial Military Academy at Tokyo. As an imperial officer he drilled his troops conscientiously for a time, then fell into the traditional habits of Chinese commanders, drinking, gambling, frequenting sing-song houses. But in 1913, when Sun Yat-sen lit the flame of Nationalism whose collective name is now Kuomintang, Chiang joined him.

Overnight, it is said, he turned into a revolutionary officer and the look of quiet purpose came into his face that has not left it. With the rise of the Nationalist army, Chiang rose — wear-

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ing a uniform but no marks of rank, living simply in one room, studying all night, learning French, German, Japanese, Russian. During the decade of preparation his only spectacular feat was to make a million dollars by a lucky, and perhaps questionable, speculation and turn it over to Sun Yat-sen. In 1923 he was commander of the revolutionary military academy near Canton. In 1925 his army was ready. He stormed and captured Waichow, a fortified city east of Canton that had not opened its gates to a conqueror for a thousand years.

With Sun Yat-sen's death, Chiang became head of the Nationalist government, rooted at Canton. After furious campaigning in the autumn of 1925 and the spring and summer of 1926 at the head of an army whose efficiency was new to China, he was master of the southern and eastern quarters of the Empire. But last July he was forced to withdraw from Shantung. In August he suffered a disastrous defeat near Nanking. Simultaneously came the split between the Communist elements in Kuomintang and his own followers. Madame Sun Yat-sen, her son, and Eugene Chen proclaimed one Nationalist government at Hankow, Chiang another at Nanking. Suddenly Chiang went to Shanghai and resigned all his posts in the Nationalist government, and retired to a Buddhist monastery near his birthplace.

On December 1, however, he emerged to celebrate his marriage in Shanghai to the American-educated Chinese girl. A month later, he accepted again the position of generalissimo of the Nationalist armies. Another month, and at the plenary session of the Central Executive Committee of the Kuomintang he was stating his new platform, reflecting the moderate attitude to be expected of the man who had married Meiling Soong. Said General Chiang: 'During the period of Communist control the Kuomintang policy was one of destruction. The people were used as tools in a class struggle and misled by fallacious theories. In order to place the Party on a firm foundation, this policy of destruction must be changed to one of construction, and the class struggle must be replaced by mutual help and coöperation.' Now, with his platform clearly understood and his armies reorganized, he is staking everything on a last great drive on Peking and the forces of the North.

### A PRECISE BRITISH MIND

We recall dimly that he was counsel to the British Government in the Alaskan boundary arbitration in 1903. England knows him as a statesman with an illustrious past and a bright future, and as a lawyer whose private practice is worth three hundred thousand dollars a year. All of this he gambles away on the forlorn hope of bringing some order out of England's greatest colonial muddle, with the simple statement, 'It is the biggest job I know; I will have a try at it.'

When the British Government appointed Sir John Simon head of the Indian Statutory Commission, they set him an unenviable task. Like our own Colonel Stimson, the Governor-General of the Philippines, he and his associates are studying how the natives in a colonial possession have made use of partial political freedom, and trying to work out a plan for giving them more. But compared with Sir John's problem in India, Colonel Stimson's job is an easy one. The American colonial governor has a fairly homogeneous, peaceable, Christian people to deal with; India, riddled with castes, oppressed minorities, and clashing religious beliefs, seems to wait only for the departure of British troops to fly

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into civil war. And when Sir John and his Commission arrived in India last February, for a preliminary investigation, they were met everywhere by boycotts, general strikes, and every form of Noncoöperation.

Lean-jawed, with high cheek bones and thin lips that curl downward when he smiles, Sir John was educated for the Bar at Edinburgh and at Oxford. Sent to study an Oriental problem, he is a type peculiar to Western civilization: a precise mind trained to almost superhuman perfection in the school of law.

In mental quality he resembles somewhat the American lawyer and statesman, Charles Evans Hughes. Juries have been a little frightened by his amazing memory and the smooth perfection of his pleading and argument. Sometimes they have rendered verdicts against him simply because, in stubborn British fear that they might have been convinced in spite of themselves, they have resolved not to be convinced at all. 'As a cross-examiner of witnesses he was very formidable,' says the *Manchester Guardian*, 'particularly with the clever witness who took his smooth confidential manner as a denial of deadly purpose. He had the knack of encouraging the embroideries of deceit until they strangled their own author. Those who have watched him at work will long remember his persistence and the curious, almost snaky, twist of the neck with which Sir John, in the midst of cross-examination, seemed to appeal to all around him and to make the wretch in the box feel that public opinion was against him and his preposterous story.'

There seems little doubt that if anyone has the intellectual qualities to solve the puzzle of Indian government, he has them. Whether he has the necessary human qualities still remains to be seen. The Allahabad *Pioneer*, famous for Rudyard Kipling's early association with it, has been commenting sharply on Sir John's lonely eminence in surveying the Indian scene while boycotted by native politicians all around him, nicknaming the British commissioner 'Simon Stylites,' because he lives in a world of make-believe like the early Christian hermit who sat atop a pillar in the Egyptian desert. Returning to London on the P. and O. liner Mooltan after his baptism of fire in India this spring, Sir John's cautious comment was that he was 'not dissatisfied' with the work his Commission had accomplished. 'Two months in India do not qualify anyone to arrive at conclusions,' he said, 'but they have shown us the complexity and the multitude of Indian problems. India is the real meeting ground of East and West. Each side has something to learn from the other and something to teach the other.'

So during the summer, while the Indians argue in India, Sir John will stay in England to examine the evidence he has gathered. Next October he and his Commission will make another visit to the Indian Empire before his final report is prepared. Whatever his recommendations may be, the world awaits with interest a document which may modify the status of British rule in India and throw light upon the general question of the capacity of Oriental peoples for representative government.

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# TOPICS OF THE TIMES

## LEADER PAGE CLIPPINGS

### EVERYDAY RUSSIA[1]

WE are too much inclined to judge the situation in Soviet Russia solely on an economic basis. To understand a community we must know its psychological attitude toward questions of everyday existence. In the case of Soviet Russia the attitude of the Government toward intellectual matters has become peculiarly important, since for the past ten years it has flouted all the recognized rules of social order.

I will try to attack this question subjectively, presenting facts and impressions as they came to me during my recent visit.

A big Russian city. A crowded narrow street. A passageway always seething with people connects the street to a long courtyard lined with lofty apartment houses. Hardly anyone in the crowd can direct me to the apartment I am seeking, but I finally enter one of these houses and wander through dark fantastic corridors, up many flights of stairs, and past hundreds of numbered rooms. The whole establishment I am seeking consists of one little room containing only the most essential furniture, cheap wall paper, two photographs of paintings, and a telephone, of course.

Here lives a woman whose husband, a Frenchman, owned many factories, warehouses, and apartment houses in Russia. All this property is now confiscated, and the husband has been shot because he was an officer. The woman's little son was taken away, and a year and a half later she was told of his death. All that remains to her is her skill at adjusting herself to her surroundings. Since she could have got along somehow in many European capitals, she tried eight or nine times to secure permission to go abroad, but the officials always turned her down. She married a foreigner who had to travel, but she was still refused her passport. In this way the Government relentlessly pursues all members of the bourgeois class who have not yet found a place in the new society and have not taken up the life of the proletariat.

Even such a powerless, feeble person encounters this firm determination of the Government, a determination that characterizes all society. Its explanation is that members of the Government were so steeled by their struggle with Tsarism that they developed fanatical will power. Weaklings and cowards were weeded out by the discipline of Tsarist prisons, and those who survived exile and incarceration are made of iron. In silence and secrecy they developed their various capacities, and silently and secretly they govern the nation to-day, subjecting it to a discipline that seems to us inhuman and that extends even to the ranks of the Communist Party.

This relentless attack against the former bourgeois class has naturally been effective. I noticed, particularly in railroad trains, how far the assimilation of the former bourgeoisie and the proletariat has gone. I spent days and

[1] Dr. **L.**, in *Frankfurter Zeitung* (Liberal daily)



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nights in cars with wooden benches, — known as the sleeping cars of the intelligentsia, — where I was thrown with former members of the middle class. On one journey my compartment was occupied by three other passengers — a former princess, the wife of a doctor, and a chauffeur. It was a long journey, and the friendliness and cheerfulness so typical of the Russian people made us feel like a family, and the whole car seemed to be a house on wheels. Callers kept dropping in — a journalist and his wife, a naval doctor, a friend of the chauffeur, and various Communists. The compartment was so lively all day long that I hardly glanced at the scenery.

But I could not help noticing with dismay how much the way of thinking, of acting, of eating and drinking, that was peculiar to members of the old ruling class is now being imitated by members of the proletariat, with the result that there is hardly any difference between them. The characteristic passiveness of the Russian, his mechanical subservience to conditions as he finds them, may go far in explaining this, but it does not account for everything. The chief reason for the change is that Communist ideas are already deeply ingrained in the mental processes of the former bourgeois classes. This is the sole explanation of the fact that not only writers and engineers, but women who likewise came from excellent bourgeois families and were never Communists at all, could say to me: 'What do you expect? Everything is equal now. We have n't got much, but everyone has something.'

Can we feel, then, that this class of people represents a danger to Soviet society? Furthermore, may we not expect even less danger from younger members of the middle class who were just growing up during the Revolution and do not remember the former conditions of life, but have been brought up in the spirit of Communism only?

When you hear that the peasant is financing the whole costly process of industrialization, you at once recognize that it is this class, including as it does eighty per cent of the population of the country, that represents the real danger to the dictatorship of the proletariat. However, the necessity for some agrarian reform was recognized even in the time of the Tsar, and the division of the soil was so necessary historically that any new political development, even a counter-revolutionary tendency, would have to reckon on it. We must therefore guard against overestimating the peasant's discontent.

To-day the peasant lives in comparative comfort. For the first time in years he is getting enough to eat. His son, whose head has been crammed full of Communism at his village school, gets still more of the same medicine during his period of military service, and when he comes home he is such a well-educated Communist that he becomes a leading figure in the village. The younger generation have gone in for mechanization and revolutionary ideology. 'Peasant' has become a title of honor like 'worker.' The oppressions of the old days are at an end. What cultural significance does the word 'muzhik' possess? It is essential to understand what secular progress is implied in the fact that the peasant who knew nothing but the knout in the old days now walks the land a free man. And finally, would not any return to former conditions involve the peasant's giving up part of the land he has acquired?

The worker, however, is the real beneficiary of the present system, although you feel that he does not live in comfort or freedom.

But let us not forget that, although the worker does not enjoy the same

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standard of living that prevails in the West, he is getting as much real wages as he did before the war, and that he enjoys innumerable social benefits besides. Let us also not forget that his needs differ from those of European workers, and let us reflect that he enjoys opportunities — and we say this most emphatically — and that he is availing himself all the time of new possibilities that have been opened up to him. Thus his life has acquired a new purpose. New fields of activity have appeared — fields that he could not have invaded in the time of the Tsar, for any association designed to give him pleasure or education was forbidden and suppressed in those days.

How about freedom? As individuals the workers possess none of it. To us, personal freedom is a fundamental right. It is the foundation of our modern political thought; it embraces the whole ideology of the Reformation, and has become the justification of individualism. This movement never touched the Russian worker. The Marxian sphere of thought, in which the Russian found himself plunged immediately after being freed from feudalism, gives him no rights as an individual, but only as a class. Thus freedom to the Russian worker means freedom for the class to which he belongs, and no one can deny that his class possesses this freedom and this power. We need only reflect that all the instruments of power — military, economic, and cultural — are in the hands of this class.

Let us make a few observations regarding the new Communist society that has developed.

The streets of Moscow are filled with nothing but poorly dressed men, drab and gray. At the movies, which are shown in any kind of room at all, you see in the faint light a dim, dreary crowd, with here and there a uniform and here and there a pair of painted lips. The circus contains a livelier, more individual throng, and the theatrical public has none of the uniformity of the crowds that attend the movies. It is more a group of individuals, of completely differentiated persons. The clothes they wear and their general bearing intensify this impression. A worker in a Russian blouse sits next to a lady in low-necked evening dress. It seems as if the homage both were paying to art invested them both with a certain appearance of festivity and gayety appropriate to the occasion. This impression one feels even more strongly at a concert. Pleasure in the music welds a group of men together although some wear overalls and others dress suits. The faces here are not like the faces on the streets. The dull, oppressed impression is less in evidence, and expressions are freer, finer, more radiant.

The concert audiences resemble those in Europe. You have the surprising feeling that you are witnessing the birth of a new bourgeois movement. The truth is that little circles are being formed around different artists and different theatres, and these circles include men who feel the need of improving their way of life. The attitude of each circle is determined by the attitude of the leaders, who differ profoundly from one another. All, however, have a common function, and are becoming the crystallization points of the new society.

People will ask in what direction this society is developing, but it is impossible to answer this question to-day. It is interesting to observe that life in the Moscow night clubs is a poor copy of night life in any other city. By twelve o'clock the tables and dance floor are crowded with evening clothes and low-necked dresses. There are jazz bands, Charleston, brandy, bal-



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loons, and roulette wheels. You keep asking yourself if you really have crossed the Red frontier.

Some people may object that these are exceptional cases, but I believe they show that a community is developing into a society, and that the same tendency of individual development can be detected in the most modern Soviet literature. More and more voices are arising demanding fullness of life, complete activity of the personality, and a better and more intense existence.

### A LENINGRAD FANTASIA[2]

I ARRIVED in Leningrad one icy Sunday morning. The air was like glass; it rattled. Snow covered the streets — white, sunlit snow on one side, and shadow-darkened snow on the other. The sidewalks were separated from the thoroughfare by heaps of snow, piled up at regular intervals. They reminded me of boundary lines. From the sledges came the jolly tinkle of sleigh bells; from the pedestrians came crunches and snorts. Rubber galoshes squeaked against the stubborn surface of the snow, which groaned under every footstep. Breath poured audibly from people's mouths and noses. A little cloud hung in front of everybody's face — a little cloud that was constantly being renewed. In front of the heads of the horses hung bigger clouds.

The cold seemed to be singing under the clear blue sky, thinly, in a kind of whimper that did not express pain so much as a chill voluptuousness in the painful cold itself. This song of the invisible frost under the winter sky afforded a significant acoustical contrast to the shrill, faint singing of invisible larks under a summer heaven.

Although the sun was very strong, one could easily look at it, for it was restful compared with the dazzling whiteness of the blinding snow. And just as one eases one's eyes after looking at the sky in summer by surveying the green countryside, so here I would contemplate the blue heaven when the whiteness of the ground began to pain me. The snow was as strong as the sun, and the sun was as soft as snow. And although the day was cold, warmth seemed to stream from above.

It was twenty-eight degrees below freezing, and the cold penetrated your nose like a two-bladed sword. Your ears burned with needle-points of fire. You could feel your blood coursing through your body, and its speed warmed you. For this reason, and not because it was cold, everyone was hurrying. Every living thing moved fast. The men were almost running, and the cold had isolated them all, each from the other. Sledges glided past, and several automobiles roared by. The bells on the high collars of the little horses gave the effect of melody. It was not a discordant jangle, but a jangling song.

Everything stationary seemed doubly immovable. The houses, the bridges, the shops, the lanterns, looked fixed for all eternity, as permanent as the Pyramids. The very shadows that the various objects cast were no longer a play of light, but dark substances, gray objects lying on the white snow, independent of the sun.

In Leningrad palaces are as common as butcher shops in ordinary cities, and in this unique morning atmosphere they assume an extra degree of durability. To the rugged permanence with which their builders endowed them is added the monumentalizing power of the light, which seems to uphold them as if they had been in danger of falling asunder in spite of their firm foundations. The contrast between the speed

[2] By Joseph Roth, in *Frankfurter Zeitung* (Liberal daily)

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of every moving thing and the centuries-old movelessness of every stationary thing filled me with a strange delight, for it set in bold relief the charm of the evanescent and the value of the permanent. The façades of the buildings became symbols of eternity. The hurrying men and wagons and horses represented eternal change and the vanity of all that is alive. And I saw, as if on the stage, a gripping drama that depicted the swift, endless process of becoming and vanishing, and the grim indifference of eternal might.

That was the way Leningrad first looked. It appeared to me as the city of Peter the Great, the universal European who wanted to rule Asia from the capital, and who, unlike another ruler, did not look upon it as a monument of stone, but as a complete residence at the summit of his gigantic nation, or as the captain's bridge at the very bow of his vessel. It is the capital of that Tsar who had such a strong sense of eternity that his remains were placed in a sarcophagus where they would last for centuries, and when the sarcophagus was opened during the Revolution people drew back in terror as if in the presence of a living being.

The next morning the cold had vanished. The city was wrapped in fog, and the fog rose from the river. The snow was still hard, but it no longer creaked underfoot. The heavens were gray, portending more snow. The air no longer resembled glass, but milky porcelain. The sun could not be seen; it was hidden by clouds that veiled the whole horizon. Over the roofs of the houses and the palaces the gray-blue fog lay motionless, and if you stood on an elevated bit of ground, or on a wide square with an extensive view, the city seemed to be sunk in a dim sea of smoke. Chimes, sleigh bells, and all other noises seemed to come to me from some hidden spot near by. It was as if I were forbidden to see with my own eyes the sources of these different sounds. I then began noticing the church spires, the people, and the streets, and I suddenly felt that I had broken the spell of the fog. No longer did the façades of the buildings seem to be contemplating the passing show of life for all eternity. They looked as if they were trembling; they swayed; they almost changed their form, like walls surveyed from a great distance.

Although it was still cold, the cold was wrapped in warming clouds as if swathed in furs, and the air was already full of the soft gentleness of the snow that it contained. Out of the gray-blue fog in front of me glimmered the top of the Admiral's Palace, which pierced through the smoke like a golden lance. It symbolized the triumph of a world that did not fear the fog in which it was shrouded, for from that fog that world was born. It looked like the outstretched menacing finger of a power whose mere existence threatens danger.

But the city itself bore the smoke that also wraps it. Leningrad stands on a swamp, and the ground is so soft and treacherous that the foundations of the big buildings and palaces are often larger than the buildings themselves. A great and determined Tsar wanted to show his power over the swamp, and Leningrad has triumphed ower the swamp as Venice has triumphed over the water. But it has also identified itself with the swamp, for its walls are moist and sink into the ground. And if it were not for the fact that the cold sometimes hardens the ground, perhaps these houses would not be standing quite so high as they are to-day.

On most days of the year the city is wrapped in its soft swamp-fog that

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resembles a token of peace between stone and water, and from the distance it does not look like a real city, but like a dream woven by the swamp. Dostoevskii said that some day we should wake up and find that Petersburg had disappeared. A living Peter built it, and perhaps a dead Peter will just as miraculously turn it into nothing. For this city cannot be destroyed; it can only disappear into the air that surrounds it.

'Oh,' exclaim the real Petersburg patriots, 'you should have known the town in the old days. It was more European, more lively, more wealthy, than Paris itself.'

There is still a residue of faithful Petersburgers in all parts of Russia who have always opposed the claims of Moscow. But Moscow has not surrendered its ancient historic and ethnographic rights. It stands for the 'real Russian tradition' as against the European courtly traditions of Petersburg. Here the Tsars lived at a considerable distance from their subjects, and here a peculiar manifestation of the Russian spirit was born. Petersburg developed the Russian bureaucrat — a character of almost German punctiliousness, a mildly crazy mixture of many peculiarities. The broad European streets were drained by inadequate Russian gutters. People talked French and German and shunned Russian. The outside world stood near at hand. The sea, the foreign ships, the foreign diplomats around the corner, all helped to give this impression, and though you might stay at home in Russia you could see Europe out your window.

The city was called Petersburg — it had no Russian name. When Tsar Nicholas II changed the name to Petrograd during the war the Russian patriots cried out in dismay, for their capital's German name was sacred. Petersburg signified distinction. It expressed the desire of the Great Tsar, and it was therefore Russian. Petrograd meant a cheap concession to middle-class nationalism, a vulgar manifestation of West European puritanism, which endeavors to weed out foreign-sounding names. To change Petersburg to Petrograd revealed a middle-class weakness in the last Tsar, who seemed to be going in for sidewalk patriotism. A city that called itself Petrograd would naturally be called Leningrad some day, argue the Russian reactionaries, who regard Nicholas II as a forerunner of the Revolution.

These reactionaries still live in Petersburg. The Revolution spared many of them because they paid no attention to politics. They were too proud to meddle in such matters. They stood at their desks, laid aside their uniforms, and watched the collapse of their world with a proud disdain that they turned against themselves. It was a kind of aristocratic nihilism — the heroism of indifference. They wandered through the streets like ghosts, and like ghosts they used to sit at their writing desks. They were ghosts of the swamp, with courtly manners, and they would never leave Petersburg of their own free will. The Court is no longer there, but the swamp remains. It is their home, and its dampness preserves old ghosts alive.

The square in front of the Winter Palace is enormous, and snow obliterates it. It is as big a square as Russia is a nation. Through the yellow windowpanes you look out on a frozen sea, from which arises a desolation of stone and ice, like fog emanating from a living being. The people crossing it look like dressed-up matches. It is completely enclosed, and is only connected with the rest of the city by small passageways. It looks estranged, like something drawn apart. Com-

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pared to this square, the Tsar was tiny — a dwarflike prisoner. How terrified a ruler must be who is always confronted by such a big white silent square. But anyone great enough to rule from here soon becomes a tyrant.

The early winter evening brought fresh white snow, which fell just as darkness descended, as if to illuminate it. But in spite of all the snow, the square still looked as deep as ever, and its surface did not seem to rise a single inch. This square is too large, I reflected, too large. . . .

## ENGLISHMEN IN CHINA[3]

'In 1890 he went out to China as a member of Jones and Co. From that date until his retirement in 1920 his life's work lay out in China, and he never came home except for short periods of leave.' — *Extract from the obituary notice of an old China hand.*

There are few places where the clique spirit is so strong as among the foreigners in China. It affects probably ninety per cent of them, and in many cases completely transforms their ideas. A man may fight against it for a year or two, possibly as much as five years, but there are few who can stand up against it for longer.

Let us take the life of an imaginary man in China — one of the average Englishmen coming out to the country. He comes out generally with the one idea of making his pile and returning home with enough money and influence to put him in a class above the one he would have been in if he had gone into business in his own country. Circumstances have led him to the East, with which he has no sympathy, and he only hopes that he can find a number of sporting chaps with whom he can get his game of cricket or golf. He has been told that the Chinese are queer fish, but that there are some quite decent Britishers, and that life is cheap, so that one can have lots of servants and go in for things which would be above one's means in England. That is quite probably the sum total of his knowledge of China.

For the first six months or year of his time in China he is probably sent to Shanghai, and here he gets his initiation into foreign community life. The concessions and settlements in China must be very like what the old mediæval walled cities were. The big ones have their own hotels, cinemas, clubs, theatres, cabarets, and prostitutes. Outside them is the native city, a dim nebulous monstrosity which has no interest except as a possible source of mob attack. Sometimes it is necessary to drive through it, but the dreadful smells and the stupid native population who will always insist on getting in the way of the cars are soon left behind with a grunt of relief. Very occasionally a foreign-educated Chinese gentleman may be asked to dinner ('He's useful, you know. One has to keep in with some of these Chinks'). Conversation is sticky, and the Chinese gentleman (who, according to Chinese ideas of etiquette, will not leave till after eleven) is 'an old bore.' Besides these friendly dinners, a number of interviews with Chinese business men on purely business matters take place from day to day. Finally, every foreigner has his own boys and coolies, from whom, as a rule, he gets his ideas of China.

Such are the opening years of most Europeans in China. During this time they come into constant contact with men who arrived in China with great hopes and have since become soured. On all hands they hear the Chinese abused. Some men abuse them because they have come to the conclusion, after many years in China, that the Chinese

[3] By J. D., in the *New Statesman* (London Independent weekly)

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really are a hopeless people. They have tried to give them credit for all their good points, and to overlook their bad, but they have found the task impossible, and have become firmly convinced of the general hopelessness of the country and its people. Then there are others who have never considered it possible that a Chinese might have some good points about him. These are the majority. Their one complaint is that the Chinese are not like Europeans.

All this will seem a gross exaggeration to anyone who has not been out to China. Perhaps, too, it is somewhat exaggerated, but the opinions which every Englishman hears expressed during the first few years of his stay in China are so hopelessly one-sided that they swamp any other influence which may possibly be brought to bear from other quarters. His life is spent between his office and the club. In the former he is surrounded by foreigners as equals or superiors and by Chinese as inferiors — clerks and so forth. In the latter, except for the servants, he sees nothing but foreigners, from whom every night he hears complaints about Chinese dishonesty and stupidity, interspersed by stories of the day's work, and by discussions on sport, which is the one thing that saves the Englishman in China. It is the only alternative to abuse of the Chinese. The people who take it up seriously can forget for a time that they are out in China, for a football ground in China is much the same as a football ground in England.

We come to the question why the English do so detest the Chinese. There are perhaps two main reasons. The first is the obvious one that they do not understand them — and the ordinary Englishman hates anything he can't understand. There is probably no one in the world with as much pride of race as the Englishman — except the Chinese. Each thinks the other is ridiculous. To Chinese eyes the sight of an Englishman rushing round a playing field, or, still more, pacing up and down a room while he is thinking, is simply childish. No Chinese will take any unnecessary exercise. To the Englishman the sight of a number of Chinese arguing about some trivial matter at the pitch of their voices is absurd. No Englishman will make an exhibition of himself if he can help it. These are just trivial examples, but they may be taken as representative of the whole opinion that the British in China and the Chinese have of one another. The Chinese are an exasperating people. There are dozens of bigger matters on which the two races cannot see alike, and there are characteristics in each which drive the other mad, but it would take a whole book to enumerate them. The only point here is that without an effort the two countries will never understand each other. That effort will never be made until what is known as the 'Shanghai mind' — the spirit of walled-in cliques — is broken. One day it will be too late. The internal squabbles in China will not go on forever. When the country has settled down, then the Chinese will be strong enough to demand the abolition of all those special rights to which the British merchant in China clings, and to force compliance with that demand. The irony of the situation is that the very day for which British merchants in China are crying out, when there will be stability in China, will be their day of reckoning.

But there is another and more subtle reason for this hatred of the British merchants in China for the Chinese. These men came out to China before their prime of life. They have spent their best years in China, — away from the life they would have chosen if they had been rich enough, — in a land they

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cannot understand. Some of them came out with great ambitions. They were going to build up a big business and make their influence felt in a way it could never have been if they had stayed in England. They would be leaders of society out there, with masses of servants, while in England they might never be noticed. And then after perhaps thirty years out there they would come back to England with enough money to be able to settle down comfortably for the rest of their lives. This was their plan. What actually happened? After a year learning the ropes and doing odd jobs in the head office in Shanghai, they were sent off to one of the upcountry offices. Here they found a small community of men — perhaps not more than a dozen. There may have been no women at all, or if there were any they were the wives of the head managers. All these men had been stuck in this particular spot for anything up to two or three years. After the first few months they had got on each other's nerves, and by the time the new man arrived they were fed up to the teeth with the whole place, and wished to God they had never come out. And yet somehow they felt that as they were the only white men in the district they must stick together, even though they really detested each other. And so they vented the whole of their disappointment on the Chinese, and sat together over the fire talking of home, comparing it with China and the Chinese people, and cursing the day they ever thought of coming out to the East. Thus the Chinese came to stand for the cause of all their disappointment.

Thus, added to the lack of understanding between the two countries, there is this false, but almost inevitable, association in the minds of the British in China between their disappointment and the Chinese people. Taken together these two constitute the beginnings of misunderstanding, and time does the rest. One generation passes it on to the other, and gradually it accumulates till at last it becomes almost impossible to break away from it.

It may be asked, 'Why the British?' What about the 'other foreigners in China'? The writer has taken the British as an example, principally because he has seen more of them than of other foreigners in China. There are probably other foreigners in just the same condition as the British, and some may even be in worse. But the British are less adaptable than the Japanese and the French, and lack the superficial bonhomie of the Americans which overlies all their dealings with the Chinese. Besides, the British are undoubtedly the most important group of foreigners in China at present. There are competitors now in the Chinese markets, but they have not yet ousted the British. Whether they will ever do so is another question, and the answer to it may depend to a large extent on whether or not the 'Shanghai spirit' can be dissipated.

## SALVAGING CALIGULA'S GALLEYS [4]

PREPARATIONS will be complete in April for recovering the famous Roman galleys in Lake Nemi, near Rome, which were sunk after the death of the Emperor Caligula, more than eighteen hundred years ago, and it is hoped to reclaim also their luxurious and artistic decorations, and perhaps some of the valuable treasures they contained. At any rate, it will be a great day for Rome, for archæology, and for Roman scholars all over the world.

The galleys were nearly as large as a modern seagoing ship, their length being some 200 feet and their beam

[4] By A. Beaumont, in the *Daily Telegraph* (London Independent Conservative daily)

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over 60 feet. We shall see, perhaps, the cubiculum on which the Emperor Caligula reclined, the bronze thuribulum in which incense was burned before him, the statues and statuettes of the various gods and goddesses which he worshiped in a costly little shrine next to his reclinium, the gilt lettigas on which he and his courtiers were carried about on the deck, the thermæ, or bathrooms, if such there were in his floating palaces, and possibly some pergamena, decrees, and imperial documents, and, who knows, some long-lost books of Livy or verses of Horace or Vergil.

Professor Corrado Ricci, the aged Senator, who is perhaps the greatest authority on Roman archæology, and who presided over the committee appointed by Mussolini two years ago to study the most practical means of recovering the ships, has said that it would be the crowning satisfaction of his life to see these ships raised. The committee over which he presided concluded that the most practical and least expensive way of carrying out the preparatory work was to drain the waters of the tiny lake to a depth of sixty or eighty feet below its present level by means of great pumps and to let the water flow out through a passage dug by the ancient Romans themselves. It starts from the surface of the lake at an elevation of about six hundred feet, cuts through the mountain for a distance of about one mile, and issues at a level of about two hundred feet above the plain at Ariccia.

The Lake of Nemi, which is only about a mile long and a little more than three quarters of a mile broad, is situated in an extinct crater of the Alban Mountains, about twenty miles from Rome, and, like its twin lake of Albano, near by, is completely surrounded by hills rising to a height of twelve hundred or fifteen hundred feet. The little village of Nemi, on the slope of the mountain, is about fifteen hundred feet above the level of the plain, and the summit of Mount Albanus behind rises to a height of nearly three thousand feet.

Gangs of slaves had been set to work by the Romans to cut a tunnel through the mountain for the purpose of preventing the waters of the lake from rising above a fixed level. The Romans called this passage an emissarius of the lake. For more than a thousand years no attention was paid to this emissarius, and its very existence seemed to have been forgotten. The entrance to it has been cleared, and it has been partially explored, but not for its entire length. I was allowed to penetrate it for some distance with two soldiers. It is very narrow at first, hardly wide enough for a man to pass, and one has to stoop a little. After about two hundred yards it widens, and there are chambers in the mountain where the slaves who cut the tunnel evidently slept.

A great Milan firm, Riva and Company, offered the necessary machinery, and a small reservoir in cement has been constructed facing the emissarius. The water will be pumped through four large pipes, about twenty inches in diameter, from the lake into this reservoir, and will then flow down to the plain at Ariccia. The Electric Light Company of Rome will supply the current to drive the dynamos, the wires having already been brought to Lake Nemi. The dynamos have been set up in a small building near the pumps.

When Mussolini said that the works were about to begin last September, he mentioned with special commendation the fact that the electric installation and the machinery were offered gratuitously by these firms from patriotic motives. It is understood, however, that the draining of the lake from its present level to a depth of eighty or

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one hundred feet is only a preliminary work, and, as Senator Corrado Ricci told me, the Government may still have to spend many million lire in the more difficult work of clearing, raising, and perhaps drawing the ships to the shore.

Many attempts were made in the past to raise the ships or recover them in whole or in part. Cardinal Prospero Colonna, who owned the castles of Nemi and Genzano, in the middle of the fifteenth century, instructed his architect and engineer, Battista Alberti, to try to raise the ships. Iron cables and hooks were fastened to them, but they only damaged the hulls, and Alberti gave up the attempt.

A century later Francesco de Marchi, another engineer and architect, made another effort to raise them, having the ships first examined by divers in an outfit devised by William of Loraine, which was probably the first modern instance of a diver's hermetically closed suit. But the attempt again failed. Other efforts to raise the ships by means of huge rafts came to naught. In 1827 Annesio Fusconi was commissioned to repeat the attempt — with the same result; and finally the last effort was made by Eliseo Borghi in 1895, when the ships were considerably damaged and the Government stopped the work.

Senator Ricci deplored the fact that during these unsuccessful efforts many attempts were made to carry away from the ships valuable parts and artistic decorations. Some of these, however, have been preserved and brought to the museum of Rome. Among them is a beautiful bronze lion's head, the head of a wolf in bronze, and a Medusa like the one discovered in the Tiber some years before. It is hoped, however, that other and far more valuable artistic treasures will still be found aboard.

I asked Senator Ricci why the Roman emperors had these ships built on such a tiny lake. He said that it was a mania of Caligula's, who wanted to imitate the Greeks and Egyptians. Cleopatra had her floating palaces on the Nile; Geron II of Syracuse and others indulged in the same fancy. The pleasure boats of the Romans were anchored or moved about on the Tiber; others were built on the lakes, or even cruised along the shores of the Mediterranean. They were fitted with all the luxuries of the time, being richly decorated, and containing baths, shrines to various divinities, beds, couches, lounges, and tricliniums.

Caligula had his boats built between 37 and 40 or 41 A.D. The larger ship was for himself and his court, and the smaller one probably for the legionaries who always accompanied him and an army of slaves and attendants. His ship was naturally not intended for navigation, as the lake is too small, but was simply a sumptuous floating palace, where he could repose in safety or give entertainments to his court. He was known to have suffered from a severe malady after giving up active military command, and was troubled with insomnia. The lake offered an ideal place of quiet sojourn; but he enjoyed it only for a short time, as he was assassinated in Rome on February 24 in the year 41.

How long the ships, with all their gorgeous panoply, continued to float on the surface of the lake is not known. They were probably abandoned, and, being left without any care, soon deteriorated, and the weight of the metal, marbles, and other heavy material on board caused them to sink. The sides, in fact, have been found to be lined with lead.

When it was evident that they were in danger of sinking some attempt was probably made to save them and drag

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them to the shore, but they keeled over and went to the bottom. It is quite possible that little or no depredation was committed previous to their sinking, as the objects recovered in 1895 were in a perfect state of preservation and no signs of willful destruction have as yet been detected.

One of the ships is about 210 feet long and 73 feet broad, the other about 192 feet long and 60 feet broad. The smaller ship is nearer the shore, lying in about forty-five feet of water. The larger is about a hundred yards from the shore, at a depth of about seventy-five feet, as the bottom of the lake descends very rapidly. Mussolini is expected to be present when the work of pumping the water begins. The operation of draining the lake to the required depth will take three or four months.

It will be a novel spectacle indeed to see the pumps at work and the water sent through a mysterious tunnel made by the Romans to the plain of the Roman Campagna more than a mile away. It is estimated that the volume of water to be removed is about 35,000,000 cubic tons, but as the springs and sources of supply will doubtless continue to pour in fresh volumes of water, 75,000,000 to 100,000,000 tons may have to be pumped out before the necessary level is reached.

Tourists are expected to appear in swarms, many of them perhaps passing the night in tents on the slopes of the Alban hills to see the progress of the work. These woods and hills, with their magnificent oaks, stately pines, and olive groves, were favorite resorts of the Romans. There were many rural shrines and temples to sylvan divinities, and festivities were held in the summer months. On the slopes of the Alban hills stood many luxurious Roman villas, and in the woods of Tusculum Cicero had his pleasant summer home. When the time comes for catching the first sight of the famous galleys as they emerge into view the ordinary means of transporting the crowds will almost certainly prove inadequate, and we may expect to see tourists jolting to Nemi on the classic wine carts of Albano and Genzano.

## THE NEW FAR EAST[1]

BY SIR FREDERICK WHYTE

CHINA in revolution to-day, like Japan in triumph twenty-five years ago, bids us remember Asia. When Japan defeated Russia and brought to universal notice the modern awakening of Asia, the Japanese victory resounded through the whispering galleries of the East, and seemed to portend such momentous things that Theodore Roosevelt was moved to say: 'The Mediterranean era died with the discovery of America. The Atlantic era is now at the height of its development, and must soon exhaust the resources at its command. The Pacific era, destined to be the greatest of all, is just at its dawn.' The most vivid of American presidents was wont to speak in hyperbole; but,

[1] From the *Observer* (London Independent Sunday paper)

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making allowance for his picturesque vigor, we note the significance of his words, which recent events have not lessened. Europe is still the most important continent; but it no longer holds the exclusive place in the politics of the world, and the Far East has now emerged on our horizon to challenge its predominance.

The nature of the Far Eastern Question is determined to-day by four events — the Manchurian War of 1904–1905, the Chinese Revolution of 1911, the Great War, and the Russian Revolution. The war of 1905 gave Japan a new position in the world at large, and established her in the Far East as a Power of the first magnitude; but the changes wrought by more recent events, in 1911, in 1914, and in 1917, have an even greater significance, for they have brought the three nations most nearly concerned — China, Japan, and Russia — into a new relationship. It is doubtless true that their ultimate political aims have not fundamentally changed, but their relative positions have altered under the pressure of new forces, both domestic and international; and it is clear that a new situation has arisen.

In contemplating it from afar, we pay most heed to its Chinese aspect, because the revolution in China affects us most closely; but the part which China plays in the whole field of Far Eastern politics is so largely influenced by the policy of her two great neighbors that the latter cannot be ignored even in an attempt to depict the domestic situation in China itself. So let us take a glance at them first.

In appearance Japan has changed less than China or Russia. Her institutions and her policy alike remain what they were, but, in reality, she is passing through a transition of the greatest significance. The Elder Statesmen who created modern Japan have all but passed away, and new forces have arisen in her domestic life which may yet transform the fabric of her Constitution. Tradition is everywhere assailed by innovation, and, although some of her leaders still bid her seek inspiration from her own past, the new proletariat created by her economic growth turns its face toward an unknown future, with manhood suffrage as the instrument of its political will. Japan is thus passing out of an oligarchical imperialism into an era of democracy.

He would be a bold man who would predict the consequences. And in the international sphere as well the factors of change are no less significant. Japanese policy is now set in a new scene. The League of Nations, the ending of Anglo-Japanese alliance, the defeat of Germany, and the rise of Soviet Russia, together present the Japanese Government with problems in foreign policy unknown to the Genro of earlier days. Tokyo has every reason to move with caution in such unfamiliar paths, and the severity of the crisis in her finance and industry forbids any expensive adventure.

The result of all this is to be seen in the moderation of the Japanese attitude, and in a marked uncertainty regarding her future course in Far Eastern politics. Those who wish to pursue the general question of her policy, further than is possible in these paragraphs, will find in the *Round Table* for March and in the April issue of *Foreign Affairs* (that admirable American quarterly which has just lost by death its distinguished editor, Mr. Archibald Coolidge) two articles which deal with the Manchurian crux of Sino-Japanese relations. In the latter Mr. Kawakami declares that 'first, Japan has definitely renounced aggressive or imperialistic designs such as were apparent in her attitude between, say, 1915 and 1919. Secondly, whether her

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government be Conservative or Liberal, there is a certain limit beyond which she will not go in relinquishing her rights and interests in China. In determining that limit she will always be guided by her sense of self-preservation, born of overpopulation and her lack of natural resources and intensified by her past experiences with neighbors who sometimes have concocted what seemed sinister designs against her. Thirdly, Japan is not unsympathetic, much less antipathetic, toward China's nationalistic aspirations, but she insists that China's foreign treaties, however unilateral or unfair, must not be repudiated in a Bolshevist fashion, but must be revised through due process of diplomacy. These seem to be the essential features of Japan's present policy toward China.'

We shall return at a later stage in this argument to the question of Japanese policy in relation to Russia; but, for the moment, we turn to the rôle of Moscow in China.

In 1919 Russian influence in Eastern Asia fell to its lowest ebb. From 1920 to 1924 the Soviet Union had no representative in Peking, and the Russians scanned the whole Eastern horizon for possible allies. They were prepared to purchase recognition from China at almost any cost; and when the Washington Conference threatened to draw the Chinese Republic into the circle of the Western Powers, they redoubled their efforts in Peking. First Joffe, then Karakhan, labored and manœuvred in the Northern Chinese capital to secure the desired result, but the Chinese had no love for Communism, and viewed Russian aggression in Mongolia with alarm. It was only when the Chinese, ignoring the substantial gains made at Washington, expressed disappointment with the results of the Conference that Russian propaganda made real headway. Karakhan seized his opportunity, and the Sino-Russian Agreement, signed on May 31, 1924, gave Russia the recognition she desired and released China from all obligations of the 'unequal' Russian treaties of the past.

Meanwhile Joffe, having left the Peking negotiations in the hands of Karakhan, went south to Shanghai, where he found Sun Yat-sen ready to accept the coöperation of Moscow. At that moment (1923) Sun Yat-sen had lost Canton, and in his chagrin at his failure to secure encouragement from Britain and America for Southern Nationalism he issued the manifesto which linked Canton with the Third International. From that moment began the Communist phase of the Chinese Revolution; and as the Peking Government gradually passed under the control of the anti-Bolshevist faction, the whole of the Russian effort was concentrated in Canton. Feng Yu-hsiang, the Christian general, alone among Northern war lords, was openly Russophile — not indeed for love of Communism, but from the necessity of using Russia as a base of supply. But, though the Russians supplied him liberally with war material, and sometimes with money, they devoted a more sustained effort to the organization of revolutionary nationalism in Canton. There, in the Whampoa Cadet School, and in other ways, they prepared — or thought to prepare — Young China for the rôle of the Far Eastern ally of the World Revolution.

The winter of 1923 saw Canton opened as the Russian workshop of the Chinese Revolution, with Dr. Sun, Borodin, and Galen Russifying the Kuomintang. The process gave rise to friction, which was by no means lessened by the contrast between Russian and Chinese psychology. Moreover, there was already a Chinese Communist Party of some dimensions, which had

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developed from the characteristic secret society of China into a more or less acknowledged ally of Moscow before Sun and Joffe ever thought of making friends, and which now played a 'spoiling' part in the game. Thus the foyer of the Revolution was already divided against itself, even in 1924; and as time went on the fissure widened.

Three years ago in Canton there were as many shades of opinion as there are colors and combinations of colors in the spectrum, from pure red Communists to equally pure blue Moderates. Three sections, however, composed the movement as a whole: the Moderates, or Right; the Radicals, or Left; and the Russians, with their Chinese Communist allies of the Extreme Left. The Left, and the Extreme Left, wielded effective power for many months, — the period of the maximum boycott against Hongkong, — mainly through labor unions and other proletarian organizations; and all the while the best Nationalists foresaw the unhappy consequences of these excesses, and would fain have arrested them. But, such as they were, Chiang Kai-shek, Sun himself, Wu Chao-chu (or C. C. Wu, as he calls himself for Western consumption), were powerless to prevent them; and it was clear that things must be worse before they would grow better. When Dr. Sun died, March 12, 1925, the cleavage between Right and Left appeared more clearly, and animosities that had been tempered by loyalty to him broke out openly. But the decisive breach was still delayed, for neither Left nor Right felt strong enough to break the other.

It is a curious fact that, though Russian influence has on the whole driven China into extreme courses, the reluctance of Right and Left alike to quarrel openly with each other was due, in part, to a doubt as to which party Moscow would support. And there is evidence to show that in Canton in 1925–1926, as in Hankow in 1927, Borodin was moderate in counsel where Moscow itself preached violence. The man on the spot knew when to be cautious and when to strike.

But there was more than one 'man on the spot,' and the Russians were not all as realistically moderate in method — if *fortiter in re* — as Borodin. The leaders were making up their minds for a long period of preparation and were averse to premature adventure, especially toward the Yangtze; but the lesser fry among the Russian agents had never been in such a hayfield before, — not even in Russia itself, — and they made hay while the sun of revolution shone. The responsibility for their acts came home to no one, for the Russian system is one of complete anonymity, under which personal responsibility is dissolved in the general 'will of the Party'; and, in any event, Chinese chaos is a haystack well designed to conceal the proverbial needle.

Now, while the boycott was harrying Hongkong, while advance agents were sowing the seed of the Kuomintang throughout South China, while the destructive strength of the Left Wing seemed daily to increase, Borodin's work was putting a weapon of strength into Chiang Kai-shek's hands, which later proved invaluable. The Whampoa Cadet School was the joint creation of Chiang and Borodin. Founded in 1924, it was half a Military Academy and half a School of Politics and Propaganda. Its students took a course of nine months, and after that brief tutoring in musketry and slogans passed out to become the backbone of the Kuomintang armies. As the numbers and efficiency of the School increased, Chiang's power inside the Central Executive Committee of the Party grew; and there is little doubt that Chiang could not have carried out the

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anti-Communist coup of March 20, 1926, without the military strength of Whampoa behind him.

Thus Russia inflamed the Left and succored the Right, biding her time when the hour for action should strike, but never entirely sure of her relations with her now new, and somewhat baffling, allies. And these allies themselves never knew what a day might bring forth. Within one month of his anti-Communist coup, Chiang made his second Canton coup, but this time against the Right, when his own Foreign Minister (Wu Chao-chu) fled, and Eugene Chen came to Canton to reign in his stead. So the kaleidoscope turned. So it still turns. But each turn during the past three years has revealed a pattern in which the fragments slowly, one by one, fall into a design which itself shows, not permanence as yet, but a tendency toward definiteness.

In the early months of 1926 events in the North bulked more largely in the public view that anything in the South except the Hongkong boycott. Canton, seen from the remoteness of Peking, Tientsin, and even Shanghai, was its old troublesome self; but beyond the mild seismic disturbances which its occasional explosions created in regions reputed more stable, it was not seriously regarded as a probable competitor in the lively and warlike pastimes of the tuchuns of the North. But once Canton began to move, and more and more clearly as, moving, it gained momentum, the astonished North saw the despised South approach, and then capture, the Valley of the Yangtze. Between July 13 (capture of Changsha) and November 5 (fall of Kin-kiang) the Cantonese Nationalists, aided by allies from Yunnan, Hunan, and other middle provinces, swept over an area as large as France and assumed — or failed to assume — corresponding political responsibilities.

Now it is significant that during the whole of this advance, from its first steps out of Canton, the city of Rams, to its last on the banks of the Yangtze, the movement of the Kuomintang was preceded, accompanied, and succeeded by the same phenomena, invariably, until it reached Nanking. The full meaning of this will be apparent in a moment. Changsha, Yochow, Hanyang, Wuchang, Hankow, all passed through the same experience. Propaganda came first, antiforeign, anti-imperialist, pro-Russian, stirring popular feeling; the armies followed, hardly meeting resistance worth the name, except, perhaps, at the Wu-Han cities; order — of a kind, a Chinese kind, of course — was preserved, and there were no violent and bloody disturbances. But invariably, and almost, as it were, by design, when the armies passed on to capture new territory, or after the armies had remained a month or two in one place (as at Hankow), the Extreme Left gained the upper hand and chaos was let loose. The seed of propaganda sown before the army came burst into sinister blossom after it left. So it was, for instance, in Changsha, the home of the bloodiest Communist terror yet known in China, where Yale-in-China, the American college of Central China, actually suffered in 1926 what the British Concession in Hankow was threatened with in 1927.

A fourth period completes the circle, and to-day we see anti-Communist reaction in full swing, with excesses of its own which are only less terrible than their Communist originals. Such oscillations of temper and circumstance are inevitable; and we have recently seen how anti-Red treats Red in Canton. Civil war is proverbial in its ferocity; and, throughout history, civil war in China has had terrors all its own. But there are signs which show that some sections of Chinese opinion

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have begun to learn from bitter experience. The tale of revolution is still not fully told, and there is still trouble in store before unity and stability can be accomplished. None the less, in Canton, in Nanking, in Peking, the desire for peace is growing. Like Robert Louis Stevenson, in his 'Armies in the Fire,' the Chinese ask themselves: —

> Blinking embers, tell me true
> Where are those armies marching to,
> And what the burning city is
> That crumbles in your furnaces?

The answer is still unknown; but we shall see how some of the Chinese are trying to find it. Meanwhile, there can be little doubt that China has reached a turning point in the fortunes of Nationalism. She stands at the cross-roads, looking now to the Right and now to the Left, with a decision to make which will settle the fate of her people and her institutions for generations to come.

> The Sword sang on the barren heath,
> The Sickle in the fruitful field,
> The Sword he sang a song of death
> But could not make the Sickle yield.

So it is, even in the midst of civil war in China. The sword of civil war sings its song of death up and down the land, but the people still sow and reap, buy and sell; and such is the vitality of Chinese commerce that it survives even the worst of disorders. But there is a limit to human patience, even in the Land of Sinim, and one of the factors now making for stability is the knowledge that incessant warfare has cut very near the bone, and that the very life of the Chinese people is now threatened by its continuance. The desire for 'business as usual' is growing; and merchant and coolie alike know that the worst enemy of prosperity is the chaos which has engulfed them during the past three — not to say seventeen — years. This natural desire for peace, then, is perhaps the root cause of the improvement in the situation which is described in every recent dispatch from China.

Improvement, however, is a relative term. A patient's condition may improve by bloodletting, though the patient's strength does not permit him to take up his bed and walk. And in China to-day the improvement is mainly psychological, not material; for, while it is true that the atmosphere is better, there is as yet no promise of political stability. The Southern domain of Nationalism has still to be consolidated, and the war between North and South will occupy energies this summer that ought to be devoted to tasks of reconstruction.

Apart from the general desire for a quiet life, there are specific origins to which we can trace the recoil from Communist violence. From the very outset there was a strong body of moderate opinion in the Kuomintang which revolted against the excesses of Changsha and Hankow; but during the campaign of 1926 it was not powerful enough to hold its allies of the Left in check. Chiang Kai-shek, the military leader of the Moderates, was never a free agent, for he had to rely on Soviet sources for his entire equipment until he reached Hankow, where his control of the Hanyang arsenal gave him greater liberty of action. His Communist allies — or enemies in disguise — knew him to be a danger to their cause, and realized early last year that, if ever he got to Shanghai, he would denounce the Russian alliance and once more endeavor to expel them from the Kuomintang. It was vital to them to destroy him before he could establish himself firmly on the Yangtze. Therefore, during the campaign down the river from Hankow, they planned the incident of March 24, 1927, with the

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deliberate purpose of provoking armed reprisals by the foreign Powers and thus of embroiling Chiang and his friends of the Right with Great Britain, America, and Japan.

They came within an ace of success; but the situation was saved by the coolness, promptitude, and wisdom of the British and American naval commanders on the river. Not only was the situation saved and forty-seven European lives rescued from peril of death on Socony Hill, but the guns of H.M.S. Emerald materially helped to stay the onset of the Left at a moment when the fortunes of the Right were hanging in the balance. The incident itself was serious, but it failed to destroy the Moderates, who thereafter found themselves strong enough to set up a government of their own in Nanking (April 18, 1927). This was the first overt act which separated the Left and the Right of the Kuomintang, and marked the beginning of the end of the Communist phase. Thereafter, Russian influence declined, even in Hankow, and when, in May, Borodin was instructed by Moscow to purge the Kuomintang of its moderate elements, he suppressed the order and shortly afterward retired to Mongolia. The Hankow Government itself broke up; Eugene Chen went to Moscow, and some of his colleagues moved down the river to join the Nanking group. The net result made Nanking the true Nationalist centre, and throughout the rest of 1927 the Nanking Government endeavored, with some success, to establish its authority in the Yangtze Valley, and came to be regarded as the most important political entity in South China.

On January 1, 1927, Russian influence was at its zenith in China, though even in its moment of triumph the comments of the *Izvestia* showed a realistic doubt of its continuance. Before the autumn the doubt was realized, and Russia lost her power in the Kuomintang. It is easy, after the event, to trace effects to obvious causes, when there may be no more than the chain of coincidence between them; and especially in China, where things go by inconsequence, is *post hoc, ergo propter hoc* the most abused of all processes. None the less, there are events in 1927 which, taken together, form a picture so significant that we must see in them something more than the hand of accident. And as they lead, in succession, from the summit of Russian success down through the chaos of last spring and up again to the comparative promise of to-day's outlook, they are worth following in a rapid review.

First comes the swift advance of the Kuomintang armies, trained by Russia, and the capture of the Wu-Han cities, carrying with it the control of Central China. It was a brilliant triumph, organized by Russian skill, and went like new wine to Chinese and Russian heads alike — with one or two sober exceptions! The so-called Nationalist Government of Hankow (October 1926 to June 1927) claimed to exercise an authority not only Nationalist but national. Tuchuns and civilians alike promised themselves the easy conquest of Peking, and boastfully proclaimed an early settlement of the long account with the Treaty Powers.

Then Moscow sprang a surprise. The chiefs of the Third International, attributing the Nationalist success entirely to Russian leadership, and believing that Borodin had real power in China, judged that the moment had come to redden China and to bring Eastern Asia into the firing line of the World Revolution. They therefore instructed Borodin (May 1927) to purge the Kuomintang, raise a new Army of Communism to displace the reliable troops of Chiang Kai-shek, and place the Communist Party in supreme

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power. Borodin knew that these orders were based on a complete misconception of the Chinese situation. China is not good soil for Communism, and the whole body of her intelligentsia is Nationalist. The Kuomintang had accepted an alliance with Bolshevist Russia, not for love of Karl Marx, but simply because effective allies were not available elsewhere; and the Kuomintang — even the Russophile Left Wing — regarded the Russians as allies, not as masters. It was therefore with stupefaction that they learned last May the real intentions of Moscow. Once the true character of the Russian alliance was unmasked, the great majority of the Nationalists revolted against this attempt at foreign domination, and the Russo-Chinese Entente fell into ruins.

Almost at the same time the documents found in the Soviet Military Attaché's office in Peking revealed the contempt of the Bolsheviki for the Chinese, who were described as 'miserable revolutionary material.' The breach widened. Within six months of the triumph at Hankow Russia fell from her high estate; and when I was in Nanking last October the winning slogan was 'Down with Communism.'

Now, as long as the smoke screen of Russian propaganda hung over China, the outside world could only be seen through its distorting medium; and therefore, at first, even so striking a pronouncement as the Chamberlain Memorandum was not fully appreciated. Moreover, the rendition of the British concession at Hankow seemed to show that the Russo-Chinese offensive had 'got Great Britain on the run,' and that triumphs as easy were in store. The Shanghai Defense Force and the Nanking incident came as a rude reminder that, if the British Government was conciliatory, it was also firm; and the Chinese, in all parts of the South, had new food for thought. There were many, especially in the Moderate Wing of the Kuomintang now established at Nanking, who could read the lesson of the past three years. A period of intense agitation was coming to an end, and the major problem was the consolidation of Nationalist authority throughout the South. Russian assistance had promoted swift success, but at a heavy price, and to pursue the Russian method further meant, not stability, but renewed disorder.

It was time to call a halt. A survey of the new situation led to new conclusions. Where it had once appeared that the momentum of xenophobia could carry the Revolution over every obstacle, it was evident in the latter part of 1927 that the key to success lay in domestic policy, not in attacks on foreign nations. And a sober examination of the policy of Great Britain revealed the fact that Sir Austen Chamberlain had begun to build a bridge over the gulf that separated England from China, and that the Chinese must build their span of the bridge in order to bring China nearer to England. But here again the Chinese were abruptly confronted with their own domestic difficulties; and as they studied the problems of reconstruction they saw that civil war was the real enemy.

Thus a new sense of reality dawned. The problems of the Revolution appeared in a truer light, and the road to their solution was laid down in a programme of four points. First: it was necessary to consolidate the power and authority of the Kuomintang over the whole area which was claimed as Nationalist. Second: the civil power must assert its effective control over the war lords. Third: the Nationalist Government (that is, Nanking) must define its relations with the provinces composing the Nationalist area, which meant the whole of South and Central China. Fourth: the process of revising the



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foreign treaties must be set afoot.

The significance here is that *domestic* problems now take first place. The 'unequal treaties' still bulk largely in the Chinese mind, and it must not be supposed that the new Chinese attitude leaves any doubt about the importance of treaty revision at the earliest possible moment; but it is a hopeful sign that the responsible leaders of the Kuomintang have turned their energies toward domestic reconstruction — for, as they and we alike know, that is the surest, and the only, road to the reform of China's foreign relations.

The four-point programme described above has been undertaken by Nanking in the appointment of a National Committee of Reconstruction, which is authorized by mandate 'to employ experts, Chinese or foreign, as technical counselors'; and a more definite step has been taken by inviting Professor Taussig, the Yale professor of political economy, who was chairman of the United States Tariff Commission, to act for a few months as Adviser on Tariff Questions, with a view to the promulgation of a programme of tariff reform leading to tariff autonomy. The Nationalists have shown their desire to protect the fiscal administration of the Salt Gabelle from disintegration by restoring some of the foreign personnel; and they are also unwilling to break the integrity of the Customs Administration by splitting it between North and South. In Shanghai, too, the situation has improved: the deadlock between the foreign community and the Chinese has been dissolved by an attempt, so far successful, to cooperate in framing the municipal budget of the International Settlement, and this has already led to a partial, but welcome, solution of the problem of Chinese representation in the Municipal Council.

Here is evidence of a change for the better; and, given favorable circumstances, progress should be made in 1928 toward greater stability. But are the circumstances, other than those just mentioned, favorable? There are only too many reasons for doubt.

In the *first* place, the Kuomintang still carries the *damnosa hereditas* of the Communist phase, and every attempt to achieve stability still encounters the force of that surging tide which swept over South China last year.

In the *second* place, the Kuomintang contains within itself powerful factions and family groups inspired by local loyalties and, as yet, unwelded by an all-embracing patriotism.

In the *third* place, there is an urgent need for expert assistance of all kinds; for leaders possessing political and economic experience are few, and the gulf between a paper programme and its execution is wide.

In the *fourth* place, even those who know that civil war must cease before real progress can begin have somehow convinced themselves that they must continue the war against the North, and there is therefore a grave risk that the strain of a new campaign may break the slender thread of cohesion that has been woven during the brighter moments of the past few months.

Throughout the South there is a belief that the Nationalists would be false to the memory and message of Sun Yat-sen if they did not march on Peking. The Kuomintang Party is apparently unwilling to acknowledge that Nationalism of a very real kind already pervades the North, and that time alone is required to transform it from an influence into a power that can make and unmake governments. There is as much Nationalism, though less vocal, in Peking as in any other Chinese city, except perhaps Canton; and this means that there is already an underlying unity in idea which will eventually

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be translated into a united China in fact. The real problem is not to make China one by campaigns, but to abolish the militarists whose petty wars conceal this underlying unity and retard its realization. And there is a serious risk that a new Northern campaign this year may give militarism new life, without any compensatory advantage. A smashing Nationalist victory might make the Kuomintang the government of China, but with the experience of the recent past before our eyes we cannot say that it would solve the real problems of Nationalism.

Such a victory is not impossible; but it requires certain conditions which have never yet been realized. If there is to be a campaign against Peking this summer, on the lines suggested in recent telegrams from China, the issue will depend upon the will and the power of *all* the Nationalist forces to combine in a common plan. The armies of the Yangtze, under the more or less acknowledged command of Chiang Kai-shek, must be assured of support from Feng Yu-hsiang, the Christian general, in order to protect their Western flank; otherwise, Chang Tso-lin, with his superior equipment and better communications, will probably be able to choose his own ground and deal with his enemies as he pleases. The issue depends, as before, on Feng, who, as he chooses, can make or mar the history of 1928. And, finally, no one can ignore the possibility of Japanese intervention in North China to prevent the South from threatening Manchuria.

But there is another alternative. The South and the North have been brought together before, at a time when China had no such bitter experience of civil war as now makes peace so desirable. There is no insuperable obstacle to their meeting again, and there is urgent reason why they should. Chang Tso-lin's Government has shown itself ready to discuss certain questions with Nanking, and other questions will arise to present other opportunities. The most recent occasion, on the visit of the Acting Inspector General of Customs to Shanghai, was one of unfavorable omen, for it raised questions both of controversy and of prestige, wherein the South could not partake without some apparent loss of face. It may be that some 'honest broker' will find another way of conciliation; and even if the effort should lead to no more than a prolonged truce, that of itself would be halfway to real peace.

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# GOD, SIR AUSTEN, AND THE EAST [1]

## *Imperial Hypocrisies through Communist Eyes*

BY W. N. EWER

THE chief task of British foreign policy is to maintain, to consolidate, and to develop the control of the British ruling class over those tropical and subtropical areas upon the exploitations of which its wealth and its power more and more depend. To that task everything else is, and must necessarily be, subordinated. Great Britain is only interested in Europe in so far as European politics may affect colonial affairs; in America, in so far as nascent American imperialism may compete with colonial exploitation — as in the cases of oil and rubber — or may challenge the sea power upon which colonial dominion, in the last resort, rests.

Now of the vast colonial territories of Great Britain — from which the self-governing Dominions must be excluded — the greater part are grouped around the Indian Ocean and the adjacent seas. Outside that area there are only West Africa, the West Indies, and a few inconsiderable trifles. Inside it are all the North and East African colonies (Egypt, the Sudan, Uganda, Kenya, Zanzibar, Tanganyika, Nyasaland, Northern Rhodesia), Irak, India, Burma, Malaya. Of these Egypt, Irak, and Tanganyika are, in name, not colonies or 'possessions'; but we are concerned rather with facts than with names. And to them must, in some sense, be added Southern Persia, the Dutch East Indies, and portions of China, which, though not subject to British political control, are in large measure fields of exploitation of British capitalism.

Now the strategic key to the control by Britain of that great area fringing the Indian Ocean lies in the Middle East, in the group of countries which lie between the Indian Ocean and the Mediterranean. Singapore may be an outpost to the East, India a main base in the centre. But the vital lines of communication with Great Britain itself, whether by sea, air, or land, run from the Mediterranean by way of Egypt, Palestine, Irak, and Arabia. The alternative is the long voyage by the Cape.

Therefore, for well over a century — ever since, at the close of the eighteenth century, the wealth of the Indian 'nabobs' superseded the wealth of American and West Indian 'planters' as the controlling force in domestic politics — British diplomacy has concentrated its attention in that area. During the nineteenth century the 'Eastern question' overshadowed all others. In its third quarter Great Britain began to aim, not merely at keeping rival Powers off the ground, but at occupying it herself. The swift imagination of Disraeli, realizing quite clearly that 'England is an Asiatic Power,' laid hands on Cyprus and the Suez Canal. Gladstonian Liberalism, a little bewildered by its own actions, established military control over Egypt.

[1] From the *Labour Monthly* (London Communist review)



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Sir Edward Grey, under the Rosebery régime, laid claim to the whole Nile valley — a claim which Salisbury, a few years later, risked war to assert. Right of suzerainty — again at the risk of war — was asserted over semi-independent principalities of the Persian Gulf. Salisbury, in 1898, meditating an eventual partition of the Turkish Empire, unhesitatingly claimed 'Arabia and the Valley of the Euphrates below Bagdad' as the British share. Grey ten years later struck a bargain with Tsarist Russia which recognized all Southern Persia as a British 'sphere of influence.'

When the war came the chance was avidly seized. A protectorate was declared over Egypt. Palestine, Transjordan, and Irak were Britain's share of the Turkish loot. A subsidized puppet kingdom was set up in Arabia. A determined and only just unsuccessful attempt was made to bring all Persia under British 'protection.'

Then came the inevitable reaction. Persia asserted her independence. The puppet King of the Hejaz was chased from his throne by a ruler who, while accepting British subsidies, scornfully rejected British control. There were revolts and bloody suppressions in Egypt and Irak. A nationalist struggle against the new British dominion developed through the whole area. British governments, confronted by the prospect of a conflict for which a war-exhausted country was not prepared, purchased temporary peace by promises and proclamations. Egypt was dramatically declared an independent state, and its 'Sultan' gratified with the more august title of King. Irak was promised that her period of mandatory 'tutelage' would be ended and her independence recognized as soon as possible. Ibn Saud was granted recognition as lawful monarch of three quarters of Arabia. Riza Khan, in Persia, was petted and encouraged to make himself Shah.

It was a wise and a timely retreat. But the position which it created was an entirely unstable one. Hopes had been aroused which could only be fulfilled by a complete withdrawal. And complete withdrawal was the very last thing which the British Government proposed. They had made concessions in words; they were not prepared to make concessions in fact; they were determined at all costs to maintain their effective control of the ports of the Levant, of the Red Sea, of the Gulf, of the Canal, of the land and air routes from the Mediterranean to the Persian oil fields, to India, and to East Africa.

Yet it was necessary, while preserving the realities of control, to maintain the pretense of release. For so it would be possible, if not to disarm Nationalist opposition, at least to divide it, to drive a wedge between 'sane' Nationalists, who would be content with the shadow (and personal material advantages associated therewith), and 'extremists' unreasonable enough to insist upon the spadeness of a spade and upon the inadequacy of formulas as a substitute for facts. And so also it would be possible to satisfy that large section at home whose sensitive consciences made it necessary for their peace of mind that the practice of imperialism should be reconciled with the profession of democracy.

This has been the main object of recent British policy alike in Egypt and in Irak. Egypt was taught, in a series of sharp, practical demonstrations, that the Declaration of Independence was a fraud; that no Egyptian parliament, no Egyptian government, could last a day without the approval of the Residency; that all the essentials of power lay still with the High Commissioner and the British 'advisers.'

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She was brusquely reminded that England has a strangle hold on the Nile water — without adequate supply of which Egypt must die of famine. Warships off Alexandria emphasized the British Government's warning that it would not allow any strengthening of the Egyptian army or any attempt to bring it under the control of the Egyptian Parliament.

That naval demonstration last June was intended not only to settle the 'army crisis.' It was the essential preliminary to negotiations for a 'settlement.' It was a gesture like that of the German general in 1914 who, negotiating with Burgomaster Max for the surrender of Brussels, opened the conversation by banging his revolver down on the desk. Sir Austen opened his talk with Sarwat by banging down three battleships on the desk; after which he called Sarwat's attention to the fact that 'neither of them could escape from the situation in which God had placed them.' Sarwat must have been uneasily conscious that for Egypt, at any rate, escape was for the time being certainly impossible. But whether he accepted Sir Austen's pious thesis that 'the conditions had been imposed upon the Egyptian people by Providence,' or whether he was irreligious enough to ascribe some share in the coercion to the guns of the Barham, Malaya, and Royal Sovereign, to the rifles and machine guns of the British garrison, to the bombs of the Air Force squadrons at Heliopolis, does not appear on the records.

Anyway, whatever his views on Sir Austen's theology, the Egyptian Premier was left in no doubt as to Sir Austen's determination to dictate an 'honest and generous' treaty by which Egypt, in return for a few fine phrases, would agree to recognize and to legalize permanently that British military occupation of her territory which has existed illegally for half a century. Sarwat wriggled; was, indeed, encouraged, for appearance' sake, to wriggle; this was to be a 'settlement by negotiation, not by dictation.' But in the end he agreed to the essential clauses, hesitatingly, doubtfully, but under a pressure amounting to coercion.

But to intimidate Sarwat in London was one thing; to intimidate the whole Wafd in Cairo was another. Impiously refusing to bow to the will of God as declared by the mouth of his prophet, Austen; childishly insistent on blurting out, with a total disregard of good manners, that a spade is a spade; impudently refusing to play the big game of make-believe which was intended to humbug both the Egyptian and the British people, the Wafd unanimously rejected the whole treaty and compelled the miserable Sarwat to tell Lord Lloyd: —

> My colleagues have reached the conclusion that the draft, by reason both of its basic principles and of its actual provisions, is incompatible with the independence and sovereignty of Egypt, and, moreover, that it legalizes the occupation of the country by British forces.

That naïve statement of the simple truth was greeted with a roar of indignation in England. 'A total inability to appreciate the realities of the situation,' snorted the Home Secretary. 'Extremist influences have prevailed,' said Sir Austen. The British press echoed the same theme in varying keys. A just and generous settlement, based on the ideals of Locarno and of the League, had been rejected by wild, unreasonable, irreconcilable politicians. Britain had done her best. For anything that might follow Egypt had only herself and the Wafd to blame. Lord Lloyd's note was a hint that something *was* to follow, that if Egypt stood by

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the Wafd she must suffer the consequences.

So ends the first stage of the game. The attempt to get a settlement (of the possibility of which, after Zaghlul's death, both the Foreign Office and the High Commissioners had been naïvely assured) has failed. But its very failure has been adroitly capitalized; the blame has been thrown on the Egyptians; Sir Austen has added another jewel to his crown of self-righteousness; the conscience of England is appeased; we can now continue to hold Egypt by force in the sure and certain faith that we are executing a task which 'Providence has imposed upon us,' and that, if the Egyptians object, that merely shows that they are as stiff-necked as their ancestral Pharaoh, and that like him they thoroughly deserve anything that is coming to them.

The same game of humbug, with the requisite local adaptations, is being played in Irak. Here it is not a question of legalizing an illegal military occupation, but rather a question of evading a series of embarrassing pledges. The Iraki Government under the Military Agreement of 1924 was, 'at the earliest possible date, provided that it shall not be later than four years from the date of the conclusion of this agreement (March 25, 1924), to accept full responsibility both for the maintenance of internal order and for the defense of Irak from external aggression.'

With a view to being ready to take over that responsibility, the Iraki Government planned last year a scheme of military reform whereby the present small and inefficient costly force would have been replaced by an army of adequate size recruited — in view of the financial situation — by conscription. The British High Commissioner at once vetoed the plan. Inspired articles in the London press pointed out that, whatever the agreement of 1924 might say, Irak would still need 'British advice and support'; that the Irakis could not provide the necessary air defenses; that Great Britain was bound to carry out its obligations as a mandatory Power.

In that atmosphere King Feisal and Jafar Pasha arrived in London to negotiate a new treaty, and, as they hoped, to secure admission to the League of Nations and the evacuation of Irak by the British forces. They were quickly undeceived. Every request was met by a flat refusal. Even Feisal was goaded into anger; he broke off the conversations and sent Jafar Pasha home. This was precisely the situation at which the British negotiators had aimed. Quietly it was pointed out to Feisal that if he *did* go home empty-handed, if he *did* at the same time quarrel with the British, the prospects of his retaining his throne were exceedingly slight; whereas, if he would only be reasonable, the British Government would be delighted to insert in the treaty a formal recognition of his independence and sovereignty. Under the joint influence of threats and promises Feisal yielded. Jafar was hastily recalled. The treaty was signed.

But, as in the case of Egypt, it proved easier to 'persuade' a Premier in London than a Parliament in Irak. Two members of the Cabinet resigned immediately. Jafar, himself, unable to fill their places, followed their example. The first act of the new Government was to ask for a dissolution. It dared not submit the treaty to the existing Chamber.

The result of the elections remains to be seen. But the odds are distinctly against a majority for ratification. In Irak, as in Egypt, the attempt to disguise the reality of a military occupation by obtaining treaties of consent from intimidated governments has

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failed. But the reality of the military occupation none the less remains.

It remains, and it is being intensified. The Air Force in the East is to be strengthened. The army in India is to be strengthened by the addition of a strong, mechanized, mobile expeditionary force, which could be thrown into action within a fortnight in any part of the whole area.

On the pretext of Wahabi raids, Koweit is being occupied and converted into a strong military base. Over against Koweit, on the Persian side of the Gulf, is Muhammarah. The Persian Government is being asked to restore its Sheik (a gentleman who had been for long years a pensionary of the Indian Government) to his 'independence.' If the Persian Government agrees, — either willingly or under threats, — Muhammarah will rapidly follow Koweit. Farther down the Gulf, British claims to the Bahrein Islands are being asserted. That whole Arabian coast of the Gulf had long been marked down as a reserved area. Thirty years ago we threatened France with war if she dared to rent a coal-shed at Muscat. Its occupation is coming very soon now. And opposite lies the South Persian coast, where we are asking to be allowed to establish aerodromes — aerodromes which would at once become units as vital as the Suez Canal itself in those 'lines of communication of the British Empire' the protection of which Sir Austen regards as a task allotted by Providence to 'God's Englishman' and to 'His Britannic Majesty's armed forces.'

# RUSSIA AT THE CROSSROADS[1]

BY A. LOBANOV-ROSTOVSKY

THE losses in territory, population, and capital sustained by Russia as a result of the war and the subsequent Revolution were so staggering that a great effort of optimism was necessary not to expect in the years immediately following the advent of Bolshevism a total collapse of the great Empire. Many were those who forecast for Russia a fate similar to Austria and Turkey and the dissolution into anarchy of a comparatively short historical life. But those who detected through the bloody mists of Bolshevism the continuity of historical purposes, these who believed in the youthful vitality of the nation and the upward trend of its destiny and realized that, terrible as it was, the Revolution was an illness of growth, to-day after ten years find that they were right. A vigorous national life is piercing through the stifling crust of Bolshevism, and foreshadows a healthy development for the day when the revolutionary cycle will be definitely closed. But on that day Russia will find herself in a world very different from the one in which before 1914 she played so prominent a part— a world with an entirely new balance of forces. As this new world has now sufficiently shaped itself, we may venture to draw a

[1] From the *Slavonic Review* (London Slavonic-affairs review)

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few conclusions as to the place reserved for Russia, and whether this place is to be chiefly in Europe or, as some fear and others hope, in Asia.

If we follow the course of Russian history, we shall find a perpetual swinging of the pendulum between two poles of attraction, Europe and Asia, and its thousand years may be divided into three distinct periods — the Kief-Suzdal period with a general orientation toward Europe, the Moscow period with a leaning toward Asia, and the return to Europe in the St. Petersburg days. It would be natural to suppose, as many distinguished writers abroad have done, that with the return of the capital to Moscow and the advent of Bolshevism a new Asiatic stage has been inaugurated. The theory is tempting, and requires close scrutiny. The first and most important factor to be considered is the changes on the western frontier of Russia as a result of the war. Indeed, the setback there can only be compared in its magnitude to the great catastrophe of the Tatar invasion in the thirteenth century which caused the downfall of Kief Russia and its detachment from Europe.

If we regard the Russian rule over Poland and Finland as the unhealthy product of an overgrown expansion and do not take them into account, we still find that the lost territories cover a region which has been the field of Russian activity or connected with Russian history ever since its beginning in the ninth century. This loss has been so enormous that it has resulted in an actual shifting of Russia toward Asia.

The loss of Bessarabia only cancels the relatively recent achievement of Alexander I; but farther north Ukraine, whose disruptive forces were not strong enough to secure her complete independence, has reverted through the action of a newly born nationalism to the semianarchy of the days of the Most Peaceful Tsar Alexis in the seventeenth century. To the west the provinces of Volhynia and Podolia, which belonged to the nucleus of Kief Russia from which Russia as a whole was born, as well as White Russia, have gone to Poland. Farther north the losses become more serious, because to sentimental or patriotic reasons must be added vital political considerations. Lithuania, Russian in language and religion prior to its union with Poland in 1386, Esthonia and Latvia, where Yaroslav the Great founded Russian towns in the eleventh century, and where Russia waged endless wars throughout the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, are now independent. These three formed a vital part of that famous window on Europe sought without success by John the Terrible, dreamed of by the remarkable seventeenth-century statesman Ordyn-Nashchokin, and finally cut open by Peter the Great and Catherine. Russia, which for centuries had been striving for an outlet to the sea, and which was even before the war still choking in her limits, has now lost the most valuable coastline she ever possessed, except for the very inadequate port of St. Petersburg (Leningrad). The very window for which so much blood was spilled is now at the mercy of any hostile combination of the newly born Baltic states with any Great Power. Such is the disastrous bill which our generation will hand over to the next as the cost of a decade of folly. True is the simile of a Russian historian who compares the immediate effects of a revolution to that of a man carrying a valuable load along a river. He suddenly decides to jump into the water, starts to drown, loses his load in the struggle for safety, and eventually succeeds in getting ashore, but goes on his way without the load. With Russia thus reduced on her

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western frontier approximately to the limits of old Muscovy, we have the debit side of the balance, and it naturally suggests the Asiatic theory.

If, however, we take a larger view of the question and connect it with the general situation of Europe, we get the credit side of the balance. We find that on the whole the balance of power in Eastern Europe is more favorable to 'Western' development in Russia than at any time for the last two centuries. The reason lies in the changes which have occurred in the three great empires, Austria, Germany, and Turkey, which before the war weighed heavily on the frontiers of Imperial Russia, particularly so when they were united by an alliance. Turkey has been an historical enemy of Russia ever since the fall of Byzantium. Only two hundred years ago it was a mighty empire in possession of the whole South of Russia, commanding the road to Moscow through its vassal the Khan of Crimea. Since that time no less than twelve wars have been waged with Turkey, by means of which Russia gradually wrested the Black Sea area from her and liberated the Balkans. This meant an expenditure in blood and money which was a terrible drain on the resources of the country. The reduction of Turkey to a republic of fifteen million inhabitants confined to the wilderness of Anatolia is for Russian history the completion of a process of paramount importance comparable with the crumbling of the Golden Horde or the gradual collapse of Poland in the eighteenth century, and the consequences are incalculable. Similarly Austria—which from the time the two Powers became entangled in the net of Balkan intrigues, following the Congress of Berlin, was a dangerous enemy for Russia, all the more so because of her skillful focusing of Ukraine separatist propaganda in Galicia—has now collapsed even more completely than Turkey. Finally, it may be reasonably presumed that Germany has given up for the time being the aggressive *Drang nach Osten* which made Kaiser Wilhelm's policy so dangerous for Russia. Further, with the exception of Germany the whole of Eastern Europe is now a network of comparatively small republics mostly antagonistic to each other. Thus granite has been replaced by sand along Russia's frontiers.

If the severance by ten years of Bolshevism of the normal intercourse between Russia and Europe is a factor which will have serious negative consequences, it must be considered that the process of Westernization in Russia has not stopped, but merely changed in aspect. The disappearance of the upper classes is a deplorable setback in this respect, but it has provoked the unexpected reaction by which elements furthest away from Western culture have now been forcibly brought into contact with it, because they have to make up the personnel which runs the intricate machinery of a modern state. The democratic strata composed of the small town and village intelligentsia have moved a step forward to fill the gap caused by the wholesale destruction or flight of the higher classes, and are therefore passing an apprenticeship in the application of Western culture to state needs. In other words, the process of Westernization which started from the top is now reaching the bottom at the expense of the suppressed top, very much by the same method as it did in the case of the gentry in the days of Peter the Great. There also Westernization meant first practical apprenticeship in state service and later general culture. Taken as a whole, the Revolution, by its destruction of the cultured classes in a country which so badly needed them, has given pre-

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ponderance to the uneducated elements which must cause great concern, but at the same time the process just mentioned will help to develop a political sense in the masses and thus counteract to a certain extent the losses inflicted.

A parallel force working in the same direction is the great White emigration. This exodus of over a million people is in itself a very remarkable event in history, and may be compared, though on a much larger scale, with the emigration of Protestants from France after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Owing to the democratic and varied composition of this emigration and to the fact that it has spread to every country under the sun, the importance of this phenomenon in connection with the future of Russia is greatly increased. Many of the intelligentsia brought with them abroad an exalted 'Westernism' which in certain circles was simply a convenient habit of locating Utopia in Western Europe and correspondingly drawing comparisons detrimental to home conditions. The harsh realities of the emigration have been a rude awakening, and when these refugees return to Russia they will have less of this sentimental idealism but more of the invaluable treasure of first-hand and painfully acquired knowledge of European life, and the diffusion of this knowledge by them to all classes in all corners of Russia will be of paramount importance. It suffices to remember that the Decembrist movement was initiated by officers returning from the Napoleonic Wars, though only belonging to one class, in order to imagine the repercussion that may follow this wholesale infusion of Western experiences into so important a part of the nation.

Inversely, the 'emigration' has been a powerful agent for dispensing knowledge about Russian life and culture in Europe. Russia, being to-day the political tight-rope dancer of the world, has attracted widespread interest, and never has there been a more keen demand for such knowledge. Largely owing to the work carried out by the emigration, never has there been so much known about Russia and never has Russian culture been so appreciated as to-day. It is a curious irony that this high-water mark in the diffusion of Russian literary, artistic, and scientific influence should coincide with the alleged desertion by Russia of Europe. The historic mission of the emigration seems thus to be the bringing together of Europe and Russia by the ties of mutual understanding

A third factor working in the same direction, but of which the full effect will be seen only when a normal expression of healthy national aspirations is rendered possible in Russia, is the completion of the liberation of the Southern and Western Slavs from Turkish and Austro-German rule. This means an enormous increase in the influence of the Slavonic world as a whole on Europe, by the resuscitation of political and cultural independence after centuries of foreign domination. Without indulging in the utopian Pan-Slavism of the last century, one must acknowledge that for Russia this means the extension of the zone of direct appreciation of her culture and spirit as far into the heart of Europe as the valley of the Upper Danube. This is made possible by the natural interchange of Slavonic cultures on the basis of mutual understanding as an outcome of great similarity of spirit. The rôle played to-day by Prague, Belgrade, and Sofia as centres for the intellectual life of the emigration well illustrates this position.

Thus we see that, contrary to the accepted theory of Russia drifting eastward, a reverse current westward has actually been created by factors

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resulting from post-war conditions. Does this allow us to discard as non-existent the much-advertised drift toward Asia? A further examination will enable us to draw some conclusions on the question.

That to a certain extent a moral divorce has occurred between Russia and Europe must be acknowledged. On the one hand, the Bolsheviki are by definition antagonistic to present Europe, but still it is on a European pattern that they are attempting to realize their utopia. On the other hand, in certain elements hostile to the Soviets we find an equally anti-Occidental feeling. Various causes have given rise to it — overidealization of Western culture and the subsequent disillusionment when faced with the necessity of readjusting ideals to realities; bitter disappointment in the outcome of the war for Russia; and, above all, Bolshevism itself, a Western product with which Russia has been inoculated. A window which admitted germs so deadly for Russian thought as Marxism and atheism was not an unmixed blessing. In its extreme expression this mood gave birth to the curious school of Eurasianism (not to be confused with Eurasian in its English meaning). The theories of this school are largely derived from the Slavophiles, and perhaps find antecedents as far back as Juraj Križanić. It attempts to solve the insistent question of Chaadayev as to whether Russia is West or East by stating that, since European culture has not grown organically on Russian soil but was imported, there is no necessity for Russia to make any definite choice in the matter. She has rather with an unbiased mind to examine every existing civilization on its merits and take from each whatever may be suitable for her own needs, or, more exactly, what is complementary to her own existing culture. As Russia is astride between two continents, the Eurasians, as the name shows, point to Asia as a field of exploration for those values which Europe cannot give, a complement or a substitute for the latter, and they also point out that Europe is to-day no more than a part of an infinitely more complex world, instead of being, as formerly, a cultural universe of its own.

Theoretically this reads as perfectly sound, but in practice we must ask ourselves what is this Asia to which the Eurasians refer. Here we fall into the dangerous confusion of giving to words a meaning they have outlived by the course of events. Asia in the days of Muscovy meant glittering gigantic empires full of dreamland wonders and deep elaborate cultures. Inarticulate masses were ruled by virtually deified potentates, and absolute obedience to them was a religious or moral commandment. It further meant millions of men cast out from time to time from its unknown depths as a tremendous hurricane, for invasion and destruction. It was for Europeans at once a state of mind, a terror, and a fascination. Such was the Asia of Timour, the sage Akbar, and Abbas the Great of Persia. Now, except for a highly industrialized island empire, owing its stabilization to a timely adoption of foreign civilization at the cost of many fine traditions, we have a nebulous, cosmic mass of humanity fermenting under the inoculation of alien conceptions. Venerable native institutions are crumbling or degenerating, and we cannot yet say whether this galvanization of Asiatic life by European influences will lead to the creation of a new synthesis of values or, on the contrary, to anarchy and decay. We therefore see that in their search the Eurasians will be faced with the problem of either taking that which Asia herself has rejected or

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waiting for that which is still unborn and therefore uncertain. If the skies of Asia, sterile and dark at present, light up once more in the future with some stupendous new spiritual illumination, as they have done at more than one critical turning point of civilization, saving humanity from a shallow and despairing agnosticism, then Russia in moving eastward would be the first to benefit. If, on the other hand, the sinister warnings of such acute yet dissimilar thinkers as Spengler, Keyserling, and Guglielmo Ferrero come true and the present process of underpinning European civilization to modify the principles on which it stood successfully for two thousand years should lead to its downfall, then Russia would have Asia as a haven of escape from the catastrophe. But these are distant possibilities.

If we go farther eastward beyond Asia and consider the Pacific, the question loses its elevated character and takes a more practical and real aspect. Here we find a great new focus of political and economic interests which has arisen recently and is tending to compete very seriously with the old centres of Europe. The question arises whether in the post-war conditions Russia will not gravitate more and more toward this new focus at the expense of her European moorings.

With the resumption of the remarkable pre-war increase in population, the overflow of it in European Russia will automatically feed the colonization of Siberia, and there seems to be nothing to check this movement except an improbable Chinese expansion northward. In this respect the policy of friendship inaugurated by the Soviets with regard to the countries fringing the Asiatic boundaries of Russia, though having an aggressive purpose, may unexpectedly give results of durable peace for Russia in Asia if no foolish and unnecessary policy of conquest or expansion is pursued. But the chief agent of peace is the Russian colonist himself. The capacity of the Russian peasant to live in friendly relations with the natives of Asia has often been interpreted by hostile critics as proof of his Asiatic origin. It must, more correctly, be attributed to his general good nature. Those who were on the western Russian front during the war could observe how quickly the Russian peasant-soldier got into friendly touch with the local population, whatever it might be, helping them with a good-humored placid irony in the odd jobs of farming so near his peasant heart. The work of assimilation which he did automatically during three and a half centuries of colonization in Siberia has been so successful that the latter is now not a colony but a mere extension of European Russia. This process will, it may be reasonably expected, bring Siberia more and more into the limelight.

It must also be borne in mind that the main bulk of the incalculable riches of Russia lies in the Urals or east of them. By the end of the last century Russia had completed the task of building up her great Empire. The tide even seems to have turned with this century. The urgent problem now is that it should be developed economically. As the war has shown, it is a question of life and death. Any such development means a corresponding increase in the influence and value of Siberia. Thus we see Russia driven eastward by the normal play of forces, just as the United States went westward very much for the same reasons. Naturally, any setback on the western borders of Russia will only increase the strength of this process. The movement eastward seems to be a law of Russian history. Indeed, from the Carpathians, where lay the first settle-

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ments of Russian Slavs, the political centre when a state was formed crystallized on the Great Dnieper waterway and moved thence eastward to the Upper Volga. It is not improbable that there will take place a further shift of the centre of gravity toward the Urals. In regular succession has the centre moved to the colonization area of the previous period; Kief was to earlier days what the Moscow area was to the Grand Principality of Kief and what Siberia is to the Russia of to-day. Thus, contrary to the common belief, Russia has not come from Asia, but is going toward it, and this movement marks, not retrogression, but progress and development. The danger of subjugation to an alien Asiatic culture might have arisen in the earlier days of Russian history, when the national life was still embryonic. But even in the thirteenth century the strong impress of Byzantine religious culture, infused for four centuries into Russia, had already stamped itself sufficiently on the national life for it to pass through the great storm of the Tatar invasion without losing its personality. Later in her march eastward Russia became a powerful agent of culture for the peoples of inner Asia, and now that she has reached the Pacific Ocean she comes in touch again with a new intense world of Western culture — the world of the two Americas, Australia, the European Far Eastern seaports, and modernized Japan. Thus the cycle closes again, and now she is in possession of two windows toward the Occident — the ancient half-closed one of Peter the Great, and the large new one leading to an open ocean and facing a new world. It is in her power to stress the development of either one or the other. Viewed from this point, Russia is indeed at the crossroads, and the choice between the East and the West is of paramount importance for her future destiny.

# THREE GOLD STANDARDS[1]

*Definitions Essential to an Understanding of Modern European Finance*

BY FRÉDÉRIC JENNY

EDITOR OF THE FINANCIAL SUPPLEMENT OF 'LE TEMPS'

THE number of economists, both French and foreign, who still doubt the superiority of the gold standard to other monetary systems is rapidly diminishing. The illusions that arose when most countries abandoned this standard after the war are disappearing as rapidly as these countries are returning to gold, whose advantages they appreciate all the better now that they have suffered so many disorders as a result of paper money. Furthermore, the thesis to the effect that a paper standard adroitly manipulated would be able to render as many services as gold, or even more, finds very few defenders indeed.

But although it is generally recognized that the gold standard assures the greatest possible monetary and

[1] From *Le Temps* (Paris semiofficial opportunist daily)

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economic stability both domestically and internationally, we are far from agreeing on the form of gold standard that would prove most convenient and most rational. The truth is that the expression 'gold standard' can be applied to entirely different monetary systems.

There are three such general systems — the gold exchange standard, the gold bullion standard, and the classic gold standard. The first two of these do not necessarily involve absolutely identical methods of application.

The gold exchange standard, although rare in the past, has won high favor to-day. This system does not involve domestic convertibility of the bank note into gold. It is only in the case of foreign payments that national bills are exchangeable at a fixed rate, and then they are not exchangeable into metal, but into foreign bills of exchange that are provided by the establishment — usually the bank of emission — that is charged with the responsibility of assuring monetary stability. This establishment furnishes the surplus of demands for foreign bills of exchange over those that are offered until the surplus threatens to menace the fixed rate and raise it above the approximate rate of the gold export point. On the other hand, this establishment often absorbs the surplus offers for bills of exchange when they begin to run the risk of making the exchange rate sink below the gold import point.

The gold exchange standard therefore necessitates the existence of powerful reserves of bills of exchange in the hands of the bank of emission, and it obliges the latter to maintain an excellent exchange service, on which the functioning of the entire system depends.

It is well to point out that the gold exchange standard marks in reality the extreme limit between real gold money and currencies based on paper, or some other foundation, which are in themselves unable to maintain stability. The countries that are adopting this system only possess a gold standard through the intermediation of a foreign monetary system on which their own currency is more or less based. Before the war the gold exchange standard was looked upon essentially as a means of stabilizing money not based on gold. India in particular adopted it with extraordinary success to attain this end. A similar condition exists to-day in France, which in point of fact has been living on a gold standard ever since the twenty-third of December, 1926. From that date onward the bank of emission has maintained the price of the pound sterling at its present level, although the franc itself takes the form of paper money. In short, this system does not necessarily imply legal fixation of the gold value of the national bills of exchange, whose stability, however, the bank of emission assures.

The majority of European nations that have legally stabilized their fluctuating exchanges since the war — notably Austria, Germany, Belgium, Italy, and Poland — have all adopted the gold exchange standard. The respective gold value of the currency of each of these countries was definitely fixed by laws or decrees. The principal difference between the situation that has resulted there and the situation that exists now in France rests in the fact that these countries are able in case of a prolonged inflow of foreign money to let the currencies of the latter fall to the gold import point and thus automatically to cause importations of this metal and in consequence to limit and even to stop purchases of foreign currency at the bank of emis-

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sion. The Reichsbank, in particular, has several times taken advantage of this faculty, and has in reality applied a régime part way between the gold exchange standard and the real gold standard. The latter itself may take either one of two utterly distinct forms.

In certain countries, particularly in England since the pound sterling has returned to par, paper is exchangeable into gold, but into gold bullion and not into money, this system being known as the gold bullion standard. Under this system there is no more actual circulation of gold money than there is under the gold exchange standard. The possibility of converting the domestic currency into bullion is not excluded, but in actual fact the exchange only takes place when foreign payments are made. When the gold export point is reached the bank of emission is therefore asked for gold bullion, because from this point on it becomes more advantageous to export metal than to exchange national bills against foreign bills. Inversely, metal is brought to the bank when bills of exchange fall to the gold import point, because foreigners having payments to settle in the countries in question then have more to gain by sending gold there than they have by buying the country's exchange. In short, it is generally known that the difference between par and the gold import or export point is determined by the price of sending and insuring the gold.

Finally, the real gold standard is the one that was employed before the war by most countries with a sound money, such as France, England, and Germany. It is characterized by pure and simple convertibility of notes into gold money, and it involves in consequence domestic circulation of such money. The respective advantages and inconveniences of these three systems are widely discussed. The principal advantage of the gold exchange standard is that it helps countries that are monetarily or financially weakened to return to a stable currency. These countries would be apt to find it difficult to procure sufficient reserves of metal to assure the functioning of the real gold standard, whereas it is much easier to constitute a large reserve of foreign bills of exchange, especially through foreign credits. The use of this system also allows, under certain conditions, the stabilization in fact of paper money whose official gold value is not actually equal to its exchange value. The present paper franc is an example of this. In these two ways, then, the gold exchange standard has indisputably rendered great service in the course of recent years.

But the numerous partisans of this monetary system declare that it involves not only this practical advantage, but advantages of principle as well. According to these people, it not only permits an appreciable economy of metal, — enough to prevent an eventual rise in the price of gold as a result of a general price depression, — but the most perfect stabilization of world prices that is possible. This perfection is due to the controlled currency practices conceived of and partially achieved in the United States.

On the other hand, the gold exchange standard has brought to light certain rather serious inconveniences as it has gone on developing. These inconveniences arise essentially from the fact that the currencies of nations that have adopted this scheme only rest on a metallic basis indirectly. Thus foreign countries with a real gold standard have erected on a definite quantity of metal an edifice of credit represented by their own national bills of exchange, these bills serving in their

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turn as the basis for new credits extended to gold exchange standard countries, where they are utilized as regulating reserves for the exchange. Gold in a foreign country therefore guarantees two superstructures of credit, both of which represent the productive capital sources of interest. Thus the same reserve of metal is used twice. On the international exchange this involves an inflation of credit that runs the risk of being followed by a sudden deflation in the event of a crisis which would be caused by violent economic shocks in any of the countries involved.

Undoubtedly this inconvenience would be almost negligible if the gold exchange standard were only employed in a few countries, as it was before the war. To-day, however, when more and more nations are adopting the system, this objection must be given serious consideration.

On the other hand, the fact that the monetary system in such countries actually depends on a foreign country is no longer abnormal. If these countries should wish, for some reason or other, suddenly to transform into gold the money that serves as a basis for their circulating currency, they would at once threaten foreign money markets and embarrass the countries whose bills of exchange they are holding. These countries, in their turn, see their disposable gold resources burdened with a heavy foreign mortgage that may at any moment become a real embarrassment.

Finally, from the purely monetary point of view, the movements of bills of exchange — in other words, the transfers of credits — constitute a much less perfect regulating element than the movements of the metal itself. Simply because an exodus of productive capital can be easily effected, it does not arouse the vigilance of the interested banks of emission so greatly as an exodus of gold would. Nor does a rapid defensive action immediately follow. This is why the general movement that regulates our present economic equilibrium and international monetary situation allows much more serious oscillations under the gold exchange standard than under the real gold standard. Complete stability of the exchanges may be secured, but not the stability of capital investments.

Neither the gold bullion standard nor the gold standard presents these inconveniences. They involve no superimposing of national or international credits. If either of these methods were adopted in a general fashion the gold reserves of the country in question would serve as a basis of national credits only. The real gold standard also assures all nations complete monetary sovereignty, and, last of all, exports of gold immediately provoke a rise in prices, and even, in extreme circumstances, restriction of credits.

The gold bullion standard — that is, the convertibility of notes into bullion — presents from this last point of view one inferiority to the gold standard pure and simple. We must never lose sight of the fact that the essential usefulness of gold exports, which are always determined by a rise in domestic prices and by a consequent tightening of the exchange, is that they raise domestic discount rates and cause a decreased volume of credits. These measures at once put a brake on speculations, stop the rise of prices, and thus remove the causes that have produced an unfavorable action on the exchange. In order that this salutary influence may make itself felt immediately and completely, it is necessary under the gold bullion standard for the bank of emission to apply measures of safeguard as soon as bullion is de-



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manded. It must, in a word, restrain credits in proportion as the gold base on which they rest is itself reduced. But it may happen for some reason or other — perhaps as a result of governmental pressure — that the bank of emission does not observe these rules strictly. In that case the export of metal would not produce all its normally moderating effect.

The real gold standard — in other words, the gold standard with interior convertibility and circulation of gold money within the country — does not involve this risk. Experience shows, in fact, that under this system the most valuable gold pieces — that is, those least used, and in consequence the most valuable ones — are exported by private banks to guard against exchange tension before the gold export point is reached, and therefore before the bank of emission has been able to intervene. Moreover, in case bills of exchange weaken, this money becomes repatriated before these bills of exchange have actually fallen to the gold import point. Thus the regulating mechanism acts automatically on the circulation of the instruments of exchange, without any initiative on the part of the emitting bank. This bank, warned by the exodus of new money, is at once obliged to intervene energetically if it wishes to avoid an embarrassing lack of real money. Its responsibility is too much involved for it to be turned from its duty by political or other reasons.

From all this we draw these conclusions: —

First, that the gold exchange standard is, and should remain, exclusively the monetary system of those countries that find themselves unable to constitute the gold reserves necessary to ensure the functioning of the real gold standard. It may also be used in those countries that for some reason or other are obliged to live for a varying length of time under a paper money system, and who in consequence are only capable of achieving a fictitious gold standard — that is, by the intermediation of a foreign monetary system.

Second, that nations with sufficient gold reserves stand to gain more by giving preference to the real gold standard, because the movements of this metal constitute a much more efficacious regulating element than the transfers of bills of exchange, and, furthermore, they prevent credit inflation.

Third, that of the two kinds of gold standard — convertibility into bullion and convertibility into gold money — the second method is preferable to the first provided the countries possess enough gold to be able both to provide sufficient money for domestic circulation and to permit the bank of emission to convert its bank notes. In short, the classic gold standard as it used to function in France offers the great advantage of acting automatically and of thus perfectly fulfilling the essential rôle of gold, a rôle that consists in maintaining, with the fewest possible shocks, the stability of each currency in relation to all others and in assuring economic equilibrium both at home and abroad.

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# POLAND AND HER NEIGHBORS[1]

BY A WARSAW CORRESPONDENT

THE national inheritance of the Poles is to occupy an exposed and central position; the only natural frontier they possess is the Carpathian watershed which separates them on the south from the Slovaks. Their history has been one of struggles for boundaries in open plains and for the preservation of an outlet to the Baltic. When they emerged after more than a century of captivity, they resumed their twofold defense, and till they are able to arrive at a durable understanding with the Power on the east or the Power on the west their policies in relation to their neighbors will be governed by memories of the scissors' grip. If Russia and Germany are to be kept from encroaching again, a sturdy fabric must grow up between them. Poland is fully aware that the making or marring of her future will probably depend on the amount of internal progress she achieves in the next ten or twenty years. Since 1926 she has steadily made ground, and the growing respect she has won for herself abroad is reacting on her foreign relations.

It is an integral part of Polish policy to strengthen the League of Nations organization of peace. Poland would have so much to gain if the vision of the Geneva Protocol came true that she must be expected to show a hankering affection for it. But it would be false to deduce from the Polish motion against aggressive war, which was laid before the last League Assembly, that public opinion in Poland clings to earlier illusions obscuring the limitations of the League or ignoring its evolutionary character. There can be no doubt that it is the doctrine of self-help which is given most weight in the schools and driven home from the pulpit and platform.

Poland has close alliances with France and Rumania, the first founded on historical sympathy and upholding a theoretical balance of power, the second inspired by the common danger which Russia might sometime present. She is neither entangled nor seeking to entangle herself in the Central European mesh. The general aims of her foreign policy are: to be a friend and protector to the Baltic States and maintain their independence; to observe the development of the Ukrainian and White Ruthene nationalities (whose respective populations, numbering approximately thirty million and eight million, are divided in the proportions of 5–1 and 4–1 between the Soviet Union and Poland) and ensure that they shall not be hostile neighbors; to arrive at trading agreements with Germany and Soviet Russia and remove the causes of local friction; finally, to take every opportunity of putting relations with Germany and the Soviet on a more stable footing while neither Power is in a position to wage war and every peaceful act of policy may contribute toward prolonging the respite.

There is a fundamental difference between Polish relations with Germany

[1] From the *Times* (London Independent Conservative daily)



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and with Soviet Russia. The former are governed in the last resort by public opinion; the latter clearly are not. The Poles regard it as a great step forward that the stage at which Germans could only feel hatred or contempt about Poland appears to have been succeeded by a transitional stage in which an increasing number of Germans are found to be giving their neighbor serious thought. Two years of ordered government and economic progress in Poland are believed to have brought German political and business circles, excepting always the East-Elbian Junkers, to a truer estimate of Eastern affairs. Soviet Russia has been a commercial disappointment; Poland has the makings of commercial success. The German working class looks to Poland for cheaper foodstuffs; German industry for a fast-developing market. During a period of unmitigated tariff war Germany has been supplying 25 per cent of Polish imports and purchasing 30 per cent of Polish exports. Great Britain, which stands in treaty relations to Poland, has taken second place after Germany, but only with 9 per cent of sales and 12 per cent of purchases.

The prolonged wrangle over questions of immigration and settlement appeared to have ended last July when the terms of a future convention were agreed upon, but it has been temporarily revived by the publication of a Polish decree making provision for strict control within a thirty-kilometre zone of the frontiers. It remains to bridge a wide divergence of views arising out of the demands of German stock-breeders and Polish manufacturers for high protective duties or import restrictions. The hardest stumblingblock has been the resistance of the German Land Union to any large importation of Polish pigs. But there is abundant evidence that the eagerness of German traders to make the Polish market their own before other nations, less well versed in the East, have had the enterprise to discover its opportunities will not tolerate long-protracted obstruction.

Politically the two countries have not done more than ratify the arbitration convention which was one of the Eastern complements of the Western Locarno. In the present state of feeling about the disputed Polish territory which Germany desires to reannex, guaranties are clearly out of the question. But the Poles have proved more capable of self-government than the Germans ever foresaw — capable enough to have suggested to some German experts that it may be in their interest after all that a buffer state of middle-class townspeople, country squires, and small farmers should be the shock-absorber between their own proletariat and a Russia which is abandoned to political extremes. Germany, if the Poles rightly interpret her, has ceased to think that if Poland 'stewed in her own juice' the hateful frontiers might crumble away.

Posnania is no longer in dispute for any purpose of practical politics. Posnan contains fewer Jews and foreigners than any other Polish city, and the Province is Polish to the core. The true significance of the Danzig Corridor and the Silesian frontier as compromises between the extreme claims of the two races in regions where they have intermixed has been obscured by the complaints of local minorities and an ill-informed agitation for frontier revision. Both countries, before the respective settlements, claimed the whole of the disputed territories. Poland failed to annex her ancient port of Danzig, which is German in speech and sympathy and became a Free City; Germany lost her bridge to East Prussia, and Upper Silesia was divided.

Both in Danzig and in Upper Silesia

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a vicious circle continually operates. Annexationist propaganda conducted from Germany and the unofficial pressure which is brought to bear on the German population of Danzig and the German minority in Polish Silesia infuriate the Poles and make them overjealous of their rights. The local Germans are provided with grievances which, often in an exaggerated form, go to nourish chauvinist feeling inside Germany. Time and trade are the only effective remedies.

Public opinion in regard to Upper Silesia may find itself outstripped by events. If the mines and industries of the Polish coal basin are admitted beside those of Germany to membership of international cartels, the German interests which count in this area will be less constrained to press for revision. It is the Danzig Corridor which has apparently unlimited power to poison German-Polish relations. Its population is as Polish as that of Posnania, and it gives an economic unit of thirty million people their only access to the sea. Traffic between East Prussia and the rest of Germany flows so smoothly in the sealed trains that Königsberg shipowners have been bemoaning a loss of freights. It is not generally known that travelers of any nationality can cross Polish territory without passport or Customs examinations in fourteen pairs of sealed trains over six different routes which serve southern as well as northern East Prussia and Breslau as well as Berlin.

The mere fact that Poland and the Soviet Union have nine hundred miles of border-line and five hundred miles of strategic front in common in a region which, except for the short Pripet Marsh sector, presents no physical obstacles to the passage of troops shows how much Poland has directly at stake in the future evolution of Russia. It explains the size of her military expenditure and why she is unable to disarm.

The Poles must be credited with a special knowledge of the Russian-speaking world, and also with some peculiar prejudices. The greater number of them lived under Russian rule till the second year of the war, and they were represented in the public services, the industry, and the finance of Russia proper and its eastern dominions. They are less concerned than the nations of the West with the international aspect of Bolshevism, partly because they have not yet to cope with a large or radicalized industrial proletariat, and partly because the Soviet Union, although it has chosen to take an abnormal and isolated part in international politics, is their territorial neighbor first and foremost. They incline to regard Communism as a phase external to the main course of Russian development, but whither that development will lead is a question for which they have more than one answer.

Whatever forecast is made about the ultimate line of development, Polish politicians are found to be generally agreed that the prospect of change in Russia is far from immediate. There can be no question of basing a Russian policy on any cut and dried hypothesis.

Broadly speaking, the view that Russia is decomposing has the greatest attraction for followers of Marshal Pilsudski and the various detached groups of the Left, whereas the contrary premonition is most frequently heard from the Right. The present rulers of Poland might look with active sympathy on a separatist movement which grew to maturity in one of the Soviet states. Such movements do exist. There are several factions in the Ukraine, and it is extremely difficult to gauge their strength. In the estimates of some of the Pilsudski-ites the wish may always father the thought. Poland

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is directly concerned by having several millions of alien Slavs in her eastern provinces. The population of these regions is mixed, there being a culture-carrying Polish element, least numerous in the provinces of Polesia, Volhynia, and Stanislawów, where it is less than one fourth, and most numerous in the provinces of Vilna and Lwów, where it rises to one half.

The Polish Radicals have always advocated the most generous treatment that is possible for the Slav minorities. During the years in which national consciousness may be becoming a sturdier growth among the Ukrainians and White Ruthenes of Poland and their kinsfolk, the Ukrainians and White Ruthenes in the adjoining Soviet republics of the Ukraine and White Russia, both these peoples must be drawn into friendship with the Poles, so that, if at some future time they exact their independence from Moscow, the territorial problems raised by their intermingling with the Poles will already be amenable to federal or autonomist solutions. The Army officers, politicians, diplomatists, and provincial administrators, who either fought in the Legions or in other ways have been drawn to Marshal Pilsudski, are guided by a belief that one of the best things that could happen for their country would be the liberation of a friendly Ukraine. Anyone who has seen the cinematograph record of the Polish march to Kief must realize that the memories of that ill-starred adventure are as rich in inspiration as in rebuff. But it has yet to be proved that the unsophisticated Ukrainian peasantry regards itself as a nation in the making, or that the greatest amount of their present eastern territory, which the Poles might be willing to cede to an independent Ukraine, would satisfy its educated leaders.

The Polish Nationalists, who have been deprived of political power, would aim at complete Polish predominance in a strongly centralized State. They have no sympathy for the political ambitions of Ukrainians or White Ruthenes, whom they consider to be insufficiently distinguished at their western end from the Poles and at their eastern end from the Great Russians ever to earn the title to a separate existence. Their opinion is one which can be supported on ethnographical and philological grounds. A Polish Nationalist might derive more comfort from the prospect of a strong all-Russian government in Moscow which was also interested in suppressing particularism than from the prospect of national governments in the Ukraine or White Russia, which, if the Nationalists in Poland had had their way, would start by being vindictive neighbors. The Radicals retort that an all-Russian government would be most unlikely to consent to the present partition, and that even the Bolsheviki, if they had the power, might endeavor to reannex the Polish border provinces.

Whether the ultimate task is to win the friendship of the Ukraine — White Russia, being a poor uncivilized country without settled language forms, has not equivalent importance — or to command the respect of a unified Russia, the measure of Poland's fitness will be the measure of her internal consolidation. It has therefore become an aim of Polish policy to establish as near to normal and stable relations as can reasonably be conceived with the abnormal Russia of this generation. Neither country can afford to make war, and the danger that in some outburst of nervous excitement they might ill-advisedly be stampeded into one has diminished almost to vanishing point.

The border-raiding and organized banditry along the Polish-Soviet frontier, which greatly embittered relations

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in earlier years, has ceased since the Poles created an élite frontier guard and a model system of outposts.

The diplomatic efforts of the Polish Foreign Ministry have had three main objects in view — fulfillment by the Soviet Union of its outstanding obligations under the Treaty of Riga, an agreement to facilitate trade, and a pact of nonaggression. There has been no insistence on the Polish side that agreement in one of these fields must precede, although obviously it might accelerate, agreement in the others.

The conflict of interests and ambitions between Poland, Germany, and Soviet Russia is at the root of all Baltic unrest. The clearest example of what is meant has been furnished by the little republic of Lithuania.

Lithuania has refused, ever since the end of the Bolshevist wars, to have any normal relations with Poland. Neither country is represented in the other, their common frontier remains closed except to peasants whose holdings or paths to church it intersects and occasional privileged travelers, and the insignificant trade that is done passes indirectly through Riga or Danzig. All this is because Lithuania claims that Vilna is her capital, that it was, together with the surrounding strip of territory, unlawfully occupied and annexed by the Poles, and was afterward assigned to them by the Conference of Ambassadors in excess of its juridical rights.

There are twice as many Poles living in Lithuania as there are Lithuanians living in Poland. In the light of acquaintance with local conditions on both sides of the present frontier, it becomes increasingly difficult to find a milder adjective than 'grotesque' for the idea that the struggling Lithuanian State might prudently transfer its capital to a city of Poles and Jews and assume the burden of administering territory in which Polish, Yiddish, and White Ruthene — the language of the peasants — are widely spoken and understood, whereas familiarity with the wholly unrelated Lithuanian is confined to three border enclaves.

The claim arose because Vilna was the capital of the old Grand Duchy of Lithuania, which from 1386 till its conquest by Russia in 1793 was united to the Polish Crown. The languages of public intercourse in the Duchy were Polish and White Ruthene, Lithuanian having fallen out of use except as a villagers' speech in the region which is contemporary Lithuania. The first attempts to create a Lithuanian literary language were made about 1850, and the Lithuanian national movement dates from a slightly later period. Before the war, when Poles and Lithuanians were subjects of the Tsar, the Lithuanian nationalists, as the language they were reviving bore the name of the old Grand Duchy, looked to the architectural beauties of its historical capital for the inspiration they were unable to find in the dingy towns and primitive villages of their own ethnographic domain. During the war the Germans, for reasons of their own, set up a Lithuanian Council at Vilna. After the German evacuation Polish and Bolshevist armies alternately occupied the city till, in 1920, the Bolsheviki on their final retreat put the Lithuanians once more in possession. It was held by the Lithuanian Republic for exactly six weeks and four days. One stout volume has already been filled with the litigation that followed the Polish recapture; there will soon be enough material for a second.

The Lithuanian leaders are perfectly well aware that the population of Vilna has no affinities to the Lithuanian national movement, which was founded on the revival of a foreign tongue. The Vilna Poles, of whom Marshal Pilsudski

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is one, considering themselves heirs to the tradition of the Grand Duchy which their forefathers controlled, are proud of calling themselves Lithuanians to this day; but the only possibility of union with the ethnographic Lithuanians which they are prepared to admit is one of federation within the sovereignty of Poland. The White Ruthenes, who form the bulk of the peasantry, are Slavonic, which the Lithuanians are not, and stand ethnographically halfway between the Poles and the Russians. For the Jews, membership of the bigger state means bigger opportunities.

The excitement and violent hatred of Poland which have been worked up by continuous harping on the Vilna question have been the effective means of endowing a simple peasant-folk with the rudiments of national consciousness. The pace which this agitation had set was for several years so hot that any government suspected of yielding to the Poles or giving the Opposition opportunities to appear more patriotic than itself was liable to be thrown out of office. Another well-defined motive has been the ingrained hostility of the Lithuanian peasantry toward the Polish landlords it has dispossessed and its vague misgivings lest an understanding with the Poles should be a first step to their reinstatement. Difference of social origin is a very real bar to mutual comprehension at the conference table.

M. Valdemaras professes to live in fear of a military invasion by Poland and to have formed the opinion that a pretext for it will less easily be found as long as the Poles are excluded from Lithuania. If there is one thing that is likely to tempt them into some precipitate course, it is this policy of everlasting negation. It will be sufficiently obvious that the attitude of a great many Poles, who have been born and bred in the North, bears several points of resemblance to Irish Unionism in the past; but profound distrust in the political ability of the Lithuanians does not constitute a threat of invasion. The fear of absorption strikes the main body of Poles as unnecessarily flattering to themselves. The Lithuanians have not been idle all these years, and affection for their national state is becoming embedded in the minds of the people. No effort has been spared to equip Kovno with public buildings and give to it some of the aspects of a capital. It is pretty clear that normal relations, if established, would be neither so friendly nor so intimate that they would encourage a policy of peaceful penetration.

Delegates of the two countries are meeting at Königsberg this week to give effect to a resolution of the League Council. The most that the Lithuanian Dictator is reported to be willing to accept is an agreement for timber-floating on the Niemen, by which only persons, letters, and telegrams directly connected with the timber trade would be permitted to pass across the border, and a Polish consular clerk would have leave to officiate in the consulate of a neutral nation at Memel. He is said to be still of the opinion that anything more, even the opening of the international railway lines, would involve recognition of the frontier and tacit abandonment of the territorial claim. If this is really all he will agree to, the Poles may very well declare that, by giving consent to so extraordinary an arrangement, they would be inviting indefinite protraction of a unique and unprecedented state of affairs which is nothing more or less than a danger to peace. They are confident that it will sooner or later be brought to an end, if only because it is an offense against reason.

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# IN BONDAGE TO OIL[1]

## *A Study in Tory Indignation*

BY 'POSEIDON'

It has become the fashion to coin catchwords and to shout slogans. These plausible phrases become so hypnotic that a tendency develops to allow mere catchwords to govern great policies, with which policies, eventually, the political and professional reputations of those in authority get inextricably entangled. Thus a revision of a policy becomes a matter of extreme difficulty on grounds of *amour propre* alone. Though the vast majority of Englishmen have nothing personally to gain from the pursuit of a particular policy, being indeed completely disinterested and concerned only for the public good, to a totally detached observer the origin of the slogan which gives birth to the policy is as plain as the way to the parish church. Powerful interests, in some cases so powerful as to appear invincible, by a thousand channels smother the innate good sense of their countrymen and invite them to accept as gospel truth the idea embedded in the heart of a catchword. Once persuaded against their better judgment that a certain policy is 'inevitable,' or that a return to a more conservative policy is 'unthinkable,' the ceaseless whisper of the interested few becomes the resounding chant of the multitude. Thus it becomes a matter of common habit, though not necessarily of common sense, to speak of the 'Air Age,' the 'Wireless Age,' the 'Oil Age,' and, embracing all, the 'New Age.' Those of us who are past thirty-five years of age perhaps look back with a sigh on the happier, more prosperous, and saner methods of pre-war days, but any looking back is sternly rebuked by the interested upholders of 'Progress,' who, for their own purposes, and by insidious propaganda and appeal, often by bribery unashamed, induce their countrymen to confound true progress with the pseudo progression of the Gadarene swine. If a clock is five minutes fast wise men stop it for five minutes and then restart it. Some, however, would let it run on indefinitely till in the dim future it rights itself, by which time, however, the clock may be worn out and fit only for the scrap-heap.

It is the purpose of the writer in this short article to invite his fellow countrymen to examine coolly the validity of the belief in the inevitable dawn of the 'Oil Age,' with all the terrible consequences for our country which such a hopeless dawn entails. The gnawing anxiety of authority is becoming daily more thinly veiled, while the hostages that England is giving to fortune and to foreign Powers are in danger of becoming more numerous than the free men we are retaining in our armies of moral, economic, and military self-defense and independence.

What are the facts? They may baldly, but truthfully, be stated thus:—

The Navy has become exclusively oil-burning, and the Royal Merchant

[1] From the *National Review* (London Tory monthly)



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Marine is following her example. In the last analysis the Navy and Merchant Marine are England.

The Army is feverishly converting itself into an oil-driven conglomeration of dangerously vulnerable machines.

The Air Force may not unfairly be dubbed a mere oil tank on wings.

'The extraordinary strategical dangers which these facts reveal,' as 'Neon' remarks on page 232 of *The Great Delusion*, are 'sufficient to account for the extreme and thinly veiled anxiety of responsible authorities.' Such anxiety is assuredly well founded when we reflect that 2 per cent only of the oil supplies of the world are to be found in the British Empire. Furthermore, 84 per cent of the world's oil is possessed by the United States and 60 per cent of the crude oil now imported into Great Britain comes from 'God's Own Country.' Oil and internal-combustion interests lick their chops over the prospect of driving steam-propelled vessels off the seas and displacing three hundred million tons of coal by oil.

Thus England's word in the councils of the world must be hesitant and insincere, and may well be reduced to a bluff which foreign nations may unexpectedly call. Under such grave circumstances is it to be wondered at that oil should be the firebrand of the world? Dig deep enough into the history of recent wars, rebellions, slaughter, intimidation, bomb raids, bribery, and corruption, and we shall find that Oil is a major cause of all the trouble. Though eighty million pounds sterling have filtered into the sands of the Mesopotamian deserts in the feverish search for an escape from our thralldom to foreigners, though tax-collecting bombs have rained on inoffensive villages, and though many brave and humble men, both English and Arab, have already been sacrificed to appease the Moloch of 'the oil interests,' strategically we are not advanced a hairbreadth, for, as 'Neon' again quotes: 'Control in peace does not connote control in war; control in peace is financial, control in war is physical: we may have financial control of all the things in the world, but when it comes to war we may find that we have not got control of any.'

This insecurity of control of the meagre supplies of oil outside the U. S. A., and, it may be added, outside the British Empire, provides a springboard for a new powerful influence to push its interests and extract subsidies, without which this influence would fade into oblivion. These interests, it is hardly necessary to say, are those of State-paid scientific research. 'Scientists,' with whom the country is now positively littered, are responsible for the almost universal belief that coal can economically be converted into oil. On the strength of this almost universal credulity in the omnipotence of what is loosely called 'science' quack fuel companies are springing up like mushrooms, though their day of disillusionment and ruin cannot now be long delayed. 'More money for research,' cry the scientists as they have cried since human nature first believed in alchemy, and in the possibility and desirability of extracting sunbeams from cucumbers. In these latter days, however, our modern projectors are outdoing those who felt the lash of Swift's burning intellect. The butts of the terrible Dean's satire were at least engaged on a seemingly desirable project, whereas our scientific priests, at public charges, are engaged in an effort to convert England's natural and inexhaustible sunbeam — coal — into a cold and clammy cucumber.

It is curious to observe, however, that 'responsible scientists,' with all the appearance of 'inspiration,' are now coolly assuming the rôle of the fire engine. Having put the match to

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the credulity which is ready to believe anything asserted in the name of 'science,' and having fanned the flame for many years from their State-supported rostrum until the flame has become a blaze, the public is now being warned by 'scientists' not to look for a river of oil just yet awhile. Years of 'patient research,' more money, more research posts, more 'panels,' are required before the oily dream can be realized. They imply that time is all they need. They do not say — indeed they dare not say — that the possibility of the conversion of England's matchless coal supplies into oil is as great and cruel a hoax as is the scientifically propagated twin hoax of the 'Air Age.' But such is the truth — a truth admitted by an important department of scientific research whose particular activities do not compromise its judgment on this particular question. It will thus be seen that the fierce fight for natural oil is reënforced by a futile fight for a synthetic substitute, and that both are a measure of the anxiety which our strategical and economic danger inevitably breeds. The economic danger is the counterpart of the strategical, though perhaps not so blatantly apparent at the first glance. No less than thirteen and one-half million tons of oil were imported into this country in 1925 — a tonnage which will tend steadily to increase if our present belief in the inevitability of the 'Oil Age' continues to hypnotize us into our present policy.

A splendid body of patriotic and loyal miners are being goaded to despair, the child of persistent unemployment, by makeshift policies, spurious palliatives, and the empty promises of the alchemists, which have deceived Mr. Hodges himself.

With the falling demand for coal the price rises, with inevitable repercussions on the basic industries of the country. A Fuel Board is appointed to inform us that our salvation is to be found in restricting output and concentrating our money and energy on 'research,' to the extreme delectation of Fellows of the Royal Society, in whose opinion 'there is nothing like leather.' Thus are we bamboozled into letting go the substance of prosperity for the ridiculous fantasy of Dead Sea fruits. Oil is the food upon which two vast enterprises feed, and it is noteworthy that these two enterprises — aerial and road transport — are a heavy burden on the country and upon economic undertakings which are taxed to further these oil-dominated enterprises. At the back of the flying ramp is the ceaseless whisper of the oil magnates who earn a spurious reputation for patriotism by bribing, out of their vast resources, brave young men, at the risk and sacrifice of their lives, to advertise their wares, and an army of propagandists to din into the ears of the public the Dawn of the Air Age. Oil interests, combined with internal-combustion interests, fight every effort to make road transport self-supporting, and the reason for their action is clear. If the annual forty million pounds paid by the ratepayers, including the poor, for the construction, maintenance, and repair of the roads which heavy vehicles destroy were shifted to the backs of the road-users, the bulk of heavy road transport would vanish, leaving the roads free for all forms of light traffic, for which alone they are fitted. Such a policy, it is true, would again hit hard that band of 'devoted research workers' whose livelihood depends upon the public belief, scientifically fostered, that roads can economically be made capable of supporting the strain of fast heavy traffic if sufficient 'research' is devoted to the matter.

No useful purpose is served in tracing

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farther the tentacles of the cosmopolitan underworld of oil. The closer we look the more unpleasant is the view; the nastier the taste, the more evil the smell. Let us leave the unhealthy associations of Oil and come out into the bright light of an English day, in which Coal receives us with his healthy, hearty, and honest smile. If there is any scowling to be done, the right to frown belongs to the King of England's well-being — Coal. He has not changed; he is his old faithful and bright self, and the English species are still the finest fuels of the world. We are told by our 'experts' to turn it into oil, to pulverize it, to liquefy it. Other counselors, spendthrifts in all else, search for means of economizing it, their withers being wrung by the thought that some of it when burned passes away in smoke.

This queer passion for economy in coal in a world wasting away from sheer waste is one of the curious phenomena of the moment. There is surely a form of 'waste' which the bounty of God converts into the truest economy. Every day we are assailed with headlines, 'What shall we do with our coal?' The answer is simple: Use it, shovel it on to the furnaces of every ship that flies the British flag, man of war or merchant ship. Shovel it into our locomotives and into all shore plant. Cheapen it and revel in it; and let us not forget, one and all of us, to thank God that He has given us the means, with coal, ships, railways, iron, and men, to work out our destiny in the fear of God and of nobody else. The technical case for coal has been succinctly stated in *The Great Delusion* — a defense which has recently received the powerful and patriotic backing of Sir William Seager and other great shipowners, though even Sir William seems to believe in the power of 'research' to convert our coal into something different. The writer will conclude by referring to the naval aspect of the matter, and he will be brief.

The late Lord Fisher, in conjunction with the great oil magnate, the late Lord Bearsted, set out in their proverbially thorough manner to tie the Navy to the skirts of a foreign country, though conceivably a great and friendly foreign country. The present generation of naval officers are thus the inheritors of a policy which they did not initiate, and which, it can hardly be doubted, is a source of very real and grave anxiety to them.

It is very commonly believed that oil-fired boilers and internal-combustion engines are a *sine qua non* of modern naval efficiency, leaving the matter of supply out of the question. This is not the case. Welsh steam coal is capable of driving ships as efficiently as oil, and, indeed, has some great advantages over oil. Coal bunkers, though requiring more space than oil tanks, are a source of fighting strength; and ships constructed for coal are not only cheaper to build, but are likely to be of sounder and more lasting construction. Coal is cheaper than oil, even at its present high price, and the risk of fire is reduced. It is true that coaling a ship is a great and ever-recurring exertion, but it is an exertion which brings untold good to the Navy, providing, as it does, an evolution of the highest value in building up the spirit and physique of the officers and ship's company. Furthermore, it provides, perhaps, the finest means of selecting petty officers, and of testing the qualities of junior executive officers when, on a dark night, tired and hungry, the last hundred tons have still to come in. The training derived from coaling a ship, both in seamanship and hardship, was a worthy successor to the old training in sail. When we used

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coal we had a race of British stokers, engineers, and seamen who were to a modern fleet what old-fashioned sailors were to the fleets which our ancestors commanded. The handling and stoking of coal is rapidly becoming a lost art, an art for which the opening of a few taps and valves is a poor substitute.

With the introduction of foreign oil to drive British ships we have seen an almost fabulous growth in horsepower; which has not, however, been accompanied by any appreciable increase in speed, for reasons which are as clear as they are inherent. When a certain horsepower for tonnage and length has been reached, increased horsepower, amounting to tens of thousands, can be crowded into the ship without any appreciable increase of speed, though with an exactly corresponding reduction in weight available for coal, armor, and guns. There is a curve which may be called the Effort and Attainment curve. Up to a certain critical point this curve is almost horizontal, implying that for every unit of effort employed the attainment is proportional. There comes, however, a point at which this curve bends rapidly upward till it becomes almost but not quite vertical. Upon the nearly vertical part of this curve the added attainment is infinitesimal in proportion to the effort. It was the universal practice a few short years ago to work on the horizontal part of this curve, which is synonymous with sound economic engineering practice. All 'scientific marvels,' the present substitute for sound engineering propositions, are carried out on the vertical portion of the curve, with results that are as disastrous in industrial undertakings as they are likely to prove in the military sphere.

This matter of excessive effort for meagre attainment is mentioned because it has an intimate bearing on the coal question in ships. With reduced horsepower, implying little if any reduction in speed, we should obtain with ease the extra space and tonnage required for the return to the universal use of Welsh coal. Such a return to England's national fuel would of necessity be a slow and laborious process, but the present time and the near future seem to offer a golden opportunity for such a transition. If the great merchant mariners of England could be induced to coöperate with the Navy in this great and necessary reform, they would assuredly have their reward in a return to general prosperity. Furthermore, where England leads at sea the nations of the world follow.

A great, and therefore simple, coal-using policy at sea and ashore, encouraged by and coupled with a thumping revenue tax on every drop of imported oil from whatever source, would provide a lasting bridge for the friendly reuniting of all Englishmen, of all political creeds, and of all classes. Is it not time to put all pseudoscientific will-o'-the-wisps away from us, to treat oil with that suspicion and dislike which, if insular, is at least healthy and hearty, and to burn our coal wherever it can be burned with that reckless lavishness which God's bounty renders the truest economy. Then, and not till then, can we exclaim with the natural son of Richard the Lion-hearted:

> Come the three corners of the world in arms,
> And we shall shock them: naught shall make us rue,
> If England to itself do rest but true.

England's true material self lies in her ships, her railways, and her great basic industries, the natural food and lifeblood of which is her matchless coal in its *natural* state won from the earth by a great host of men of whose loyalty, patriotism, piety, and good humor under provocation England has every reason to be proud.

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# MECCA AND ITS MONARCH[1]

*A Great King in a Mongrel Capital*

BY LEOPOLD WEISS

LEADING ARABIAN CORRESPONDENT OF THE GERMAN PRESS

IT is Friday. The noon hour of prayer in the Great Mosque is already over, and streams of people pour through the various doors out into the sunlit street. In front of one of the doors stand many automobiles and a double line of soldiers wearing white Arabian tunics and red caps. Theirs is the free and easy bearing of Arab warriors ignorant of superfluous military drill, but they all carry Mauser rifles. They are waiting for the King, who will return to his home when prayer is ended. A few black slaves in elegant attire, carrying silver-inlaid swords in their hands, emerge from the mosque, and one of them flings open the door of the big Cadillac limousine.

An enormously tall man appears. He is swathed in white, and his head is crowned with a ring of gold braid. He has to stoop as he passes through the door of the mosque. A number of court attendants, soldiers, and Arabian nobles surround him at a respectful distance. He climbs into the automobile, and again has to bend his head. A flash of sunlight is suddenly reflected from his spectacles. His movements are very simple and graceful, and a quick smile illuminates his face as he turns to a little boy sitting beside him — his dead brother's son. The automobile then moves away, followed by the other cars, and they all wind through the hot streets of Mecca, whose bazaars begin to come to life now that the hour of prayer is done.

Contrary to the usual custom, I had avoided paying a call on the King. During this hurried period of the pilgrimage, when he is receiving two hundred guests a day from all the Islamic countries, such a visit would have been a pure formality — and that was the last thing I wanted. I was also suffering a personal bereavement, so that I spent most of my time in the house, and saw only a very few people. Ibn Saud had been told about me by a third person. He knew why I was staying away, and seemed to be greeting my action with silent consent. I was begged to set myself up in one of his guest houses, and that is where I am sitting now, an unknown visitor, in lovely quarters in the southern part of the town, near the rocky valley through which the road to Yemen passes. From my terrace I can see half of Mecca — the seven minarets of the Great Mosque; the white walls of a thousand houses, with brightly colored balustrades of brick upon their roofs; the dead deserted mountains; and over it all the wide sky, hot as molten steel.

All is heat in Mecca, and your lungs suffer under its grievous burden. Now that the pilgrimage is completed, continual joy reigns in the streets, and the air is filled with suffocating dust from the feet of the camels who

[1] From *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* (Swiss Liberal-Republican daily)



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carry pilgrims, sedan chairs, and bales through the city. Crowds of people are setting out for their homes. It will be a month or more before the last of them will have departed for Jidda to embark for home. For it has been a big pilgrimage this year. One hundred and fifty thousand people came by sea to Jidda, and eighty thousand arrived by land, coming by various routes from Central and Eastern Arabia, Asir, and Yemen. Mecca has not seen such a stream of pilgrims for many years — it is the first really 'good season' since the outbreak of the World War.

One of the chief reasons for this improvement is the growing moral power of Ibn Saud, under whose rule the Hejaz has attained an unprecedented amount of security in scarcely two years. Before his time a pilgrimage to Mecca was always undertaken at considerable personal risk. Indirect robbery was conducted by corrupt officials, who looked upon the Mecca pilgrimage as a windfall especially provided by God Himself. There was also direct robbery, under the eyes of the so-called authorities, and executed by powerful Bedouin tribes who owed no one their allegiance. Then there was unlimited cheating carried on by the inhabitants of Mecca — an inviolable privilege of those who dwelt in the shadow of the house of God. For centuries all these obstacles had confronted devout Mohammedans, whose pious duty it was to undertake the pilgrimage.

So must it always be, for so has it always been ever since the 'good old times,' even in the brilliant days of the Abbasside Caliphate, in the period of Egyptian domination, and likewise in recent centuries when the great lord of Stamboul held the Holy City in his far-reaching hand. But all this suddenly changed when two thousand camel troops of 'that Ibn Saud' mounted their camels and expelled Sheriff Hussein and his family from the Hejaz. In two short years the miraculous work of pacifying the Hejaz was accomplished, and the country where the spoils used to go to the strong just as they did in Wild West stories, the country that borders on Ibn Saud's own native land of Nejd, enjoys a security such as can only be equaled in the civilized countries of Europe.

Ibn Saud's hand falls like iron upon anyone who breaks the law of the Koran, and he has no mercy for any deliberate criminal. And woe unto the official who robs a pilgrim of his money, charging him for something to which he is rightly entitled free of charge. The clubs in the hands of the royal police draw no distinctions between an emir and a tramp, and often men who gave lofty orders the day before crawl on their hands and knees into the presence of the authorities who mete out punishment. For thieving the right hand is chopped off, for hold-up robberies the right hand and the left foot are chopped off, and for murder the head. And after a few initial experiences, even the hard-boiled Hejaz Bedouins have understood that Ibn Saud shows no mercy in such matters.

The hundreds of thousands of pilgrims brought money to the country, and to Mecca in particular. For this unproductive city lives entirely off these pilgrims. The frightful climate is partly to blame for the fact that the inhabitants of Mecca refuse to take up any kind of work, but the people also cherish a poisonous tradition by which they all agree to exploit foreign visitors. The citizens of Mecca do not belong to any one nationality. The ancient population of Mecca, the Kureishites, has entirely disappeared, and only survives in the form of two desperately poor tribes in the southeastern part of the country.

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A 'Meccan' to-day is a heterogeneous mixture of various Islamic nationalities, bound together by common interests. The centripetal assimilating force of this most unusual of all cities is so great, however, that the second, or at any rate the third, generation of settlers loses all its original characteristics and conforms to the 'Meccan type.' America is a parallel case, and although utterly different economic forces are at work over there the psychological and ethnical process is the same. The 'hundred-per-cent American' is a very problematical creature, and there is certainly no such thing as the hundred-per-cent Meccan.

Yet the Meccan type is no fiction. He possesses a certain indefinable significant something that differentiates him from the rest of the world in a much more definite way than is the case with 'real' nations. Like all highly developed people, the Meccans differ so much one from the other that their real character is full of complicated exceptions and contradictions, and looks like a shattered spectrum in spite of its all-pervading unique qualities. A lazy way of moving, a faint cautiousness, a polite self-abasement that almost amounts to cringing, and sudden eruptions of malicious rage, characterize them all. The upper classes go in for a cultivated home life, and are distinguished by an unctuous docility, great spiritual sensitiveness, and that propensity for everything to do with beauty, elegant dress, lovely women, music, and pleasure that is the most fundamental heritage of Arabian city-dwellers.

The faces of the men are usually surrounded by a little black beard, and the oppressive climate has set its mark upon them all, making some of them so dark that they show traces of the negro blood that runs in the veins of some of the members of the lower classes. Nearly all their faces also wear an expression of subdued irony more profound than all their individual beliefs. And this is the essence of their character. The Meccans are the only people I have ever seen who are really unreligious, in the widest sense of the word. They utterly lack the religious capacity — that is, the capacity of self-surrender to an Unconditioned Absolute, the longing for discipline and concentration of one's spiritual forces, which are an indispensable prerequisite for all real development, whether individual or racial. They are so weak that they instinctively defend themselves against everything that tends toward ethical solidarity or that requires a state of tension, and this weakness of theirs has even developed into a kind of strength.

The logical result is that the Meccans hate Ibn Saud. Of course, it is true that he has achieved something that no other ruler before him achieved; he has changed the country from a den of thieves into a law-abiding state, and he alone is to be thanked for the constantly increasing flood of pilgrims who pour more and more money into Meccan pockets — and Meccans love money with the deepest love of which their poor souls are capable. Yet in spite of all this they hate this 'intruder,' for he represents an entirely different world, to which material welfare means nothing and spiritual welfare everything. He is the leader of the Wahabi movement, which looks upon belief as the supreme reality and wishes to fulfill the Word. In spite of the fact that 'Islam' is their slogan, the antithesis between Ibn Saud and the Meccans transcends all religious considerations. The issue is not religion against skepticism — it is deeper than that. On the one hand there is the belief that life can be invested with harmonious reality, and that every effort of the will should be bent toward

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seeking this 'right path.' On the other hand is a state, not of absolute unbelief, but rather of fear of the ascetic factors involved in surrendering to the Absolute, and therefore a rejection of the Absolute. It is not unbelief, but the fear of belief, the fear of having to recognize obligations and submit to them.

Laziness would have made me postpone my meeting with Ibn Saud still further if two other incidents had not forced my hand. One of them was my acquaintance with Abdullah ibn Hassan, the new first cadi of Mecca. He is a citizen of Nejd, and a descendant of the famous Mohammed ibn Abd-el-Wahhab, of Central Arabia, who led the Wahabi reform movement.

I visited this man's descendant at his house, where I found him sitting on the floor of a special room and listening to two ragged Bedouins arguing with excited words and gestures while he administered justice. Bedouins in general are a difficult people to manage. There is always something unexpected about them, a keen sensitiveness that refuses to go in for any form of the golden mean. On this occasion, however, I could see how skillfully Abdullah ibn Hassan coped with their burning passions and soothed their ruffled feelings. He never made one of them hold his peace while the other pleaded, but let them both talk at once, each one trying to shout the other down. Now and then he would throw in an apposite word or two, but was promptly overwhelmed by their oratory, and resigned himself to listening attentively. Yet all this time he was extracting the truth bit by bit, almost unbeknownst to the two men, who suddenly stopped in amazement, looked about them, and realized that justice had been pronounced and that they could not doubt the wisdom of the decision. At this moment one of them drew himself up, threw his mantle about him, and linked arms with his opponent, saying, 'Come away.' Bewildered yet satisfied, they withdrew, murmuring their approval of the cadi.

This wonderful performance was a real work of art. It gave a primitive idea of how justice and politics could go hand in hand, and compared with this efficacious method the most skillful political spirits of Europe seemed childish. In these dry, dirty quarters an unsightly Arabian judge sat against the wall, looking like a bundle of old clothes, but administering perfect justice. Only his thin face peering over his gray, pointed beard, and his kindly, fanatical, deep-set eyes, indicated that he was a master.

When I expressed my wonder at his pronouncement of judgment, Abdullah ibn Hassan laughed and said: 'You have n't seen anything until you have seen the King pronouncing judgment among fifty Bedouins at the same time.'

The other encounter that prompted me to meet Ibn Saud took place in a library situated under the arcade of the Great Mosque. It is nice to sit in this long, narrow room surrounded by old Arabian, Persian, and Turkish folios, some of them in manuscript. It is not that one reads them; it is simply that the stillness and dim atmosphere give the architectural beauty of the mosque a new kind of elegance. The librarian, a young Meccan student, handsome, tall, and virile, told me about his experiences nine years ago, when Sheriff Hussein threw him into a dark underground prison for six months because of his supposed Turkish sympathies. He only spent the days in these quarters, however, for at night the friendly warden, having been given a suitable bribe, let him out, and he could sleep in a soft bed at his parents' house, returning in the gray of the morning to his official quarters.



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Our excellent conversation was interrupted by the appearance of Emir Feisal, surrounded by a crowd of men bearing swords and clothed in long rustling cloaks. He was passing through the library on his way to midday prayer. I had met him a month ago, and had often seen him since in the mosque. This princely youth is the second son of Ibn Saud, and in spite of his two-and-twenty years and his beardless face he has been given the important job of running the Hejaz. When Ibn Saud conquered the Hejaz two years ago he united it with Nejd, in the same way that Austria and Hungary were united under the old monarchy. He gave his oldest son, Saud, the administration of Nejd, and Feisal was given the Hejaz, while he himself spends half the year in Mecca and half in Riyadh.

Feisal is tall and thin, and his flowing Arabian garments enhance his impressive appearance. This son of an ancient house has a bright, shiny skin and an instinctive racial pride. His little face often lights up with happy laughter, and it is sometimes hard to say whether it is the face of a boy or a girl, for it is kindly, dreamy, and a little reserved and shy. He always looks as though he were afraid of hurting someone's feelings by a careless or thoughtless act. But he also wears an expression of quiet pride. His air of nobility is not assumed; it glows from within, and when we spoke to each other that day in the library I felt strongly desirous of meeting the father of this son.

The next morning Feisal's secretary fetched me in an automobile and took me to call on the King, whose house stands beyond the city limits on the road to Taïf. We passed through the bazaar street of el Ma'ala, where Bedouin wares are bought and sold — camel saddles, cloaks, carpets, leather canteens, silver-inlaid swords, tents, and brass coffeepots. Tooting and whistling, we made our way through a howling mob of Bedouins, camels, and shouting merchants, who rushed about in every direction seeking the highest bidder. As we continued our journey the road grew wider, quieter, and more open. Blocks of houses were succeeded by a few poor scattered hovels, and behind us lay the city. Ahead to the right at a turn of the road was a huge house, the residence of the King. Innumerable saddled camels of the Bedouins lay in front of it, and a number of armed slaves and servants stood about the entrance stairway.

I waited in a spacious pillared room whose floor was laid with pretty but not expensive carpets. Broad khaki-covered divans, well upholstered, ran along the walls, and through the windows green leaves could be seen. It was the beginnings of a garden which was being grown with great difficulty on the arid soil of Mecca. A servant appeared. 'The King invites you.'

I entered a room like the one I had left except that it was rather smaller and lighter, since one side opened completely on the garden. Real Persian carpets lay on the floor. In a niche beside a window overlooking the road the King sat cross-legged on a divan. At his feet on the ground a secretary was taking dictation. When I entered the King arose, extended both his hands, and said, 'Welcome!'

For just a second I was able to gaze in amazement at his gigantic stature, and then he sat down again. He made an apologetic gesture in the direction of the secretary, saying, 'Just a minute; the letter is nearly finished.' But while he was quietly dictating he also opened a conversation, never mixing the two themes in any way. After a few leading remarks I handed him a letter of introduction. He read it — which meant doing three things at once. He then rang for a servant without stopping the

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dictation, the conversation, or the letter-reading, and whispered a word into his ear. Coffee was brought in. The dictation being ended now, the King excused the secretary and turned all his attention on me.

I could now get a good look at him. He had a big, handsome, rather full face. A broad forehead rose above his gold-rimmed glasses and his slightly curving nose. His mouth was small yet full, and his thick, tightly pressed lips gave him a soft, kindly, feminine expression. This mouth of his was the first thing that I noticed, and it explained, to me at least, how Abd-el-Asis ibn Saud had surpassed all his contemporary fellow countrymen. It was the mouth of a farsighted man, and it seemed to synthesize all his virtue, all his iron will, his vision, his ability, his spirit, and his common sense.

This mouth seemed to say: 'I was not born a king, but was born the son of an outcast. I fought for my kingdom, conquered it, and built it up with my own hands. Because life was bitter to me at first, Fate spared me the bitterness of being the heir to somebody else.'

This is the secret: Abd-el-Asis ibn Saud is not an heir, but a creator. His sons will be heirs, and their early years will not be spent in flight. They will not be the kind of men that emerge from nowhere. They have been born royal princes, whereas being a real king means having no forerunners.

A few days later I was sitting with the King again, and asked him: 'How is it that you are here in Mecca? How does it happen that you rule three quarters of Arabia? Are n't you often astonished at this yourself?'

Without replying, he took a piece of paper and a pencil that lay beside him and drew a straight line. Going out from this like the branches of a fir tree, he drew a lot of little crooked lines right and left. He turned a most attractive smile upon me, and said: 'This straight line is the right path. For every man there is only one such path, and these here are the paths that lead nowhere. If a person discovers the right path and follows it, how can he fail to arrive at his destination? We do not know our end in advance, and we have but one little task — to discover the right path. In this path we must live, and we all have a burning eagerness to follow it. Why then should we not live rightly? God has shown us the true path in the Koran.'

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# CULTURE AND TECHNIQUE[1]

BY GASTON RAGEOT

I HAD as neighbors in the country a Greek student who was almost a poet and a poet who was almost a Greek student. Each of these men rode in his own automobile, but the one was driven by the son and the other by the daughter. This young man and young lady were of the same age. They had as little taste for poetry and Greek as their fathers had for mechanics, and it is the same story in most modern households. When an accident befalls the electric current, who puts in the new fuse? Is n't it always the same pair of hands that have shown themselves so skillful with the tennis racket, the pliers, and the scissors? The old people, having only learned how to think, do not know how to act, and the young people, who only know how to act, hardly occupy themselves with thinking at all.

The former possess culture, the latter technique.

This distinction between theoretic development and practical training unquestionably constitutes the first principle lying behind all those secondary but more visible differences that have so often been discerned between the generation of yesterday and the generation of to-day. The character of individuals, however, depends upon the society in which they live, since societies fashion individuals, our confusion being merely due to the fact that consequences are easier to discern than causes.

[1] From *L'Illustration* (Paris illustrated literary weekly)

It is through the surface traits of individuals that one is led to investigate the basis of societies, and we should indeed be ignorant of the inner changes of our world if we could not describe its customs. Roots are not usually so perceptible as leaves, and often final consequences are the only means we have of tracing the distant but original point of departure. It is, therefore, probable that the observation we have just made regarding men would apply no less exactly to whole peoples. Undoubtedly the inhabitants of the Old Continent resemble our erudite men of fifty, while the inhabitants of the New Continent resemble our young mechanics. Thus all the momentary disorder, both within each nation and between the different nations, may be explained by a conflict between culture and technique.

Let us first define our terms.

Everyone, especially in France, has formed a fairly exact idea of culture, for we are always talking about it, even in our political assemblies. Culture may belong to individuals or to groups. With individuals it presupposes a long process of education, and with groups a long tradition. It is a function of time, and increases in value the longer it lasts. Nations who possess culture have a history, and individuals who have attained it possess experience. It does not illuminate the world in flashes, nor does it proceed by leaps and bounds. It is continuous and slow. One must participate in it one's self to recognize it in others.



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It is proper to masters, not to pupils. It loves wrinkled foreheads and baggy trousers. People without it pretend to regard it as pedantry, but there is no more ingenuous error, since culture does not involve knowledge, but exercise of the mind. It implies no particular ability, but rather a general capacity. Just as a good athlete endeavors to develop muscular strength and suppleness, so a refined education merely attempts to assure intellectual liberty and fairness, moderation and delicacy of sensibility, and the regular and gentle exercise of the will. Although it comes from the past, it is above all a potentiality, and its merit lies in the future that it envelops. It is more a method than a science; it is more an attitude than a bag of tricks.

The way one thinks is more important than what one thinks, and 'thought for thought's sake' can be recognized either in an individual or in a nation through a smiling skepticism that presupposes neither discouragement nor renunciation, but merely equilibrium and wisdom. For it is no denial of truth to realize how various and fleeting it is. The cultivated man has stopped making himself the measure of things, and the first sign of culture is to admit the possibility of another person's existence.

Seen in this way, culture is entirely turned upon itself, — upon the subject, as the philosophers say, — and whoever acquires it is transformed. It influences all aptitudes and tastes; it modifies all human functions; it is literary, artistic, and worldly; it is a code of intellectual politeness and charming customs. Once it was the end and purpose of the humanist, and it still remains the flower of civilization, the fruit of society, the essence of empiricism, and the product of luxury. It serves no purpose except living.

Technique, on the other hand, is turned outward toward the object. It modifies things, surroundings, the material elements of existence. Notice the difference between a growing boy making a translation and changing a spark plug. In the first instance it is he who profits; in the second it is the automobile. Technique is scientific, industrial, practical. It includes all the processes through which man acts upon matter. It began in the caves when stone weapons were fashioned. It fulfills its function triumphantly on the surgeon's operating table and in the standardized automobile factory. It confers skill upon its possessor, not superiority. It increases the productivity, but not the value, of individuals and peoples.

Imbeciles are sometimes adroit, and even savages have been artisans. Technique, being naturally independent of intelligence, may even end by opposing it. In one field of activity it is becoming increasingly dangerous — the realm of art. How often does not virtuosity exclude sincerity and naturalness? And in the creative act does not the means often damage the art?

In the light of these definitions it is not difficult to see what part of the modern world is dominated by culture and what part by technique.

The Western peoples possess long-standing traditions, and France in particular enjoys the prestige of guarding this culture — or, to be more exact, France possesses the capital city of culture. Undoubtedly it is here that we shall find the explanation of an extremely curious and striking fact that all foreigners should take into account: France, if I may say so, is less grand than Paris. The modern world has accused France of slow economic development, and we might as well have the courage to admit it. Mass is what counts to-day, and our country lacks it. Neither its population nor its

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industry makes it capable of occupying the first rank. Nevertheless, the capital of this nation excels all others. The platitude, as usual, is true, and Paris remains unique. Its prestige has not diminished — on the contrary.

Within the nation itself this disproportion between the country and its capital is revealed by a contrast between Paris and the provinces such as exists in no other country. It seems that to live in Paris has always been, and still remains, an unparalleled privilege even for the French themselves. Is n't this because Paris is not only the capital of the region between the Mediterranean and the English Channel, between the Atlantic and the Alps, but is also the capital of Occidental culture?

Of course, Paris is rich in beauties and pleasures; but are those its real attraction, its most brilliant charm? What we breathe along its gracious river, its historic avenues and quays, is an atmosphere charged with human experience and harmonious life. It includes all the most precious, delicate inheritances that humanity has retained through the slow course of the ages, — Greek beauty and Roman justice, sombre feudal faith and royal luxury, everything that could be saved from decadence and revolutions, — and all this has been left in tangible form where the Seine flows between the Louvre and the Institut.

To see the other side of the picture one does not need to have crossed the Atlantic one's self. It is enough to run over in one's mind the remarkable achievements that have recently been multiplying in the United States in order to understand that America has developed a higher degree of technique than any other country. New York is to Paris what the artisan is to the artist, or, to be more exact, the engineer to the architect. The most salient characteristic of America, and the one that probably includes all others, is the unequal development of different lines of human conduct. These clever people are children. Their factories are perfect, but their laws are backward. We see a man like Ford thriving in their country, but we have also seen condemned men waiting seven years before being electrocuted. Industry is more developed than justice. To be quite exact, Americans are masters in the art of transforming things, but they are apprentices in the art of developing themselves. Technique reigns; culture is lacking.

We need search no further, then, for the origin of the distress that modern people have experienced or are still experiencing. The older cultural nations are adapting themselves to technique, and the young technical nations are improvising a culture. America is searching for a past, Europe for a present. A comparison of the United States and Japan indicates that it is easier to conquer a present than to acquire a past. Half a century is enough for industry, but how many centuries are needed for a tradition?

To confine ourselves to Europe, we might classify nations according to how successfully they have maintained their equilibrium between these two codes of discipline, one of which arises from science and the other from experience. We should put in one category those nations possessing long traditions and strong vitality who have progressively tried to modernize themselves, such as France and England. In the other group we should place nations that suffered a moment of eclipse at the dawn of the technical era but have suddenly reawakened and have set about rapidly adapting themselves to modern methods in the Japanese fashion. These nations would include Italy and Spain. Are not Northern Italy and Catalonia among the most industrialized regions

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in the world, and have they not developed the newest methods?

Germany should be placed somewhere between the two, for it began its technical evolution sooner and has quickly carried it to perfection. In Germany everything is stamped with method and science. But this new form of Prussianism has been growing out of a German tradition, and there perhaps we can discover the real secret of the war of 1914. At that time the balance of the two elements was disturbed, and technique in its military aspect prevailed over the culture of old Germany. Let us hope that the equilibrium of other nations will not be so shattered in their crisis of modernization.

Facing these two opposing human codes, we are therefore reduced to asking whether the old European spirit or the young spirit of American standardization will carry the day.

At the moment all tendencies point in one direction. The engineer, the artisan, and the builder are dominating everywhere, and the intellectual, the artist, and the poet are losing their prestige. I have just visited Sweden, a very ancient country, with a long and noble culture, where queens used to receive philosophers with hospitality. Literary France and scientific Germany are still admired, but habit, business, and industry bear the mark of the United States. At twilight, Stockholm, with its rising hills all lit with electric lights, reminds one of New York.

As a nation becomes modern it goes in more and more for technique, and the question is, will technique finally suppress culture, or is the conflict merely superficial and fleeting?

Man has always been an artisan, and the first work of his hands was to fashion himself tools. In antiquity, in the days of Homer and Hesiod, the house was the centre of industry and all production was domestic. For a long time certain cities looked upon economic activity as a kind of civic decline. But this was not the case in the Athenian democracy, where the workshop soon took the place of the house, and handicraft appeared. Alexander's conquests extended and intensified this industrial organization, which reached its apogee under the Roman Empire, when workshops and manufacturing establishments assumed the proportions of real firms. Antiquity therefore went in extensively for division of labor and civilization. Nothing is new, and there does not seem to be any necessary antinomy between intellectual production and material production. We are living in an epoch of transition — that is all.

Let us look, then, a little more closely at these young people whose practical character and positive spirit we have already remarked upon. Certain of them, for some motive or other, have not allowed themselves to be completely carried away. They are a rare, elect group, but at least they reveal a tendency, and one wonders what anxiety may be troubling them. They are terrified at the emptiness of their minds and of their hearts. They do not know what they should devote themselves to, nor what they should disavow, and reflection drives them to despair. They are sad also, and feel as futile as the first romantics. They search and wait. But a condition that is now exceptional may become general, and perhaps the moment is not far away when a sobered humanity will take pity on its factories and its mechanics. It will set forth on a wild search for an ideal.

May Europe and France preserve their mission and renew their task. The problem is clear and their duty obvious. Modern technique has not rendered necessary the disappearance of old-fashioned culture, but its trans-

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formation. All Greco-Latin civilization was based on experience; all modern civilization is based on science. Technique is therefore sovereign in its own domain, and its reign is absolute. The culture of the future will resemble ancient culture, but instead of opposing technique it will embrace it, harmonize it, and get beyond it. Our French defect, our weakness, lies in being Greco-Latin and not doing enough in our system of national education to develop the scientific spirit. We must make ourselves more modern. In other words, while still striving to develop the humanity that is latent in each human being, we shall pursue it by different methods and shall attain culture by the intelligent practice of technique.

A pianist with nothing but fingers is certainly not an artist; but what kind of artist is a man without any mechanical skill? The real virtuoso puts impeccable execution into the service of a superior interpretation. In like manner, what use is spirit in our everyday life without skill, and what use is skill without spirit? Since man's great means of action, science, is also a path to culture, let us learn the management of material things, let us learn the proper way to develop our souls, and lead them firmly forward. That will be to-morrow's task. Standing at the head of the Occident, our country should retain its rôle.

## GOR'KII AT SIXTY[1]

BY A COMMUNIST ADMIRER

NEXT Thursday Maksim Gor'kii will be sixty years old, and there is no living figure in the world of letters who can be placed beside him. Ibsen and Zola, Tolstoi and Anatole France, are dead.

Maksim Gor'kii has even gained recognition at the hands of the bourgeois critics, and he rises like a mighty mountain peak high above all other authors of all other countries. Gerhart Hauptmann or Bernard Shaw, Sinclair Lewis or André Gide—not one of them possesses half the significance of Maksim Gor'kii.

And this Maksim Gor'kii is one of us. He has spent his life in the ranks of the fighting proletariat. What an impressive testimony it is to the living strength of the proletarian movement and to Communism that his indomitable spirit and theirs are one. If the same thing was also true of Anatole France, the last great writer to die, it is doubly true of Maksim Gor'kii. And if we ask why a Gerhart Hauptmann cannot attain Gor'kii's international significance, the answer is that Gor'kii stands with us, with the future, with the working class, the class that is destined to create a new world on the ruins of the declining bourgeois system.

In 1902 the Petersburg Academy of Sciences, to which the most important scholars and artists of Tsarist Russia belonged, and whose honorary chairman was a Grand Duke and a relation of the Tsar, elected a new member. Maksim Gor'kii, on whom the choice fell,

[1] From *Die Rote Fahne* (Berlin official Communist daily)

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was then thirty-four years old. In the course of a few years he had wielded extraordinary influence among the Russian intellectuals, his fame having already spread beyond the boundaries of Russia.

The document announcing Gor'kii's election was taken to Tsar Nicholas by his flunky the Grand Duke. The Tsar then wrote a marginal note—for marginal notes are the way in which crowned heads express their wishes, whether they are called William or Nicholas—saying 'Very peculiar.' This note did not fail of its effect. The Academy had to bow to Imperial pressure, and Gor'kii's election was canceled. Two other members of the Academy, Chekhov and Korolenko, both of them popular writers, whose work Rosa Luxemburg has translated into German, answered the Tsar by sending back the diplomas that they had received from the Academy, and all surviving members of the Imperial Academy are still rightly proud of this demonstration in Gor'kii's behalf.

At that time Maksim Gor'kii had been active as a writer for about ten years, his first story, 'Makar Chudra,' having appeared in 1892 in Tiflis. After writing a number of stories that reflected the real atmosphere of the Russian people, Gor'kii at the turn of the century produced a short skit, entitled *The Storm Bird*, prophesying the impending revolution. Although suppressed and forbidden, it spread throughout the entire country. The youth of Russia would recite Gor'kii's *Storm Bird*, a kind of prose poem, thus proving that the author had correctly interpreted the revolutionary sentiment that was slumbering in the hearts of the Russian people.

Naturally enough, Tsarism banished Gor'kii along with other offenders, but in 1902 he received permission to go to Crimea. This year, when he was also elected to the Academy of Sciences, Stanislavskii's Moscow Art Theatre performed Gor'kii's famous drama, *The Lower Depths*, which has won an almost unprecedented success all over the world and continues to enjoy undiminished popularity.

In 1868, on the fifteenth of March of the old Russian calendar, which is the twenty-seventh of March on our calendar, Gor'kii was born in Nizhni Novgorod. Soon after the boy's birth his father, who was a cabinetmaker and paper hanger, moved to Astrakhan, where he got a job as ship's purser. At the age of four Maksim Gor'kii contracted cholera, and, although he was cured, his father caught the disease from him and died. Mother and child then returned to her parents' house in Nizhni Novgorod, where Maksim Gor'kii spent the first part of his youth. As time went on the grandfather grew poorer and poorer. The family lived in two dark cellar rooms, and the ten-year-old Maksim Gor'kii gathered rubbish and old bits of iron in the streets when he was not at school. The other children did not sit near him, because he smelled so strongly from spending all his time grubbing in the streets, and they called him 'the ragpicker.'

Gor'kii left school after passing through the third class, and thenceforth spent all his time as a street urchin, picking up what money he could. When he was eleven his grandfather told him that there was no more room for him and that he would have to forage for himself. It was then that Gor'kii's great wanderings began. As a cobbler's apprentice, as an errand boy, as a draftsman's assistant, as a longshoreman on the Volga, and as a ship's dishwasher, he spent the years of his youth until he reached the age of nineteen. In December 1887 he was so poor and hopeless that he tried to shoot himself. The bullet passed through his lung, and,

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although no hope was held out of saving him, he was cured by an operation. The next few years he spent working here and there for short intervals and making numerous contacts with revolutionary young men and students, through whom he made the acquaintance of the writer Korolenko.

After this Gor'kii pulled up his stakes and spent the next two years traveling the length and breadth of Russia. He visited the Don Province, the Ukraine, Bessarabia, the Black Sea, Odessa, and the Crimea. In 1891 he found himself in Tiflis, where he got work in a railroad workshop. During his extensive wanderings he practised many different trades, and often worked with the peasants.

All his experiences, all the scenes and people that he encountered in his journeys, became the raw material of which his literary work was made.

It is only natural that Gor'kii should have understood Russian life and the Russian people as no other man ever has. He knew this life and he had lived it. He had worked with peasants, he had traveled with tramps, and their fate, their sensations, their cares, and their visions had been his. Everything that Maksim Gor'kii experienced is accurately imprinted upon his work.

Maksim Gor'kii did not write 'about the people,' as so many well-intentioned bourgeois writers do, nor did he search out 'types' and make 'investigations.' Everything that he described he had experienced himself. Maksim Gor'kii did not need to dissemble; he simply wrote naturally, and in doing so expressed himself in the voice of the common people.

It is no coincidence that this same Maksim Gor'kii, the popular universal spokesman of the Russian people, should have been a close friend of Lenin, the leader of the Russian Revolution and the genius of the world proletariat. The same element that gave Gor'kii his artistic strength—namely, his identity with the toiling masses—was also the basis of Lenin's personality. Lenin likewise identified himself with the masses; he knew their fears and the very essence of their being, and built the whole structure of his mighty creative political work by applying relentlessly the theory of class war.

We have already remarked upon the fact that Gor'kii had come in touch with the revolutionary movement before his literary activity began. At this time he worked in a bakery that actually concealed a centre of revolutionary propaganda. Gor'kii also spent some time working in another shop which sheltered an organization that disseminated propaganda among the peasants along the Volga. These peasants, however, turned upon the revolutionary propagandists, burned their shop, and almost killed Gor'kii.

Later Gor'kii devoted himself entirely to the Labor movement, becoming a member of the Russian Social Democratic Party, and later joining the Bolshevist wing of that party. In January 1905, on the occasion of the Bloody Sunday in Petersburg which was to mark the opening of the first Russian Revolution, Tsarist officials arrested Maksim Gor'kii and threw him into prison. This action became known all over the world, and a number of famous Russian writers raised a storm of protest. As everyone knows, Gor'kii recorded what happened on the ninth of January in a little book that has become one of the masterpieces of world literature.

In 1906 Gor'kii went abroad and began agitating against lending any money to the Tsarist Government. A group of German writers gave him a banquet in Berlin, and he also visited Paris and New York before settling down on the Italian island of Capri.

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In 1907 he was a delegate at the famous Congress of the Russian Social Democratic Party held in London. Gor'kii spent all his period of exile in Capri attacking and developing different aspects of the Labor movement, and from 1908 to 1913 kept up a steady exchange of letters with Lenin, which provide valuable material for our knowledge of both men. During this period Gor'kii felt that the Russian Socialists needed a definite philosophy, for a group of so-called God-seekers had been formed. The Bolshevik Bogdanov was then a member of the Central Bolshevist faction, and with Lenin edited the Bolshevist organ, *Proletarian*, while Comrade Lunacharskii was living with Gor'kii in Capri.

In the course of various discussions Lunacharskii and Gor'kii, together with Bogdanov, founded a school in Capri to educate Russian workers and professional revolutionists, who were to be the instruments of their theories; but suddenly the *Proletarian* turned its back on the Capri school. Bogdanov not only devoted more attention to philosophic problems, but kept tending to develop a revised and weakened form of Marxism. Lenin then turned on this tendency and declared relentless war on the so-called Ostovist group, which ended in that group being completely excluded from the Bolshevist Party.

During this period the Ostovists tried to play off Gor'kii's authority in their behalf against the authority of the defenders of undiluted Marxism, against Lenin and the Bolsheviki. During all this time Lenin never feared that Gor'kii would turn his back on the Marxian revolutionary Labor movement. He kept up the friendly exchange of letters, and helped Gor'kii to fight his way free of the mistaken ideology of Ostovism and the God-seekers who flourished as a result of the depression following the defeated revolution in 1905 and the triumphant counter-revolution in 1907.

In 1913 Gor'kii was allowed to return to Russia, and when the war was over he worked with the victorious revolutionists, dedicating himself to cultural work among the Russian proletariat, until he finally had to seek the mild climate of Capri on account of his health. Even during the revolutionary period Gor'kii wavered just a little, each vacillation being hailed by the bourgeoisie as a great and significant sensation. This, however, was nothing new. When Gor'kii had been in difficulties with the Ostovists the bourgeois press of the entire world had triumphantly announced that the famous Russian writer had been expelled from the Social Democratic Party, and in 1917 they tried to play him off against the Bolshevist Party in the same way.

But even when their opinions differed, Lenin never doubted for a moment that Gor'kii would remain true to the proletariat and the Socialist Revolution, and in this Lenin was not mistaken. Just last year Maksim Gor'kii seized an opportunity to proclaim unequivocally to the entire world his firm support of the proletarian dictatorship. He attacked in no uncertain terms the enemies of the proletarian State and the treasonable attacks launched in revolutionary Russia against the victorious proletariat.

Full of bitter, poisonous rage, *Vorwärts*, the central organ of the Social Democratic Party, sought to wreak revenge on Gor'kii's revolutionary faith, asserting that during his seven years' exile from Tsarist Russia he had ignored the oppressions that were going on in his native land. Such counter-revolutionary assaults are really an honor to Gor'kii — to the friend of the Russian working class, the friend of Socialism, the friend of Lenin.

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Maksim Gor'kii's real name is Alekseyey Maksimovich Pyeshkov. He took the *nom de plume* of Gor'kii when his first story appeared in the Tiflis newspaper, *Kavkas*. 'Gor'kii' means 'the bitter one,' and this quality is the very essence of Gor'kii's art, for his descriptions of the Russian people never beautify, ennoble, idealize, or glorify his subject; he shows us the world and our relations toward it and each other just as they are. Gor'kii was almost the first artist who dared to depict the lower proletariat, the outcasts of society, and the oppressed existence they led. He introduced into literature the *bosjaki*, the barefoots, as the Russian vagabonds are called. In his story, 'Lost Folk,' he described a night refuge in Kazan, and later developed the same theme in his unexcelled masterpiece, *The Lower Depths*.

But what differentiates Gor'kii from all the other people who try to describe the lower classes, and what makes him so different from any middle-class writer who attempts to depict the life of the proletariat, is his own relation with these people and their lives. He does not stand above them; he does not judge them from a higher court and wring the withers of a bourgeois public at the fate of his creations. Gor'kii identifies himself utterly and completely with the people he describes, and he always discerns behind a layer of filth, apathy, evil, or indifference the instinct to rebel against the unworthy, inhuman surroundings in which these people live out their life of misery.

Revolution, battle, the will to destruction, the spirit that found its loveliest poetic expression in *The Storm Bird*, possess every character that Gor'kii has created.

It is therefore no wonder that most of Gor'kii's work should be definitely impregnated with the teachings of Marx. Not only is his novel, *The Mother*, an artistic monument to the young revolutionary workers' movement, not only is much of his other work, like his novel, *The Police Spy*, compounded of similar material, but the important thing in all Gor'kii's literary production is that the same process of development is repeated again and again. He always shows us the rebellious individualism of the petty bourgeois and of the vagabond developing into a collective feeling for the proletariat class and its fight for freedom.

Gor'kii's literary and ideological development was determined by the social condition of Russia. In 1868, when he was born, Russia was just entering upon the most primitive form of capitalist development. The massed millions of Russian peasants were still slumbering, and the only political tension of that period was between the feudal landowners, backed up by Tsarist absolutism, on the one hand, and the liberal precursors of bourgeois capitalism on the other. This political rivalry arose from the economic conflict between landowners and business capitalists. The revolutionary movement at that time was therefore directed by bourgeois intelligence. It was dominated by the individualist character of many small circles of conspirators, and not by the massed character of a proletarian class movement.

In the last decade of the nineteenth century economic and social conditions underwent a change. The flood of French capital, the building of railways and factories, created a new class, and from the poor city dwellers and the lowest members of the middle class a proletariat developed. The first Socialist groups dominated by Marx's social theories were then formed. Thirty years ago, in 1898, the Russian Social Democratic Party was established.

Maksim Gor'kii's youth and young manhood were passed during the period

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in which the driving force of the revolutionary movement changed from liberal individualist elements to the Marxian theories of class warfare, and this change in Russia is the thesis of Gor'kii's life work. If it is now true that the great writer of the Russian people is going to write a novel describing the liberated Russian peasant, that novel will crown his life work.

Two decisive factors dominate Gor'kii's ideology. In the first place, there is the fact that Gor'kii definitely recognizes the proletarian class as representing the strength of the future, the force that can and must bring to life all that is new, creative, and worth living for. In the second place, Gor'kii clearly sees the decisive rule that collective activity must play in modern society. This activity Gor'kii recognizes as the foundation of all social existence.

These fundamental aspects of Gor'kii's art make him worthy of any festive reception that proletarian Russia may prepare for him on the occasion of his return. Gor'kii's ideas make him worthy of the high opinion Lenin had of him during the Ostovist difficulties, when he wrote: 'Gor'kii is an authority in the matter of proletarian art. That cannot be denied.'

To this great proletarian writer, to this profound interpreter of the common people, the workers of every country send on his sixtieth birthday their warm brotherly good wishes, which will be more welcome to him than all the din of the bourgeois world of culture, so-called; for the essence of Maksim Gor'kii's being is expressed most clearly in these words of his: —

'I would that everyone who wears a human countenance were really worthy to be called a man. All this life is senseless, tragic, and hateful in which the endless slaving labors of one man constantly go out to supply another with more bread and more spiritual substance than he can use.'

# IBSEN TO-DAY [1]

BY ANDRÉ LEVINSON

WHILE the celebrations of Oslo still reëcho through the newspapers of the entire world, we find ourselves asking if the posthumous glory of Henrik Ibsen will survive such festivities intact. Will it emerge undamaged from the critical period that has followed his apotheosis? Will his reputation resist the moths that will attack it when the centenary is over? Is not the glory that came to him so late and in so delicate a form impaired and perhaps a little debased by the very emphasis of the official speeches and the improvised reports of foreign visitors?

Although Ibsen was supposed to have prized decorations, honorific titles, and the other exterior symbols of literary dignity even more than Goethe did, everything leads us to conclude that the fetid incense of warmed-over enthusiasm would have only slightly flattered such a taciturn, shy, shriveled misanthrope as he was. Before classi-

[1] From *Les Nouvelles Littéraires* (Paris literary weekly)

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fying his work and writing his name into our schoolbooks we must again come into contact with him. This we have not failed to do, and it was very good for us, because Ibsen rediscovered in this way is not at all the same person that we first encountered twenty years ago.

Most of the panegyrics that arose on the present occasion can justly be reproached for having paid too much attention to the most perishable part of his work and for having avoided its real beauty. Altogether too much attention has been paid to Ibsen's subversive ideology, to his criticisms of society, to his critical whims — in short, to his temporal activity and his attitude toward his own epoch. Times have changed. Did not the author of *An Enemy of the People* teach us the transvaluation of values that Nietzsche demanded? Did he not assign an age limit to various truths? His own character of Stockmann said they would only live for fifteen years. The truths proclaimed in *A Doll's House*, which at once brought universal fame to its fifty-year-old author, date definitely in the year 1879.

The thesis is obviously old stuff. The demands of Nora, who abandons home and children to affirm loftily her 'duty to herself,' give forth a hollow sound to-day. Their novelty has been proved ephemeral. The distress of the adulterous wife and the guilty mother move us — look at Anna Karenina, for example. But the flight of the proud, emancipated Nora, who took us in during our adolescence, now finds us reticent. For in so far as she conforms to John Stuart Mill's forgotten theories about feminine emancipation she is contrary to nature, forced, and rather mysterious. The play's famous dénouement exalts purely factitious sentiments, and falls into a grave æsthetic error. Madame Suzanne Ibsen was thanked for having inspired such a work, but in point of fact all that she contributed was the interference of an authoritative bluestocking whose tenacious influence was responsible for the human deficiency inherent in the play's ending. In Ibsen's household the feminist Muse predominated, and in Ibsen's theatre the man is therefore often humiliated.

If *A Doll's House* sacrifices its artistic vitality to a piece of sophistry, *Ghosts* is spoiled by the fact that destiny, instead of being a mystic notion of fatality, is linked to a scientific hypothesis of heredity that soon fell out of fashion. Sophocles cannot successfully be brought up to date by the assistance of Rougon-Macquart, whose doctrines have joined the snows of yesteryear. Nevertheless, Ibsen lived and suffered, and since he was a great poet, like the old scald Oernulf in *The Warriors in Helgeland*, or like Tasso in Goethe's poem, 'a god gave him the gift of saying what he suffered.' Nearly fifty years ago, Georg Brandes put Ibsen among the 'modern spirits,' and as such he is no longer of our time. His ideas have grown old, but the character of his sublime, tormented idealism, the pathetic intimacy of his own destiny, as reflected in his dramas, move us as much as ever.

Once we stop to consider Ibsen's theatre in so far as it reflected his own life, and once we put him back in his own surroundings, everything about him that seems fastidiously abstract, solemn, or pathetic becomes animated and clear. He was no moralist building in the void. He reacted against a background, against what his printer Aslaksen, the frightened opportunist, designates as 'the local situation.' 'Nordic fogs' and Occidental thought do not understand each other. We have a romantic idea of Ibsen's country. That far-off Hyperborean kingdom

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looks to us like the last refuge, the ultima Thule, of our poetic instinct. In our dreams the midnight sun shines on great white silences, and the wind whistles over infinite space.

But it is a mirage. The fiord is merely a stagnant sea hemmed in by high rocks that shut off the horizon. Life moves about on a small precarious surface, and the poet, 'shut in by the four walls of reality,' pursues his dream of evasion as if he were the hostage of some bigoted, limited, and malicious milieu. The narrowness of his prison limits his scope. He is like Gulliver among the Lilliputians.

Everything ought to have contributed to this isolation, of which he made an heroic virtue in the form of the lofty revolt of the individual against society and its pillars. But it is important first of all to remember that, although Ibsen was born at Skien, he was not strongly attached to the Norwegian soil. This anxious, irritated man, who finally chose voluntary exile, came from mixed Danish and Scotch forbears. His father, a rich shipowner, was ruined when Henrik was fifteen years old. The young man then became a druggist's assistant at Grimstad, where arrogant patrician families kept him at a distance. Resentment, rancor, and humiliation exasperated his inner pride and cast a shadow over his life. Another man would have been broken. Having stood out alone against all the world, this ulcerated poet ended by experiencing a bitter voluptuousness. He abhorred mediocrity as the worst of all evils. He assumed the motto of his own character Brand — 'All or nothing.'

This maxim measures the extent of his ambition, the rigidness of his moral disdain of all contingencies, and his implacable search for truth pursued to the very end. His cult of the ego is free from all complacency. It led him to the uncompromising religion of the freethinker and to the idolatry of will power. Were we to ignore the setting of his own drama and its secret source, Ibsen's homicidal individualism would seem vain indeed. But the plot of Brand rests on a real fact which Ibsen's passionate pleading disengages and brings to life in the purest possible sense.

In Brand's heroic wager the tragic wisdom of the ancients would have recognized that drunken pride in one's self that incites man to brave the wrath of the immortal gods. Catholic thought would have denounced it as a demoniacal obsession, since this exalted character becomes so ambitious to excel himself that he scales the heavens and gains grace by good works although he lacks humility. Set in a Scandinavian country during the last century, this improbable piece of fiction assumes an air of spiritual reality.

It indicates a crisis of Protestantism, or at least the evolution of Protestantism. From the time of Velhaven and Vergeland, the founders of Norwegian literature, religious inspiration dominated poetry. On the other hand, punctilious piety was fashioning morals in town and country. Faith became an instrument of moral coercion, a continual compromise between the spiritual and the temporal. The extremist Brand overleaps all the usual boundaries. The pastor Rosmer casts off his religious vestments and proclaims the coming of a free and individual code of morals. But he only shifts the cross to the other shoulder. The apostate escapes from the sanction of the Church, but the categorical imperative of Kant crushes the emancipated one to earth. He wishes to ennoble man by freeing him, but he succumbs to his own scruples. His Puritan atavism strangles his *joie de vivre*.

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If we find in Ibsen's work too strong an affirmation of the ego, which only emancipates itself in order to undergo the rigorous tyranny of morality without faith, we also discover here negation *in extremis*, thesis and antithesis. The last line of Brand seems to annihilate all that has gone before. Swept away by the avalanche, the fanatical disciple of will power questions God in apothecary Latin, and it is in liturgical Latin that the revengeful voice of thunder replies to him, 'God is *Deus caritatis*.'

Ibsen borrows from divinity the notion of miracle, and it is this miracle that Nora invokes and that solves the conflict of *Rosmersholm*, *Little Eyolf*, and *The Lady from the Sea*. Miracle is the transfiguration and repression of one's personality by the kind of truth that takes the place of mercy, by that mystical experience known as the 'law of mutation.' But once he introduced charity or peace, he had to have recourse to Roman Catholic offices. The *Pax Vobiscum* of the deaconess in the dramatic epilogue provides a prefatory formula that links this work with all the rest of Ibsen and makes it soar far above the avalanche that overwhelms Rubek and Irene. We must go to another spiritual family for the final word. We must enter a less rude world, a world where the body and soul of a living person are not immolated in some abstract conception. Being a lay theologist, Ibsen labors to construct a religion that denies authority, substituting for it personal examination and freely assumed responsibility.

The poet sets himself up as supreme judge of his own cause, and the poem is his tribunal of penitence. The hammer sculptured on his obelisk was the implement with which he penetrated the secret places of the heart. His work is therefore most poignantly described in a phrase of Goethe's as 'fragments of a general confession.' The dialogue of his philosophic dramas is merely the echo of the inner debate that is agitating a pliant conscience weighed down by a superhuman load and haunted by the 'white horses of Rosmersholm.'

This hoary, bristly king of heretics martyrized by his need for an impossible state of perfection conceals a tragic state of uncertainty beneath his frozen, morose exterior. A lithograph by Edward Munch shows us the old man at his post behind the curtain. Four-pointed whiskers and hairy temples frame a face whose real expression is dissimulated by a polished pair of eyeglasses. His lips are tight, his chin is smooth, and his mysterious face is the face of a provincial judge or notary, of a big man in a little country. Motionless, in shadowed immobility, he seems plunged in an abyss of resigned and gloomy introspection, fascinated by the arid monotony of his interior desert. An immensity of regret freezes him. The coldness that killed Borkman invades him. He has sacrificed his life to his work, to his pride as creator and judge. He is a dead man among the living, and it is too late now for him to live. Brand's quibbling controversy with Heaven only interests us as a document expressing the moral life of a nation. That cry of 'too late,' expressing the distress of a frustrated spirit of happiness, penetrates a whole cycle, from *Rosmersholm* to *John Gabriel Borkman*, from *The Master-Builder* through the last and supreme mystery of *When We Dead Awaken*. It is a revenge of nature upon doctrine, of man upon the superman, and it grips us by the entrails. To read again about this glorious frustrated existence is to be tenderly moved. Poor lovable genius, poor old man!

The unity and continuity of Ibsen's

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work, running through twenty-five plays and representing fifty years of labor, make his theatre become a history of his own intellectual and sentimental life. The prominence of certain motives, the return of certain themes and characters, the parallel between the romantic dramas that borrow their picturesque air from a legendary past and the dramas of modern life, make his whole theatrical production seem like a single unit. The avalanche in his epilogue echoes the avalanche in Brand. The disease of Doctor Rank in *A Doll's House* foretells the fate of young Alving in *Ghosts*. Margit, the lady of the house at Solhaug who languishes about her debonair husband, is a preliminary sketch for Hedda Gabler. Hilda Wangel, the radiant intruder who represents youth knocking at the door of the builder Solnaes, is the daughter-in-law of Ellida, the lady from the sea.

Often the minor theme of one play touches upon the subject of the next. Ella Rentheim, who reproaches Borkman for having sinned against the Holy Ghost by killing love in her, indicates the theme of the epilogue. Borkman loves one of two sisters, and he marries the other, believing that this forfeiture will win him a prize. But imminent justice decrees that he shall succumb. This motive of malignant faith — in one case the rivalry of sisters, and finally a fraternal tenderness that merely masks another love — persists with numerous variations. It is a long, stifled sob that sets the tone of unseen discussions between Ibsen's various lovers.

The poet himself married Suzanne Daae, the feminist Valkyrie, and he wrote to her a poem that is often quoted. Meanwhile he was only a brother to her tender sister, Marie. He had made his choice between the virago Hjordis and the fresh young Solveig. But all the admirable women who sacrifice themselves in his plays, all those gentle yet bitter sisters of charity, bear the traits of Marie and avow a secret remorse.

This infiltration of the personal element even animates the plays based on Norwegian history. In *Kongsemnerne* the jarl Skule, a sterile genius, fights in vain against King Hakon, a limited man, but one who is certain of his end and is the elect of Destiny. What does the throne of Oslo mean to us? But we are moved by Ibsen's renunciation that turns its back on action and submits with noble grief to the young monarch Björnson, the national poet. The developments and oratorical debates in his theatre of ideas always evolve into dilemmas of the heart. Thwarted sensations discreetly and obscurely nourish Ibsen's ideology, and his thought softens under its burden of years. His sorrow and remorse awake something eternal within us. They are essentially poetic because they are profoundly human, and they add to our imperishable patrimony.

To be sure, these subterranean tremblings are often so jealously dissimulated that they would put the wisest critic off the scent. Morose and susceptible, Ibsen knew how to hide his own life, which he passed in fixed retirement. But certain letters posthumously published by Georg Brandes have aroused considerable astonishment. These letters, written in a telegraphic style, are succinct effusions of fervor, and give us the key to *The Master-Builder*.

Ibsen is sixty years old, and in love. With whom? A girl that he met during a vacation in the country. Arnolph awkwardly learns the apprenticeship of tenderness. We see the ice at the Pole begin to break up. These letters are so full of touching, babbling ingenuity that they would seem to be an



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imposture, but the messages they contain are not apocryphal. Generally senile love is only appropriate to vaudeville shows, but Ibsen's late blooming has nothing ridiculous about it. Just as the seventy-year-old Goethe renounced Ulrike, Ibsen soon became wise and resigned and let happiness depart. But he carried away in his icy solitude a rich memory that illuminated his last years with all the glory of a sinking fire. The implacable ascetic made his honorable amends. He renounced his clay idols, and on the threshold of death he intoned his hosanna to the love which is of this world — 'of this delicious world full of marvels and mystery.'

Thus Ibsen crowns his work by renouncing it. The solitary figure comes out of his tomb to hold communion with that which is alive. In his old age he proclaims his new faith, 'fashioning the powers of light and darkness.' The superman returns to humanity. Then he is silent, and dies in peace.

## SIDE SHOW[1]

BY YAROSLAV HASEK

It started in Prague. I was seated on a bench in the park with my friend Mestek, the proprietor of a flea circus. He was in a bad humor. For some time past he had been harboring doubts about the future possibilities of the art of flea training. These doubts had made him melancholy, and with good reason.

A few days before his circus had been the victim of a horrible catastrophe. A drunken client, possessed by the idea that the show was a fake, penetrated the booth and precipitately smashed the precious box with his cane. The fleas were scattered, and all that was left was the microscopic chariots that the little creatures had amused the public by dragging about. Everything was demolished, even the magnifying glass. At the bottom of the box lay the inanimate corpse of little François, an incomparable artist, the very soul of the troupe. By his side could be seen another flea with broken legs, close to the upset chariot that it had drawn.

'I hoped to cure her,' sighed Mestek, 'but all my efforts were vain. Little Pepina was dying before my eyes, and I finally had to squash her.'

Mestek then described, with deep emotion, the love that had existed between these two little creatures, and the admiration with which little Pepina used to follow the evolutions of the dance that little François executed so marvelously.

'Never again,' said Mestek, 'shall I find such intelligent creatures. The modern generation is decadent and the fleas of our day have no talent. It seems as if a new and less gifted race had suddenly appeared among us. Some days ago I bought a bottle of fleas from the Old Men's Home. Not one of them was gifted. I have had fleas from the Police Station, from various orphan asylums, from the English Home, from

[1] From *La Revue Mondiale* (Paris current-affairs semimonthly)

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the Eliska Krasnohorska School, from the House of Correction, from barracks, and from various hotels. I have tried fleas from the Girls' School, fleas from housekeeping schools, and even fleas from a convent, but they all lacked any intelligence whatever. True enough, I found two or three that were not entirely without talent, but they had no heart for their work, and an artistic career meant nothing to them. Ignoring the glory that awaited them, they escaped, and here am I. I fear that the new generation will never produce artists like Pepina and François.'

These memories plunged us into melancholy, and we lived over again in our minds the triumphal tour that we had made with our flea circus, traversing Bohemia, Moravia, and Silesia. We even attempted an excursion into Hungary, but the Magyar soldiers led us back to the frontier, suspecting that our flea circus was a form of Pan-Slavic propaganda.

While we were traveling in Moravia the clergy put difficulties in our path, and when I visited the vicarage at Helstyn to invite the curate to our show he replied: 'I cannot recommend an enterprise like yours to my faithful flock. It seems to me devoid of value, because training fleas is contrary to human nature. Let me remind you that, according to Anselm, fleas in the Middle Ages bit the monks in their cells, thus preventing them from sleeping and aiding them to praise God day and night.'

'Since you consider that fleas are sacred creatures,' I replied, 'may I point out to you that some of the fleas in our circus are descendants of the very ones that bit the infant Jesus in the manger at Bethlehem.'

In spite of this, we had to leave in haste, for the curate succeeded in mobilizing the hatred of the entire countryside against us.

At this point Mestek broke in upon my reminiscences.

'A passionate and enterprising man,' he said, 'will always conquer human folly in the end. The only question is how to go about it. It is easy enough to devise a hoax, but the real job is making the spectators believe that it is not a hoax but a jaguar.

'People are fools,' he went on, developing his system of philosophy, 'and the more stupid a show is the more people are inclined to empty their purses and go to see it. New surprises must always be provided for them. What do you think of it?'

'In my opinion,' I replied, 'few people are capable of forming an independent judgment. These shows mean little to men who know how to reason. If our exhibitions have always been crowded, it was because people did not doubt our promises. Do you remember the little bat that we caught on the side of a fortification and that we passed off as a winged Australian dragon? Everybody was curious to come and see it. And I can still see the crowd swarming in front of our booth, each man trying to be the first to lay his eyes on the little boa constrictor which was supposed to be the offspring of the one that had swallowed the Viceroy of India. Yet it was nothing but a common grass snake. And do you remember the mob that filled our booth when little Pepichek played the part of an orang-outang from Borneo?'

'What a blackguard that boy was,' remarked Mestek. 'And how can I ever forget him? Do you remember the last evening, when he took it into his head to ask for a raise of five crowns, and to say that if we did not give it to him he would refuse to be an orang-outang? And on top of this the fellow made a good living off the fruit and titbits that people threw into his cage. He would gather them together in the

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corner, and when the show was over he would sell them to the teashop opposite. It was for this reason that I did not want to raise his pay. Pepichek, however, got angry, and in the middle of his last exhibit as an orang-outang began singing a popular song. What a tumult there was. No wonder the town of Tabor threw us out.

'We did much better with the mummy of King Richard III of England, although it was nothing but a sheepskin bag cleverly shaped. It was six months before the deception was discovered. And I can still see you standing before the sheepskin making one of those funeral discourses that you were so skillful at: "I present to you one of the most terrible monsters that ever sat on a throne. This criminal and evil king, whose perversity, astuteness, and ferocity amazed great Shakespeare himself — this royal monster you can now see with your own eyes. He is completely dried up and mummified. One might say that he is a form of preserves." '

'Later,' I added, 'a policeman confiscated our good Richard.'

'One might conclude,' reasoned Mestek, 'that everything is possible in this world. I should venture to say that more than half of the population of this globe make a living by some form of quackery. The important thing is to find something new to show the public. A little surprise must be provided, that is all. One must know how to infatuate the crowd. They must be *shown something.*'

'Wait a minute — don't say they must be shown something,' I replied, tracing circles with my cane in the sand. 'Why show them anything? Let us go one step further. Let us show them nothing at all.'

'Oh, no, my friend,' begged Mestek; 'they must be shown something, no matter how slight. A little pebble, at least. I have always shown something.'

'No, not even a little pebble,' I replied imperiously. 'That's an old trick. It smacks of the old school. I tell you that there is no need of showing the public anything. That is the real surprise. You say to me, "At least a little pebble, as we used to do." Once we would say that such and such a pebble came from the planet Mars, and the public went away convinced that it had seen something, and it was not surprised. But if the public were to see nothing at all its surprise would be complete.

'Wait a minute,' and, tracing a design in the sand, I continued: 'Our booth will be round and spacious. No windows. No hole in the roof. Complete obscurity. There will be two entrances, each concealed behind a portière. The public will enter by the front door and leave by the back door, which will be placed at the other end of the booth. Outside will be a sign in enormous letters: "The greatest surprise in the world. An unforgettable surprise. Women and children not admitted. Discount to soldiers." The people will enter one by one. I am outside. I admit them and shut them in. You are inside the dark booth, and as soon as our client enters you seize him by the collar and throw him out through the back door without saying a word. The price of admission will be small, and you will see that no one will regret it. I assure you that man is so made that he will wish the next person to encounter the same misfortune, and the very people who have been thrown out will be the first to praise us and invite others to go and see what it is, too. "It's some surprise," they will say. "It's astounding." Thus our enterprise will rest on a psychological foundation.'

Mestek hesitated a moment. It was not that he doubted the principle on

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which our new enterprise was based; he only wanted to perfect it. 'Would n't it be commendable,' he said after a moment's reflection, 'to whack each man with a stick on the seat of the pants?'

I protested strongly, saying that such a proceeding would only cause useless delay. 'Everything must move as rapidly as possible. The moment the customer is plunged into the darkness he is thrown out, before he can get his bearings. That is the great surprise, the real surprise. And the whole affair will thus be scrupulously serious. We only promise what we can really provide. We promise a surprise, and we keep our word. No one can say that we are fakes.'

Our serious enterprise aroused an enormous sensation. We installed ourselves in the little provincial village of Benechov, where all conditions necessary for success existed. There were soldiers and a curious public. I had broadsheets printed up just like the sign over our booth: —

SENSATIONAL!
FOR ADULTS ONLY
A FORMIDABLE SURPRISE
NO HUMBUG. GUARANTEED

The cheap entrance price of twenty centimes, the advertisements, the mysterious atmosphere of surprise, 'For Adults Only' — all these elements attracted a considerable crowd of soldiers and civilians. We could also discern a number of boys of sixteen, who were glad to reply, when questioned as to their age, that they were forty or fifty years old, provided they were granted admittance. We began at six o'clock. The first man to enter was a fat gentleman who had been waiting since five. He shot through our booth like a meteor, and I heard him say to the rest when he got outside: 'Astonishing. Hurry up and see.'

My experience with crowd psychology did not deceive me, and those who were thrown out of the door promptly advertised us. Within half an hour a hundred men had passed through Mestek's muscular hands. Some of them returned two or three times, and joy and satisfaction were written on every face. I saw that many of them sent in their friends, cordially recommending this formidable surprise to them.

But where the Devil cannot enter in person, he puts in his place a policeman. This man arrived at half past seven. 'Have you permission?' he asked at the entrance.

'Just come in,' I said.

A short struggle between the policeman and Mestek occurred in the darkness. Conscious of his official dignity, the policeman fought desperately with the formidable surprise, but he too was finally thrown out the back door, to the delighted laughter of the crowd.

More policemen then arrived. They closed our booth, and arrested us for outraging the majesty of the law and for assault and battery.

'Never again shall I embark on a serious enterprise,' said Mestek to me in a bitter voice when we were installed in our cell. 'Henceforth I shall make my living on fakes alone.'

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# THE WORK AND WORLD OF DÜRER[1]

BY A 'TIMES' ART CRITIC

NOWADAYS we put the emphasis upon the artist as designer, and so an artist like Albrecht Dürer, who was very particularly a craftsman, is likely to receive less than his due of critical appreciation. Not that Dürer was a poor designer; it is noteworthy that his contemporary Italian critics complained, not of his formal deficiencies, but of his unlikeness to 'the antique,' and, though formal perfection and the art of antiquity may to a certain extent be regarded as the same thing, we must never forget that the Renaissance was a literary and sentimental as well as an artistic movement, and that imitations of the antique were approved by its apostles whether they had formal perfection or not. But his designs were illustrative, closely adapted to their subjects, and strongly influenced by craftsmanship.

They had in consequence what we may describe as an engaging awkwardness and a greater particularity than was popular then in Italy or is approved at the present day. They were full of the Gothic spirit, which is for the moment under a cloud. In celebrating the fourth centenary of the death of Dürer we may well disregard contemporary fashion and consider his work for its positive merits; for, as Mr. Campbell Dodgson truly says in his book on the engravings of Dürer, 'the attitude of a profoundly intellectual artist like Dürer to the theme with which for the moment he is concerned, and the balance struck in his treatment of it between scientific, or literary, inspiration and a purely creative impulse, will always remain a fascinating object of study.' In the work of a great many artists there is no such balance to strike, but they are not therefore the most interesting artists.

Casting about for some general character or quality in the work of Dürer, we find a suggestion, possibly fantastic, in his name. His father, 'a pure and skillful man,' who was a goldsmith, came to Nuremberg from a village in Hungary, where the family made a living by horses and cattle, but he was probably of German origin, and the name Dürer is supposed to be a translation of Thürer, maker of doors, or carpenter, — as we might say, 'Door-er,' — and the family device was an open door. Now in all the work of Dürer, and not only in his woodcuts, there is a suggestion of the good carpenter — angularity of form, probity of construction, and a certain agreeably direct finish left by the tool, without subsequent polishing. It may not be fanciful to suggest that the difference between the mental pictures called up by 'carpenter' and 'cabinet-maker' corresponds pretty well to the difference between Dürer and his Italian contemporaries. Above all, there is in the work of Dürer the wholesome atmosphere of the carpenter's shop. The very sound of his name recalls the noise of the plane, and in looking at his work we receive a general impression of clean-cut shapes, firm

[1] From the *Times* (London Independent Conservative daily)



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articulations, — not needing glue to hold the parts in place, — and the pleasant smell of timber, the impression being clinched by the tablet which bears his signature.

The impression is all the stronger if we compare Dürer mentally with the other great artist — probably when all is told the greater artist — who divides with him the kingdom of engraving — that is to say, Rembrandt. Is it not true that in the work of Rembrandt there is something that suggests the muffled shapes, the shadowy recesses, and the rather stuffy atmosphere of the secondhand clothes shop? General impressions are queer things, and it is by no means unlikely that the sharply divided preferences, for Dürer and for Rembrandt respectively, which consort with a proper recognition of the greatness of both, are at bottom due to the different atmospheres suggested by their work.

But we must not dwell too long on the formal and technical peculiarities in the work of Dürer, important as they are, for he is one of the artists who sum up an epoch of human thought. He stands, preëminently, for the more intellectual side of the early Reformation, the side associated with the names of Erasmus, More, Pirckheimer, Melanchthon, and Frobenius. Whether or not Dürer had close personal relation with all these men — we know that he made portraits of Erasmus, Pirckheimer, Melanchthon, and Luther — is unimportant; more even than Holbein, who was closely associated with Erasmus and More, he gave artistic expression to the spirit that informed them — a spirit of comprehension rather than division, keen to put down abuses within it but recognizing the value of a universal Church, full of scientific and speculative curiosity, and, with enlightened tolerance, reconciling the best in Christian and pagan learning. It is an interesting speculation what might have happened if the spirit expressed by Dürer and not the cruder and narrower force of his friend Luther had controlled the Reformation. In a very remarkable way Dürer links together the Reformation and the Renaissance, — as if by a fusion of the German and the Italian genius, — adding a moral and intellectual stiffening to the more sensuous movement in the South.

His relations with the greater Italian artists of his time were cordial, and he both took and gave — learning from Mantegna and Bellini, influencing Titian in technical matters, and exchanging drawings with Raphael. Seldom do artists of different nations meet upon such equal terms. Dürer's gradual yielding to the formal influence of the Italians while preserving to the last a Northern 'particularity' is one of the most interesting things in the history of art — a process quite different from that exemplified later in Rubens. With Dürer it appears to have been a more intellectual process, a conscious adaptation of his own subjects and style to Italian principles of design rather than a blending of two styles. He presents the attractive spectacle of an intelligent man of independent character responding to the ways of a more polished society but still preserving his native angularity.

How far Dürer is to be regarded as a mystic depends a good deal on the meaning attached to the word. He certainly had some of the characteristics of the mystic: clear vision, definiteness, and a consuming passion to make the line express the idea directly, without descriptive circumlocution — to coin the image; but he was a mystic in his methods rather than in his meanings. He had not, like Blake, a private reading of the universe to expound, but took his subjects from re-

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ligion, classical mythology, and the legends and allegories common to his period. This is probably true even of such recondite subjects as 'Melancholy' and 'Nemesis.' 'Melancholy,' in particular, has suffered something of the fate of Leonardo's 'Mona Lisa' and Botticelli's 'Spring' from the meanings read into it — to the loss rather than the gain of the artist's reputation, as an artist. The smile of 'Mona Lisa' — the 'stern, feasting smile' of Meredith's Clara Middleton to the life — came out of the studio of Verrocchio, and we know now that 'Spring' was inspired by a poem written for a masque, and there is no need to suppose that 'Melancholy' had any more private origin.

But that does not make Dürer any the less original. Our habit of transferring the originality of an artist from the form to the subject of his designs is one of the most obscuring things in artistic appreciation. It is not really the business of the artist to invent subjects, and as a rule it is the artist weak in design and craftsmanship who falls back upon ingenuity in that direction. Dürer's originality was in the form he gave to his designs and in the way he stamped everything with his own personality. All his work, whether painted or engraved, has an extraordinary intensity of realization. The impression given is that everything seen, heard, or read was converted into similar terms in his imagination, and his 'Melancholy' is not really more mystical than his drawings of still-life objects. Paradoxical as it may sound, he was mystical by his very avoidance of mystery — in the sense of the vague and shadowy. More consistently than most artists, and apparently without conscious effort, he created a world of his own, so that 'Düreresque' has become a convenient word for a certain kind of conception.

Thanks partly to his own writings and the correspondence of his friends, we have more detailed information about Dürer's history and personality than we have for most great artists of the past. Born in Nuremberg on St. Prudentius Day, the Tuesday in Rogation Week, May 21, he was intended to be, like his father, a goldsmith, but at the age of fifteen was apprenticed to Michael Wolgemut, the painter-engraver. There is a portrait drawing of Dürer by himself at the age of thirteen in the Albertina, Vienna, and there are other early drawings in the British Museum and elsewhere. In 1490 Dürer left Nuremberg on the usual travels of the craftsman at that period, and after wandering about Germany for two years he went to Colmar with the intention of studying under Martin Schongauer, who, however, had died the year before. From Schongauer's brother he learned engraving upon wood and metal, and his early work was strongly influenced by Schongauer. In 1494 Dürer married Agnes Frey, the daughter of a prosperous merchant at Nuremberg. According to Pirckheimer, she turned out a bit of a shrew, but Pirckheimer was gouty, and had, moreover, a personal grievance against the lady, and Dürer seems to have been happy in his domestic life, though very much absorbed in his art. In the autumn of 1494 he went to Italy, where he made an acquaintance with the work of Mantegna, which had a permanent and beneficial effect upon his designs. About ten years later he visited Italy again, remaining there for nearly two years, chiefly at Venice.

It was at this time that he met Giovanni Bellini, then very old, whom he describes as 'the best master,' and his letters to Pirckheimer are full of interesting comments on the life of the place and the way he was received by the Venetian artist. By the time he re-

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turned to Nuremberg, in 1507, he was famous throughout Europe, both as painter and engraver, receiving employment from the Emperor Maximilian and making his friends among the most intellectual men of the day. At the time of the Diet he visited Augsburg and drew portraits of the great personages assembled there. In 1520 Dürer set out for the Netherlands to attend the coronation of Charles V, meeting Erasmus at Antwerp and making excursions to various places, and, unfortunately, taking the fever — presumably malarial — which eventually killed him. He died at Nuremberg on April 6, 1528, so suddenly that no friend could be called in, and was buried in the Cemetery of St. John, his death being the occasion of a beautiful letter from Luther to their mutual friend Hesse. In spite of the tragic intensity of some of his engravings, Dürer appears to have been a cheerful, even-tempered man, with a good conceit of himself. His personal appearance is familiar to us from self portraits, with their remarkable resemblance to traditional representations of Our Lord.

When we consider the work of Dürer as a whole, we are struck by three things in particular — its highly intellectual character, the persistence of Gothic feeling under classical influence, and perfect craftsmanship. In comparing it with the work of such artists as Raphael, Titian, and Rubens, we should remember these characters and what they involve as consequences in design. That Dürer fell below Raphael and Rubens in unity of design must be admitted, but unity becomes difficult in proportion to intellectual depth, and it is a counsel of despair to say that an artist can be too intellectual. The wisest plan is to say that Dürer was 'different,' and that the peculiarities of his design proceeded from the nature of its subject matter.

Although he is best known to us as an engraver, we have two of his best-painted portraits in this country — 'Portrait of the Painter's Father' in the National Gallery, and 'Portrait of a Young Man' at Hampton Court. This young man, who also appears in the 'Adoration of the Virgin,' — or 'Feast of Rose Garlands,' — which Dürer painted for the German colony of merchants in Venice on his second visit, and which is now in a damaged state in a monastery near Prague, has lately been identified from a miniature. There is also a 'Virgin with the Iris' in the collection of Sir Herbert Cook at Richmond. The Dresden 'Crucifixion' was painted about the same time as the 'Feast of Rose Garlands,' and other important paintings by Dürer are the 'Self Portrait' and 'Adam and Eve' in the Prado, the 'Massacre of Ten Thousand Martyrs,' and the 'Adoration of the Trinity by All the Saints' at Vienna, and the heads of the Apostles Philip and James in the Uffizi.

Of his work in engraving it is hardly necessary to speak in detail; it is enough to say that such works as the 'Passion' series, 'Adam and Eve,' the 'Great Horse,' 'Nemesis,' 'The Knight, Death, and the Devil,' 'Melancholy,' and 'Saint Jerome in His Study' are among the masterpieces of the art. On April 18 there will open in the Department of Prints and Drawings at the British Museum an extensive exhibition of drawings, engravings, and woodcuts by Dürer, and it is to be hoped that the opportunity will not be neglected.

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# PATHS AND PLACES

*News from the World's Wide Lanes of Travel — Ships and Sailings — The Student Abroad*

### *Random Travel Notes*

EUROPE'S feature attraction this summer is by all odds the Ninth Olympiad at Amsterdam. On the outskirts of the city and her thousand canals an 'Olympic City' is built on filled-in marshland. A main stadium seating forty thousand is encircled by a race track and cycling course. Rowing and yachting events will grace the Zuider Zee. Within the Olympic City, pavilions for the art competitions, a special swimming stadium, cricket field, tennis courts — all are ready. The city of Spinoza's birth, of Rembrandt's long residence, of the world's greatest diamond market, awaits the modern athlete.

Amsterdam is easy of access. A through train from Berlin takes nine and one-half hours, from Vienna twenty-three, from Paris eight, from Edinburgh via Harwich twenty-two, from London via Harwich and Flushing eleven and one-half. Airways are miraculously swift in comparison. London is but two and one-half hours distant, Paris three, Berlin three and one-half, Geneva eight.

Tickets are being sold through the American Olympic Committee at 305 Broadway, New York. You may get a series ticket for each sport or a day ticket for all sports on a given date. During the games, day tickets will be sold only in Amsterdam. Incidentally, if you are not making hotel reservations through a competent tourist agency, try the American Olympic Committee at the above address.

In 1896 the Olympic Games, famed in Greek history, were revived at Athens. The United States won in that year, and has won at every succeeding Olympiad: Paris, 1900; St. Louis, 1904; Athens, 1906; London, 1908; Stockholm, 1912; Antwerp, 1920; Paris, 1924. Shall we win again? You may get first-hand knowledge if your European trip fits into these dates: —

*Opening ceremony* (Olympic stadium): July 28. *Athletics* (Olympic stadium): track and field events, July 29 to August 6 inclusive. *Gymnastics* (Olympic stadium): August 8 to 10. *Defensive sports:* fencing (fencing pavilion), July 29 to August 11; wrestling, catch-as-catch-can (boxing pavilion), July 30 to August 1; wrestling, Græco-Roman (boxing pavilion), August 2 to 5; boxing (boxing pavilion), August 7 to 11. *Nautical sports:* rowing (Zuider Zee), August 6 to 10; swimming (Olympic swimming baths), August 4 to 11. *Equestrian sports* (Olympic stadium): August 9 to 12. *Combined sports* (Olympic stadium): pentathlon (athletics, fencing, horse riding, shooting, swimming), July 31 to August 4. *Games:* cycling (road race, and Olympic cycling track), August 3 to 5; weight lifting (boxing pavilion), July 28 to 29; yachting (Zuider Zee), August 2 to 9. *Art competition* (Olympic art pavilions): May 7 to August 12. *Exhibition of a National Sport* (Korfbal): August 7. *Exhibition of a Foreign*



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*Sport* (lacrosse): August 7. *Closing ceremony:* August 12.

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AMERICANIZATION goes on apace in Paris. Her most pretentious soda fountain has recently been opened on the Rond-point des Champs Élysées by the American corporation using the name of the late Louis Sherry. Restaurant and tearooms decorated in the ultra-modern manner of the steamer Île de France complete the establishment. It will rank with Ciro's, the Café de Paris, and Paillard's as a fashionable rendezvous. Other Paris restaurants are famed for specialties — Marguery, sole; La Tour d'Argent, duck; À la Biche, kidney stew and Vouvray. But the *vrai américain* will go straight to Sherry's for a chocolate-marshmallow-nut sundae served up by attendants brought over from home.

* * *

MEXICO begins to realize her possibilities for the traveler. Banditry and revolution are quiescent. Sir Henry Thornton, head of the Canadian National Railways, has studied Mexico's railways. He pronounced them fit, and urged the offering of cut rates to tourists. In San Antonio, Texas, a magnificent Mexican tourist bureau tries to lure you across the Rio Grande. And if you get to Havana you might as well take a round trip from there to Mexico City, Pachuca, Puebla, and back — for $305.40, first class.

* * *

CANNES responds to American tourist influence with a new summer Casino in the Place Masque de Fer, frankly admitting that the Riviera has become a summer resort as well as a winter playground. Paris music halls are the same yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow. Berlin's gayety, however, has kept pace with Germany's steady comeback since the war. Near the State Opera House in the Tiergarten an immense amusement palace approaches completion, designed as much for home patronage as for tourists. Ten thousand may disport in its colored marble halls before the S. R. O. notice is hung out.

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SPAIN has become so popular a field for tourists that refuge shelters for those unable to secure proper accommodations are being built by the Commission of Tourist Regulations. The first is at Sierra de Gredos. A second is rising at Seville. Timely hotel reservations are preferable.

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YOU have heard stories about the imminent fall of Pisa's Leaning Tower. They may be laughed at. Water has undermined the structure, to be sure. But a government committee has investigated. By the coffer-dam method, underground walls are being built. The tower will continue to lean, but is secure.

* * *

EZRA POUND, the American poet, blames the present passport and visa nuisance on Woodrow Wilson, who, he says, 'introduced an academic mind into international affairs.' Governments are loath to give up the profitable absurdity of requiring visas, utterly unknown before the war. Italy a few weeks ago threw bureaucracy into confusion by offering free passport visas — ordinarily ten dollars each — to all travelers entering the country from Italian-owned ships. Whereupon the French and British steamship lines set up a great cry for the same concession from their own governments. Czechoslovakia's Ministry of Commerce is agitating for free visas for Americans. Germany and Switzerland are the most sensible tourists countries. Entry has always been free to Americans.

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CAMELS, Fatimas, Lucky Strikes ('Happy Hits' in England), are now on sale in the remotest corners of France. By a new arrangement, the small tobacconist gets them on credit from the government tobacco monopoly. Formerly he had to pay cash.

### *Ships and Sailings*

FOR twenty years the Mauretania has been the fastest ship on the North Atlantic. Her only rivals now are the Majestic and Leviathan, formerly the German Bismarck and Vaterland respectively. But Germany is after her old prestige on the high seas. With the Bremen and Europa, nearing completion in German shipyards, she will probably take the Mauretania's scalp. The new ships are each to be of 46,000 tons, with a speed of twenty-six knots. The Mauretania, 30,696 tons, ordinarily makes but twenty-five.

Other new liners are being rushed into the speed and luxury war. The Holland-America's Statendam, 30,000 tons, will take the water in a few months. Italy is newly served by the Conte Grande, sister ship of the Conte Biancamano. Both these Italian ships now make Gibraltar a westbound port of call, giving the traveler in Southern Spain a fast direct sailing to New York. The Vulcania, sister ship of the Italian motor-liner Saturnia, which recently startled New York harbor with her single stubby stack, has just gone into the Italian service.

Airplanes will be regular equipment on the North German Lloyd steamer Columbus and the French Île de France. The Columbus lowers its seaplane over the side and the take-off is made from the water. A catapult on the Île de France launches her plane directly into the air. Mails and passengers are put ashore four or five hours early in this way.

Does all this bewildering competition bring down rates? Indirectly, yes. In tourist third cabin, no.

To the dismay of those with limited funds, tourist third-cabin rates for the round trip have gone up twenty dollars 'in season' — eastbound from June 15 to July 15, westbound from August 8 to September 22. One must now pay $190 or more for the round trip. Steamship companies answer the great chorus of groans in this wise: Space is crowded to the limit; there is no danger of losing trade by increasing rates; so why not? Besides, tourist third cabin shows Frankenstein tendencies. Too few are paying high first- and second-class rates.

In another way travel is cheaper. The old order of first, second, and third class changeth. Immigration laws restricting entry into the United States have removed the chief *raison d'être* for class distinctions. And second class has been shunned in recent years as being neither here nor there, as it were. Two types of vessels are evolving — the 'cabin steamer' having only 'cabin class' and tourist third class, and the single-class steamer having no distinctions whatever. When a three-class ship is converted into a cabin steamer, cabin-class rates are cheaper than the former first-class rates. At present the general minimum, one way, is $152.50. This spring a number of ships wear the new cabin-class dress: Carmania, Caronia, Laconia, Scythia (Cunard); New Amsterdam, Ryndam (Holland-America); Adriatic (White Star).

Single-class tourist vessels — in which all cabins are the same tourist third-class rate — multiply. Choice of cabin is here determined solely by priority of application. In 1925 the Atlantic Transport Company experimented in this field with the Minnekahda. It was a success. Then followed the Minnesota of the same line. Then

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the Devonian and Winifredian (Leyland), sailing from Boston. Now the Cosulich Line, to Italian and Mediterranean ports, and the Hamburg-American announce several new single-class ships on the ways.

### *The Student Afield*

FREE passport visas, or considerable reductions, are granted to students holding the International Student Identity Card issued by the National Student Federation of America at its Foreign Relations Office, 218 Madison Avenue, New York. The Student Federation is immensely useful to students traveling abroad. It unites the student bodies of about two hundred American colleges, and is a member of the International Confederation of Students (C. I. E.). Promotion of student travel and acquaintance is its chief function. Three projects of striking interest are under way for this summer.

First, the Federation itself is organizing ten groups of students in as many different colleges to go as official delegates to the C. I. E. in Europe. The Americans will be entertained by the European students, given dances, teas, receptions. Sight-seeing is done always in the company of Europeans of like interests. Costs are less than in the ordinary sight-seeing tour. Besides, members of these groups have a status abroad which money cannot buy — that of official guests. Second, through The Open Road, Inc., of 2 West 46th Street, New York, the Federation's official travel representative, groups are being organized in American colleges to go abroad as unofficial guests of European student organizations and international societies. An American Advisory Committee headed by Dr. Henry Noble MacCracken, president of Vassar, is sponsoring these trips. The same standards of student hospitality are maintained as in the first trips mentioned, but such organizations as the English-Speaking Union are also coöperating in entertainment abroad. The third project is a series of tours to Soviet Russia, also handled through The Open Road. Fifteen groups of eight each will spend from three to seven weeks in the U. S. S. R. (Union of Socialist Soviet Republics). In Russia the Society for Cultural Relations with Foreigners and the Central Students' Bureau are hosts and coöperators. There is no hint of propaganda in the tours. Membership is restricted to graduate students and recent graduates having a serious but objective interest in the Russian experiment.

Three-week summer sessions at Paris, Grenoble, or Tours (University of Poitiers) combined with sight-seeing jaunts about France are announced by the Comité des Voyages d'Études en France, whose headquarters are at 701 Fifth Avenue, New York. An American Advisory Committee is under the chairmanship of Dr. Paul Van Dyke of Princeton. You live with private French families during the study period of July 12–August 4, going up to Paris afterward for *promenades conférences*. The cost is but $375, not including steamship fare.

The University of Madrid offers a summer school for foreign students from July 9 to August 4. Courses deal with the Spanish language, culture, literature, music. Frequent excursions are made — to Toledo, the Escurial, Segovia, Aranjuez. Thirty-two dollars is the General Course fee. Board and lodging in Madrid ranges from two to four dollars a day.

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### *Maurois Replies*

As might have been foreseen, M. André Maurois has come back at the *Mercure de France* for its savage attack signed by 'Auriant' that we reprinted in our April 15 issue. The aggrieved biographer attempts to demonstrate three things — 'that it was impossible for me to write my books by making use only of the books cited by him [Auriant]; that in order to write them it was necessary for me to have read the works I enumerated; that your contributor has not, alas, read any of the latter, whereas I, contrary to what he affirms with such astounding authority, have read and annotated them myself.'

M. Maurois begins with *Disraeli*, showing that the very opening pages were based on Hyamson's *History of the Jews in England*, and contained material not to be found in Monypenny and Buckle. Everything that concerned Disraeli's father and grandfather Maurois, like Monypenny and Buckle, drew from the introduction to the works of Disraeli's father, 'with a memoir by his son.' He then goes on to enumerate a host of anecdotes that he drew from T. P. O'Connor's *Life of Lord Beaconsfield*, from Whibley's *Life of Lord John Manners*, from Morley's *Gladstone*, and from Strachey's *Queen Victoria*, all of which appeared after the Monypenny and Buckle book. The facts as brought out by M. Maurois indeed indicate that Auriant did not know the sources, and that other books than the Buckle biography had been consulted.

With *Ariel* it is not quite the same story, for the sources are so few that Dowden and Maurois had to cover pretty much the same ground. Attention, however, is directed to one of Auriant's triumphant quotations about 'The evening was most beautiful; the sands slowly receded,' and so forth. 'What is this text?' asks M. Maurois. 'Is it Dowden's? Not at all. This passage appears in Shelley's own *History of a Six Weeks' Tour*, which contains the only description we possess of this journey.'

He then shows a multitude of similar cases where both he and Dowden drew upon Shelley's own productions, both in verse and in prose. There are, however, certain passages in Dowden that subsequent books have disproved, and Maurois's own biography shows that he has made himself familiar with this revised information. Murray's new edition of Byron's correspondence refers, for instance, to an 'imperfect' version of a letter describing Claire's illness in Naples that Dowden used. Dowden also says nothing about Trelawny's desire to marry Mary which Maurois refers to in his biography.

'As in the case of *Disraeli*,' complains M. Maurois, 'your contributor has not read the last lines of the book. I ask him to find in Dowden the anecdote with which *Ariel* ends and which describes the visit of the young woman journalist to the aging Claire. This episode, used by Henry James in *The Aspern Papers*, — has your contributor ever read that book? — comes from a rather rare little volume entitled *Last Links with Shelley, Byron, and Keats* that I read in the British Museum.'

M. Maurois also defends his success in England. He shows that abridged



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biographies of Shelley and Disraeli already existed, and that his books were not considered as being in that class at all. He quotes a tribute of Sir Edmund Gosse, who described *Ariel* as a work of 'fascinating originality.' Maurois then goes on to reply that he is not an industrialist any more — all that part of his life now lies behind him, in the discard, it seems. Nor is he a hustling moneygrubber: both he and his publisher agreed that *Ariel* would never be a popular book, and that it was only written for fun. To the charge that his work is carelessly and rapidly put together, M. Maurois replies by inviting his critic to inspect the manuscript of *Disraeli*, which was first written out in longhand, then copied over on a typewriter, revised, recopied, and revised once more.

'And is it possible,' asks M. Maurois as the coda approaches, 'that the *Mercure de France* would allow itself to print statements reproaching a French writer for having spoken of French literature in English and American universities?' And with this heinous accusation still ringing in our ears we take leave of the editor of the worthy *Mercure de France*, annihilated by his victim's horrible revenge.

### *A Pirandello Tragedy*

THE fickle public has finally turned upon Luigi Pirandello, for according to the *Morning Post* his latest play, *La Nuova Colonia*, 'was denounced as a failure by a storm of hissing, whistling, and catcalls, which drowned all the efforts of those who sought to develop a counterdemonstration of applause.' The Rome correspondent of the London *Times* exercised more reserve, for he reported that 'the play was well, if not enthusiastically, received on the first night.'

The drama contains sixteen nondescript characters, and when the curtain rises we discover these dregs of humanity in a seaport tavern. They include La Spera, a young and beautiful woman of the town, and the survivors from an abandoned island which has been threatened by submersion. The shadow of the police falls darkly over them all, and in despair La Spera suggests returning to a new life on the island. After providing themselves with farming implements and a boat, the party, including La Spera and her baby, whose father is the honest Currao, set forth. Established in the ruined houses of the island, La Spera is recognized Queen. There is a dispute over property and an earthquake scare, whereupon Crocco, the villain, decamps in the only boat on the island. He returns with a fleet of four ships, and brings with him the wealthy Padrone Nocio, with his daughter Mita, and a supply of brides for the other settlers. The influx of women forces La Spera from her unique position, and she is turned against and spat upon. Currao is about to be hurled into the sea from a cliff when Padrone Nocio, who is the nominal ruler, intervenes in his behalf. The island lapses into virtual anarchy, and the second act ends in a scene of women and wine.

In the third act the reins of government are handed to Currao, whose position Nocio tries to strengthen by marriage to his daughter Mita. La Spera is now also scorned by Currao, but she asks him to leave her alone, being satisfied with her love for their child. Meanwhile Crocco plots to rid himself of Currao by setting up La Spera as a rival claimant to power. Several confused and stormy scenes follow, until one in which Currao springs forward to snatch the child from La Spera. She climbs nimbly to the highest point of the island and cries: 'If you touch him, may the earth

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open and swallow you.' The earth promptly obliges her. Everybody is engulfed in an earthquake except La Spera, who stands upon a point of rock moaning: 'I, here alone with you, my child, upon the waters.'

The plot has had some literary history. In 1911 Pirandello's novel, *Suo Marito*, dealt with the husband of a clever young provincial authoress who had made a name for herself by writing a new and original comedy, *La Nuova Colonia*. This drama, the summary of which he published in 1911, is the basis for his latest play.

Whether the cause for the hissing and general disapproval on the first night lay with the audience or with the author we are in no position to say, but it seems as though Pirandello were handling rather explosive material when he places fifteen men and one woman on a volcanic island threatened by submersion. Furthermore, the Italians may have been annoyed by Pirandello's dry irony, or by the spectacle of fifteen men ruled by one woman, which Fascist anti-feminism would not swallow easily. But that great critic, the Prince of Wales, has recently declared that first-night audiences are poor judges, since they must often stand in the rain for long hours in order to get tickets, and perhaps *La Nuova Colonia* is therefore really not so bad as early reports would have us believe.

### *Newton's Taste*

COLONEL R. DE VILLAMIL has discovered the 'true and perfect Inventory' of Sir Isaac Newton's possessions, from which we may obtain some notion of that great scientist's idea of how a house should be furnished. The document, which was drawn up at the time of his death by order of the Prerogative Court of Canterbury, is sixteen feet long and five inches wide, and consists of strips of vellum, each officially stamped. Colonel de Villamil recently discovered the bulk of Newton's library, and after a two-year search unearthed this inventory as well. With it we may reconstruct Newton's house in St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, and also obtain some idea of how a well-to-do English home looked in 1727.

Sir Isaac apparently was very fond of crimson, a color that predominates in the many curtains and hangings which are to be found in his rooms. His bedroom contained a 'crimson mohair bed, compleat with case curtains of crimson Harrateen,' a feather bed, bolster, a down pillow, three blankets, and a 'callico quilt.' The last was probably made of some brightly colored cotton material printed with imitation cashmere designs and quilted with cotton. The hangings in the room were crimson mohair 'lined with canvass,' and, although the color of the window curtains is not specified, they too were probably of the same material. The other chief articles of furniture were a large glass, in a glass and gold frame, six 'walnut tree' chairs, and three pictures. The adjoining 'closet' contained a 'silk sattee,' two cushions, a card table, and a 'peerglass,' with three pairs of window curtains.

In his niece's room the bed curtains were lined with silk. The bed itself was furnished with a 'callico quilt.' The valances on the window curtains were of crimson mohair, but the curtains were of 'druggit' and 'spriggit muslin.' There were also three pieces of 'tapestry hangings' and some 'old China hangings,' besides a glass in a black frame. The same lady also enjoyed two chests and a chest of drawers, as well as three small tables and a 'skreen.' In neither of the two bedrooms is any mention made of washing accommodation — a fact which Colonel de Villamil thinks strange indeed.

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In Newton's study, just above his bedroom, stood a walnut cabinet writing desk and a large table, both of them with drawers. The room contained two hundred and ten prints. There were six cases of shelves, which held Newton's 1896 books. The other articles in this room included a small piece of tapestry, some 'Irish stich hangings,' and two 'plaistered heads.' No mention is made of window curtains, although there was a 'Bath mettle case of instruments.'

In the dining-room the chief object of present-day interest was 'a figure cutt in ivory of Sir Isaac in a glass frame,' from which the medallion figure in the Royal Society's case of Newton relics is probably cast. Among the securities listed in this inventory we find twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of South Sea capital stock, which then sold at 104, and twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of South Sea 'Annuities,' then valued at 97½. In commenting upon this discovery, Colonel de Villamil remarks that 'England's great genius was, apparently, still extremely human, and had his weaknesses, like all of us.'

### *Galsworthian Advice*

JOHN GALSWORTHY unburdened himself of a pack of advice for graduating Oxford students by telling them how to choose a career and how to be happy though working. Unself-consciousness is the keynote of it all, he said, whether a man be collecting butterflies, examining Greek roots, or carving up other people. We are pleased to inform unfortunate Americans that according to Mr. Galsworthy it is a popular superstition to believe that the best way to lose self-consciousness is in the bottle, though public speaking is efficacious, too. In the latter case 'one may get so lost that only a pull on the coat-tails will restore one to remembrance of self, and it takes two pulls to restore one to remembrance of others.'

Writers have a hard time of it, and their working hours are 'an oasis in a desert of self-remembrance. There is a complete conspiracy to remind successful writers of themselves. It includes the press, the photographer, the seeker of the autograph, purveyors of fountain pens and ginger ale, and all those commodities which require the holographed approbation of the successful novelist before they can be sold.' Then there are those people — journalists like ourselves, perhaps — who seek an opinion on every imaginable subject from recognized authors. 'It includes also the clergyman whose church requires restoration and who thinks the successful writer is the man to restore it; the lunatic who has been wrongly incarcerated and turns to the successful writer as one who will have a fellow feeling as a matter of course; the society in search of a president, and the society in search of a "few words."'

Of course, politics is hardly the best place to lose self-consciousness, for the politician must ever keep his finger on the public pulse and play the part of the minister who announced that there would be no prayers for rain, since the barometer was too high. A farmer enjoys a good job so far as self-satisfaction is concerned, but Mr. Galsworthy felt that few Oxford boys would enjoy being rustics. Eating is a common practice even at Oxford, but providing the eats is hardly genteel.

Mr. Galsworthy gave a passing thought to 'honest toil,' which has so little to offer besides union wages. 'The bricklayer must not exceed a certain rate per day, and the plumber may not plumb with passion.'

As for the diplomatic profession, Mr. Galsworthy felt that he did n't know much about it 'except that it has not yet been thrown open to the more



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diplomatic sex. I have always understood that it consists chiefly in looking wiser than the other fellow, or — and this is called high diplomacy — in looking more foolish than the other fellow and being wiser. A good digestion is a necessity, because lunching and dining appear to be an integral, if not the chief, part of the diplomatic existence. There is also the new diplomacy, in which you say what you mean straight out, and damn the consequences. You have to be a bluff, hearty fellow, like Clemenceau and Mr. Cook.'

All in all, to realize one's actual unimportance in the scale of things demands a sense of proportion as well as a sense of humor. Nature, moreover, 'watchful as an old spider, spies the cases of self-consciousness and throws up a philosophy by way of cure.' Such are Galsworthy's reflections on choosing a career, the trials of authorship, the new diplomacy, and self-forgetfulness.

### *Pens and Politicians*

THE Conservative Government of England is having no little trouble trying to restrain the pens of Winston Churchill and Lord Birkenhead. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has signed a contract to write twelve articles for the International Magazine Company, for a sum of money which exceeds his yearly salary for watching England's Treasury. And Lord Birkenhead not only evaded the Premier's rule against ministers making 'contributions to journalism,' but he invited the censure of women the world over by publishing in the British edition of *Good Housekeeping* an article entitled 'The Intrusion of Women,' in which he declared that their entry into industry and politics was a failure.

The Labor *Daily Herald* was at a loss whether to defend women against Lord Birkenhead's attack or to attack him for ignoring the Premier's rule. On the whole it pursued the former and weaker course. The noble journalist stated that 'in practice women have not shown the capacity for broad views, the skill in debate, the aptitude for honorable give and take, and the prudent foresight which are so essential to the able parliamentarian. Nor do I imagine that later generations will on the whole produce women of larger political attainment.' He emphatically concluded with these italics: '*The incursion of women into industry and politics has failed, is failing, and must of necessity fail.*' Miss Ellen Wilkinson, M.P., replied, in effect: 'You're another!'

The London *Morning Post*, true to its Tory traditions, cannot reconcile the plebeian though remunerative task of journalism with the highly honorific and noble calling of governing the country. This Conservative newspaper has not changed its opinion since three years ago, when it said editorially: 'What people object to, and with reason, is to see a minister of State hacking in the public press, writing so often that he can have little time left — if the work is really his own — for any other activity; making, in fact, journalism his calling, when he is also the salaried head of a Department.'

The defenses offered by both Lord Birkenhead and Mr. Churchill are amusing. Although the article by Lord Birkenhead was written on order, the subject having been suggested by the editor of *Good Housekeeping*, a footnote informs us that the contribution is one of a volume of essays to be published by the Secretary of State for India. Hence, apparently, 'The Intrusion of Women' is not journalism, but literature. Mr. Churchill's secretary said that his employer's articles on 'Personages I Have Known' would not come under the ban, since they were noncontroversial and therefore not journalism. The

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*Morning Post* sensibly replies: 'We cannot but feel that these distinctions are somewhat casuistical, and should prefer to see the defense placed frankly on the growing difficulty of living on the ministerial scale of salaries. But that, of course, is another question.'

### *The Great Unreadable*

THE London *Bookman* has asked several of England's leading writers for their opinions on works in English literature which are recognized as classics but which very few people read to-day. Spenser, Milton, Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray are among the chief literary lights which have grown dim in our time, although they still have some champions among well-read men. Aldous Huxley declared against *The Faerie Queene*, since 'Spenser's melodious and empty facility gets on my nerves. Besides, I am not in the least interested in the story.' He damned Meredith among the novelists for his empty and pretentious 'literariness.'

Although Philip Guedalla has never read *Paradise Regained* and *The Faerie Queene*, he does not doubt that he would 'find them far more readable than the works of their modern critics.' J. D. Beresford does not find Spenser, Milton, Scott, and Jane Austen unreadable, but he does not read them because he is 'too intensely interested in the life we are living to-day' and he finds 'no help to any comprehension of it in those four authors. I know quite well that the idolaters of Spenser, Milton, and the "immortal Jane" will immediately sit on their tails and howl when they see this, but their overfamiliar protests and arguments leave me unmoved.'

Thomas Burke has tried to read four of Thomas Hardy's novels and has never finished one. Nor can he get through a volume by Thackeray. Warwick Deeping has read all of *The Faerie Queene*, — and should perhaps receive some sort of medal for having done so, — but he finds that he cannot read Scott and Thackeray. E. F. Benson says: 'I am sure *The Faerie Queene* is a masterpiece, but I always distrust the judgment of anyone who finds it readable.' Andrew Soutar does not hesitate to hand the palm of dullness to Lion Feuchtwanger's recent book, *Power*.

Frank Swinnerton feels that the inability to read 'is largely an affectation. . . . To boast that one cannot read any book is to boast of one's own limitations.' Perhaps he is right, although there is a limitation of time, both in that accorded each reader to apply to literature and in that which Time imposes upon literature by making it less interesting for one generation than for another.

### *Saint or Hero?*

UNDER the title, *Held oder Heiliger*, Count Coudenhove-Kalergi, the leader of the Pan-European movement, and the living image of Rudolph Valentino, has written an impressive and readable analysis of the present condition of Europe. He begins by showing that Occident and Orient really correspond to North and South and not to East and West, and that, on account of climate, Japan and Europe have more in common than Europe and Algeria or than Europe and India. He then explains that the Orient has produced a number of saintly codes of life, in the form of Christianity, Buddhism, Judaism, and Mohammedanism, which are the complete antithesis of the heroic ideals of Europe.

In ancient days, for instance, Greece corresponded to modern Europe, Macedonia was Russia, Rome was America,

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and Asia Minor was the entire East. But in those days Greece went in for the purely European code. Nothing corresponding to Christianity had come to divide its energies and attentions and turn it against itself. The heroic virtues that again cropped out in the Renaissance and that have animated all the really great ones of Europe enjoyed full sway.

At the present time, however, all is changed. Europe is now dominated by three forces — Individualism, Socialism, and Heroism. Christian ideals and economic pressure have made Socialism inevitable, but there are compensating influences; the idea of individuality has flourished in Europe, especially since the Reformation; and the World War showed that heroism is as much alive as ever. But the Count looks upon himself as a practical pacifist, and he not only abominates war and the politicians and munitions makers who foment it, but he pictures Bolshevism as the new barbarism at the gates. He points out the deficiencies of the Ten Commandments, showing how millions of Christian Europeans slaughtered millions of their fellows with the full support of the spiritual as well as the temporal powers. And in pursuit of some other heroic ideal, however mistaken, other commandments are broken just as lightly.

In place of the old-fashioned Commandments, he therefore substitutes four virtues of his own, which he declares incarnate the heroic ideals of Europe, and which her citizens can follow without wasting their energies or letting themselves in for any hypocrisy. 'Be healthy. Be strong. Be beautiful. Be clean,' urges the Count — and all else, no doubt, shall be added unto you. By following these four simple rules, Europe, like the man in the advertisement, can become the hit of the party.

It is interesting that the New World does not come in for any attention to speak of. When he was spinning his Pan-European dream, Count Coudenhove-Kalergi calmly accepted Pan-America as a *fait accompli*, but since Havana, Tacna-Arica, and Nicaragua even he must have realized that certain differences do now and then divide the United States from her dear friends, little and big, in Latin America. And here again a similar misconception occurs. Ignoring the misery in our coal fields and cotton mills, the Count says that the reason we have no labor problem is that every American feels that he can be a millionaire, and he therefore recommends Europe to adopt a similar technique. This bland fitting of the facts to theories makes at least one reader suspect that the European return to heroism presupposes the existence of altogether too many heroic virtues. It is like the League of Nations. To have an effective League, all parties must be well disposed, but if all parties are well disposed there is no need of a League.

But we would not end on a cynical note, for, whatever the practical drawbacks of *Held oder Heiliger* may be, it remains an amazingly vivid and brilliant tour de force. Such excursions into the world of ideas need not be taken too literally, and German philosophy, even when it is written by a man of mixed Austrian and Japanese blood, should be read as *Paradise Lost* is read, and not like Dr. Cadman's Daily Counsel.

### *A Royal Newspaper*

A NEWSPAPER romance in which Kaiser Wilhelm II played the rôle of *deus ex machina*, and the last chapter of which may still be written, has come to light in Professor Ludwig Bernhard's new book, *The Hugenberg Concern*. It appears that the Kaiser particularly

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enjoyed reading the *Berliner Lokalanzeiger* while eating his German equivalent for ham and eggs. The paper had secured an enormous circulation through the double merit of cheapness and triviality, but Herr August Scherl, its founder, received a very tempting offer to sell a controlling interest to Herr Rudolf Mosse, the owner of *Berliner Tageblatt*. When the Kaiser heard of this he became greatly perturbed at the prospect of having his breakfast-table literature controlled by a Democrat and a Jew.

Chancellor Bethmann-Hollweg consequently negotiated for the first half of 1913 with Herr Scherl, who said that he would sell the block of shares to 'friends of the Government' for two million dollars, although Herr Mosse had offered him two and three-quarters million. Then Baron von Schorlemer, Minister for Agriculture, tried his hand, and soon realized that only the direct intervention of the Kaiser would induce monarchical capitalists to venture into the treacherous waters of publishing. The Kaiser was not at all loath to lend his direct moral support, for he was falling more and more under the influence of Houston Stewart Chamberlain, a renegade Englishman and fanatical apostle of anti-Semitism for whom the sale of the loyal *Lokalanzeiger* to the critical and progressive house of Mosse was stark tragedy.

Fifty-nine 'affluent gentlemen' accordingly organized the German Publishing Association, among them Herr Alfred Hugenberg, at that time chairman of the Krupps board of directors, and now head of the biggest newspaper combination in Germany. With the outbreak of war, however, the paper's advertising diminished and further losses were incurred. The members of the Publishing Association sent a memorial to the Chancellor and to the Minister for Agriculture saying that their connection with the paper was due solely to the requests of the Government, 'which might be presumed still to have an interest in the paper.' Since the Kaiser feared that the circumstances surrounding the formation of the German Publishing Association would come to the knowledge of the public, 'an unknown source,' which was really the Treasury of the Prussian Government, provided one million marks. All the correspondence was carried on with great secrecy.

Since the present Prussian Ministry of the Interior is under Socialist control, an investigation is being made into the manner in which government funds were diverted under the old régime to support a reactionary paper, and evidence has appeared suggesting that an additional million marks was later placed at the disposal of the Publishing Association. At any rate, it seems that a Socialist ministry has been a silent partner in a newspaper which has for years been one of its most persistent enemies and one of the most ardent champions of a Hohenzollern restoration.

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## AS OTHERS SEE US

'It is America, not Moscow, that has shown the worker how he can get what he most desires — a steadily rising standard of living. It is Mary Pickford, not Mahatma Gandhi, whom the children of India follow, because there is scarcely one of them who does not desire to earn the entrance price to the cinema.'

Thus Philip Kerr in the *Observer* (London) depicts the growing influence of American civilization on world life for the benefit of Britishers; while a New Zealander writing in the *Auckland Weekly News* urges them not to be disturbed by those Americans who applaud denunciations of King George, for the unusual reason that such people are only 'satisfying their grudge against the older, established Americans, who are socially and intellectually much more intimate with the upper classes in England than they are with the lower classes in America.'

'The people of the United States,' continues the *Observer* critic, 'know little about international affairs, or of Europe, Asia, or Africa, as compared with ourselves. They have no empire to manage. Business, however, has come to have the same kind of significance for the United States that the Empire has for us.'

Europeans are asking themselves how the development of this American empire of business will affect their own position. 'In finance, in trade, at sea, and nearly everywhere else, America has challenged our supremacy,' says a writer in the *Saturday Review* (London Conservative weekly). 'We have never been confronted by so formidable a bogey man.' But, is the reassuring conclusion, 'like all bogeys, America has become a grotesquely distorted and unreal figure. She is simply a new creation colossal enough to change the balance of a world in which, after all, any such development must tend to the advantage of the centre and clearing house, which is still London.'

A writer in *Candide*, a Paris literary weekly, takes a less sanguine view. 'When a nation grows to be a great exporter, her mentality changes. She takes an interest in the rest of the world, which she has ignored before; she tries to find markets there. She turns toward aggressive imperialism. One sees the struggle for the mastery of the seas approaching rapidly — a struggle which will some day oppose to one another the two great Anglo-Saxon maritime empires, with or without the intervention of Japan. Rich and strong, and beginning to feel crowded, fate will force the United States to become an invader.'

Europe cannot get away from the fascinating picture of the United States as the imperialistic colossus of the Americas. *Le Temps* stubbornly maintains that 'the Pan-American Union is in reality no more than an economic coöperative society and an instrument of the North American trusts, whose financial control envelops the whole hemisphere.' Dr. Max Jordan, writing in the *Berliner Tageblatt*, points out that 'the United States has more than five billion dollars invested in Latin America. These bare figures are of greater import than any resolution of protest could be. Pan-Americanism is nothing but a North American attempt to further the



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expansion of trade, and Latin America has never understood it otherwise.'

'Sandino is not merely one of those national soldiers of fortune in which America has always abounded,' says *La Voz* of Madrid, in an almost mock-heroic article. 'Politically he is a great Spanish-American force as well. Upon the crests of the Andes where he defends himself his figure day by day attains the gigantic proportions of a myth. He may fall; but his gesture will endure, and perhaps his country — called the Central American Switzerland — will transfigure him with time into a new William Tell, without the apple, but the founder of a similar confederation: the Confederation of Central America, proposed so many times, a failure so many times, but now so necessary.'

'The democratic, humanitarian, pacifistic convictions of the American people are a negation of imperialism,' mildly begins Mussolini's organ, *Il Popolo d'Italia*, of Milan, 'and nothing seems more unjust and offensive to the citizen of the United States than the suspicion that his country may be militaristic — a conqueror country. But the imperialism of a country is independent of the convictions and desires of its citizens; it is sometimes a condition produced by inescapable circumstances. The gigantic interests of America in the world are the basis of an involuntary but effective imperialism which may perhaps be as democratic as that of Napoleon was Jacobin.'

One ambassador of good will whom we have apparently been neglecting in this time of evident necessity is Charlie Chaplin. His latest picture, 'The Circus,' has brought forth glowing praise from that most artistic of races, the French — and this in spite of the recent film war. 'I am really alarmed,' says a critic in *L'Europe Nouvelle*, 'when I see truly intelligent men who remain blind to Chaplin's genius. Admit that D. W. Griffith is the Chateaubriand, the Hugo, of the moving-picture world, and see how quickly Charlot takes on the semblance of Andersen or Cervantes.'

The American's descent upon European antiques gives *El Sol*, of Madrid, an occasion to point out the profound problem involved. 'In Europe one laughs at this passion of Americans for antiques, and considers it as the latest form of American snobbishness! This is a mistake. The phenomenon has more profound significance. The American nation is the richest in the world. But wealth is not an end; it is a means of procuring the good things of life. One of the most precious of these things is beauty. It is natural that rich Americans should wish to exchange part of their riches for beautiful things. This is one of the ways of translating quantity into quality, which is the great problem of modern civilization.' So America sends machines to Europe; Europe sends objects of art to America. A fair exchange, if it were not for the fact that Old Masters make Americans realize that the glorious age of art has passed, and new machinery makes Europe feel that the modern age is ugly and vulgar. 'Many Americans,' concludes the Spanish newspaper, 'are unable to understand the cause of the dull antipathies which Europe harbors toward America. The real cause is to be found in the artistic decadence that always accompanies the development of modern civilization. This civilization is not the work of America alone, but of America and Europe together; but the Europeans like to make America the symbol of civilization, of railroads, steam, electricity, big business, and they relish venting upon her the spleen which is an accumulation of all the troubles which that civilization causes them.'

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# WAR AND PEACE

*Conflicting views on the one great question that vexes all the world, put forward by statesmen, bankers, educators, military men, in many countries. Italics supplied by the editors*

A PEOPLE that thinks of conflict in terms of defense only is more than halfway down the road to permanent peace. — *Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University*

You Americans may as well realize that the Chinese dislike you as much as they do every other foreigner. — *Count Carlo Sforza of Italy, after a trip through the Far East*

There has been altogether too much emotionalism in considering war and its horrors; the real question is not how to abolish war, but how to obtain justice for all nations. — *Professor Philip Marshall Brown, of Princeton University*

I firmly believe no question can arise in the future between us which defies peaceful settlement. — *Rear-Admiral Osami Magano, to the America-Japan Society in Tokyo, after his return from America*

Germany has perhaps the greatest percentage of die-hard pacifists of any nation. — *Emil Ludwig, German biographer and historian*

There is no nation which has so little interest in warlike entanglements, no nation which would so jeopardize its entire existence by going to war, as Germany. — *Foreign Minister Stresemann, in the Reichstag*

Never has the atmosphere been more favorable in Germany for a peaceful rapprochement with France. — *Former Chancellor Wirth of Germany*

People sometimes say that international finance can make or unmake states, can bring on or prevent war. Fortunately or unfortunately, there is no truth in that dictum. — *Thomas W. Lamont, partner in J. P. Morgan and Company, before the American Academy of Political Science*

After my stay in Rome I am convinced that Italy, though naturally anxious to assure her security, remains deeply devoted to peaceful labor. — *Nicholas Titulescu, Rumanian Foreign Minister*

The sentiment of the nations which I have learned to know in many travels is undoubtedly peaceful. The plain citizens, the farmers and workers, are occupied by worries about their work and their bread. They do not want war, but peace. *With this sentiment, unfortunately, the actions of the governments do not agree.* — *Paul Loebe, President of the German Reichstag*

The jewels, silks, great houses, limousines — these are the things that women crave, and these are the things that men compete for to obtain for their women. Since women are the inspiration of all men's struggles for



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success, and inasmuch as it is men's struggles and ambitions that cause trade competition, which in turn causes war, we cannot possibly escape the conclusion that fundamentally women are the cause of war. — *Rear-Admiral Bradley A. Fiske, U. S. N., retired*

A new era seems recently to have opened. No absolute monarch any longer holds within his hands the fate of peace, the destiny of his or any neighboring country. People cannot, I hope, venture now to be plunged into war because of the stupidity, vanity, or wickedness of some autocrat who commands it. — *Ambassador Myron T. Herrick, laying the corner stone of the American House in the Cité Universitaire in Paris*

The question which dominates all others, even the vital question of the franc, which, incidentally, depends on it, is the question of security and international peace. Why reconstruct if a new cyclone is going to destroy everything? What edifice, what patiently worked out equilibrium, can resist its force? How can one carry on constructive work if one lives under such a menace? — *War Minister Painlevé, speaking in favor of the new French military laws*

The Balkan question presents the greatest danger for all Europe. The Danube remains the greatest historic river for diplomatic intrigues and bloody quarrels in Europe. There are too many different races, too many religions, too many traditions. The treaties which followed the European War have solved nothing; on the contrary, they have aggravated the situation. — *Francesco Nitti, former Premier of Italy*

The bloodiest, cruelest, most devastating, most horrible of all wars in which the United States has ever been engaged was fought with ourselves. This was the Civil War. No intelligent person can contemplate that record without appreciating that the sentimental ties of race and kinship are not proof in themselves against war. — *Christian A. Herter, Secretary of the American Commission to Negotiate Peace, 1918–19*

We may expect to have our fiery generals, our peppery admirals, and our jingo journalists with us for a long time to come. Nevertheless, there is hope that when the utter folly of war as an instrument for the just and, above all, economic settlement of disputes has been made clear to the world at large a new spirit will spring up. — *Sir Esme Howard, British Ambassador to the United States*

War is inevitable so long as we travel along the lines we are traveling to-day. And what of it? We are not going to leave this heritage of George Washington to any question of luck. We may not get a reduction in taxes if we carry out our naval building programme, but we'll never get stung in the same place twice. — *Rear-Admiral Plunkett, U. S. N.*

In the next conflict we are preparing so that there will be only one point to be settled instead of fourteen, and that point will be who is the victor. Our answer to that is to be, the United States. . . . I may have devoted too much time to the question of war, for we all know that our ladies' organizations at home are working earnestly to the end that there shan't be another one. — *Captain Drace, Naval Attaché of the American Embassy in Paris*

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# BOOKS ABROAD

**The Death of a Diplomat,** by Peter Oldfield. London: Constable, 1928. 6*s.* net.
**The Patriot,** by A. E. and H. C. Walter. London: Methuen, 1928. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.
**The Mystery of the Blue Train,** by Agatha Christie. London: Collins, 1928. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.
**The Metcalfe Mystery,** by Elliot Bailey. London: Geoffrey Bles, 1928. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

[*Morning Post*]

Peter Oldfield, we are told, is the pseudonym for two persons of great cosmopolitan and diplomatic experience. They are manifestly — this is what may be meant — familiar with Geneva and the League of Nations circumstance. The city, with its adjacent frontiers, lends itself usefully to the mechanics of a sensational plot, in which an international treaty — with a famous diamond thrown in — is stolen and recovered; and the special knowledge of the authors has enabled them to give a spacious air to the crime and to lend it verisimilitude by means of topographical detail. Count von Firbach and M. Lavallière, the German and French Foreign Ministers, appear importantly in the background. The former's secretary, von Waechter, is murdered because of the document and jewel in his care. It is a British member of the Political Section of the League, John Lavington, to whom falls the adventure of tracking down the criminals, and he shares it chiefly with Miss Betty Marshall, of the *Chicago Star*, the introduction of M. Durand, Head of the Geneva Police, being skillfully turned into a complication rather than an aid. Betty links this affair of high politics with the less eminent crime cases of fiction, and to their staple of excitements this 'thriller' adheres. It follows the best traditions of such tales by keeping the identity of the villain a close secret until the last scene in the house on the Voirons, and is distinguished among its kind by being uncommonly well written.

The authors of *The Patriot* also seek to suggest a larger import for a murder, but do it with less skill. They draw their moral a little too solemnly for a 'thriller.' When we have followed the intriguing windings of their plot from the shooting of Mornington in the house on Hampstead Heath to the discovery of his murderer, whose identity we must not disclose, we are left wondering whether the grandiose motive properly fits the crime. The disappointment of these doubts might have been saved had the significance of the title been more lightly hinted throughout. But that is a reflection of the closing scene in the café on the water front of Smyrna, and all that goes before keeps us agreeably on tenterhooks. It is a daring and inviting stroke to involve personally and sentimentally in the fortunes of Mrs. Astaire the Assistant Commissioner at Scotland Yard, an institution to which the authors give a reasonable and convincing existence.

Mrs. Agatha Christie knows that the familiar ingredients of mystery story will serve an author who can cunningly enough vary their mixture, and she is content, without straining at any fanciful significance, to engage our attention for her Blue Train tale by the old lure of the Heart of Fire ruby. The clues are many and well crossed to the crime of Ruth Kettering's murder, they lead us tantalizingly to and past good people and bad alike, and surprise us in the end with a properly unexpected villain. The result is still another score for the intuitive method of the vain but likable Monsieur Poirot.

*The Metcalfe Mystery*, too, is a plain tale of villainy, frankly meant to pass an idle hour. For that reason we need not criticize impertinently the adoption of the popular novelist, Lance Wilmot, by Scotland Yard into the affair of the Bedford



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Row solicitor's disappearance. The amateur, it may be said, shows up foolishly beside the professional. Between them, however, they keep us hunting merrily along false trails until such time as the criminal is unearthed, and Brenda Metcalfe's love story crowned.

**The Uncensored Dardanelles,** by E. Ashmead-Bartlett. London: Hutchinson and Company, 1928. 21*s.* net.

[Henry W. Nevinson in the *Manchester Guardian*]

MANY accounts have been written of that dramatic and disputed episode, the Dardanelles Campaign of 1915. I have myself read between forty and fifty books upon the subject, and I suppose that most people are familiar with Sir Ian Hamilton's *Gallipoli Diary*, the second volume of C. E. W. Bean's *Official History of Australia in the War*, and John Masefield's brilliant sketch, *Gallipoli*. There are also my own book, *The Dardanelles Campaign*, and *The Dardanelles*, by General Sir C. E. Callwell, a strategic study by an eminent soldier who was not present on the peninsula himself. Now, after thirteen years, Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett has given us another volume, and, whatever one may think of his main criticisms, — which are strongly adverse, — it is a work of intense interest.

The author was present with the expedition from a week or two before the first landing in April until his discharge from the army at the end of September, except for an interval in June, when he returned to London to refit after losing all his possessions upon the Majestic, torpedoed by a submarine off Cape Helles. His book is mainly in the form of a diary, and it is written with the brilliant literary power that has always distinguished Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett's dispatches, whether from Japan, France, or the Dardanelles. As an observer he is endowed with unusual vision, and as a military critic he speaks with an assurance likely to command respect from all, except perhaps the officer in command. In this volume he repeats the uncompromising strictures that he passed upon the whole conception and conduct of the campaign, not only to myself and the two or three others who were his colleagues on the peninsula, but to the highest authorities at home, including Lord Kitchener, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Asquith, and Mr. Winston Churchill, during that visit to London when the whole campaign stood at crisis.

From the very first he was strongly opposed to Sir Ian's strategy and tactics. From the first he advocated an attack upon the neck of the peninsula at Bulair. Such an idea was so obvious to the merest amateur that I felt confident Sir Ian and the naval commanders must have strong reasons against it, and those reasons have since been fully expounded by Sir Ian himself and by General Callwell. But during the campaign Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett never ceased to dwell upon his conception, and he clings to it still. There is no space here to argue so controversial a point, and I will merely recall that Liman von Sanders, in command of the Turkish army, had posted two divisions to watch the restricted landing place from which an attack against those notoriously powerful lines of Bulair was possible. He himself naturally expected the attack there, but it was one of Napoleon's first maxims of war never to do what you know your enemy expects. Liman von Sanders has also said that, in Sir Ian's place, he might have made Tenedos his base for an advance along the Asiatic coast. But from this line of action Sir Ian was debarred by Lord Kitchener's express command. Long association with Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett has revealed to me his enviable self-confidence and a brilliancy of mind equally enviable. But still I abide by my original opinion that Sir Ian had but one of two alternatives open to him — either to attack as he did, or to withdraw as from a hopeless task. Sir Ian was not the man to withdraw, especially from an enterprise that, if successful, would almost certainly have ended the war two years earlier than it was destined to end.

I cannot enter into the difficult question whether a correspondent who is pledged not to send any communication home without censorship is justified in trying to smuggle out a letter to the Prime Minister disclosing what he considers a national danger. Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett thought it his duty to make the attempt, but his design

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was betrayed by a civilian attached to another part of the force. The bearer of the letter was stopped at Marseille, and the author of it was requested to leave the army. Personally, though I did not agree with his action, I deeply regretted the departure of so intelligent, enterprising, and entertaining a colleague. The cleverness of the present book makes me regret it all the more. But at the same time I cannot but remember that a prophet of evil often exerts a terrible power in fulfilling his own prophecy.

**Feminism. A Sociological Study of the Woman Question, from Ancient Times to the Present Day,** by K. A. Wieth-Knudsen. London: Constable, 1928. 12*s*.

[Rose Macaulay in the *Observer*]

WHAT, I often wonder, is this woman question that seems so to perturb the minds of writers, and why is it so much more often asked than the man question? The chief question I should ask concerning women is: Why do they get so much written about? The second question is: Why does their mere existence seem to make some writers so angry? But the woman question asked, to the length of a large volume, by Professor Wieth-Knudsen, and translated from the Danish by Mr. A. G. Chater, is, summarized tersely: Why has Nordic woman been allowed to get so out of hand, and what are we to do to keep her in her place, the place assigned her by the wiser Oriental races, who 'only look for one thing in women and are never disappointed'? Women, the Professor sadly admits, must be allowed to exist, for biological purposes. But they fulfill no other purpose. Nordic men have made the mistake of believing — to some extent — in woman's 'humanity and human virtue.' They have idealized her personal appearance, whereas, complains the Professor, 'on closer inspection, there is always something amiss somewhere.' He seems, a little unfairly, to regard this defective beauty as rather a feminine fault than one common to the human race, a race notoriously among the plainer of God's creatures. But this lack of logical thinking runs all through his indictment of female depravity. On woman he piles all the sins common to our frail and erring mortality, and man (and not only man, for, turning to the animal creation, one observes a similar nobility among bulls and cocks) he sees as a god. It might be asked by a biologist: Does not a man, then, inherit any vices or flaws from his mother, or a woman any virtues from her father? But the Professor is no biologist. The Early Fathers used to debate whether women had souls. Professor Wieth-Knudsen does not do this; he knows that they have not. The saddest part of the sad business is that women are incurable. Never, says the author firmly, have human beings changed, — anyhow, not for twenty-five hundred years, — and never will women improve, or rise any nearer to man's level. It follows, naturally, that marriage between these monsters and these angels is an inevitable and bitter tragedy for the angel. 'Male misery and female depravity.' — this is marriage. Wives will stick at nothing; they will even 'introduce animals into the bedroom, which, as is well known, is intolerable to higher natures.'

The sum of all the sad business is that, unless white man succeeds, even at the eleventh hour, in reducing his womankind to order and to that place she occupies among the more pigmented races, ruin awaits Nordic civilization. The Professor need not worry. Ruin awaits our civilization in any case, as all other civilizations, past, present, and to come.

It will be seen that this is a somewhat depressed book, though for the reader it has its bright spots.

**As They Seemed to Me,** by Ugo Ojetti. Translated by Henry Furst. London: Methuen, 1928. 6*s*. net.

[*Times Literary Supplement*]

SIGNOR UGO OJETTI is an example of the journalist-essayist at his best. He has written his periodical column of Book Notes or Literary Impressions — his record of things read and things seen — in the *Corriere della Sera* without sacrificing the individuality of thought and diction which makes even the most ephemeral of his arti-

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cles well worth rereading. For, slight though some of them are, the papers collected in his three volumes, *Cose Viste*, selections from which have now been published in English under the somewhat Pirandellian title, *As They Seemed to Me*, were all worthy of reproduction in book form. It is to be hoped that the translator, who has performed his task admirably, will be encouraged to make a further selection; Ojetti's judgments upon Tolstoi's Diary and Chekhov's Letters and Note Books, upon the Autobiography of Countess Tolstoi, and upon M. Paléologue's account of Russia during the war are characteristically fresh and spirited, and would serve excellently as the basis for a companion volume.

*As They Seemed to Me* forms a disjointed but illuminating chronicle of literary events and personalities in Italy and elsewhere. The author's personal knowledge of many of his contemporaries adds weight as well as piquancy to his estimates; he is not afraid to discuss the distinguished men and women who figure in his pages, and, through them, to interpret the social and intellectual events which are taking place in Europe, leaving their definite, and often painful, impress upon European literature. His studies of contemporary art, based upon personal knowledge of the artists' surroundings and conditions of life, have a similar conviction and finality, refreshing in these days of critical timidity and indecision. His critical methods are diametrically opposed to those of Croce, with whom he more than once engages in friendly controversy. Ojetti is primarily a professional critic, Croce a scholar and a philosopher. Where Ojetti bases his literary principles upon practical psychology, Croce embraces transcendentalism and æsthetics. Where Croce gathers the flower of 'pure literature' with a subtle appreciation of its rare color and perfume, Ojetti examines, with minute and business-like care, the soil by which that flower was nourished and the seed from which it sprang. '*Per voi insomma*,' he concludes a letter to the philosopher, '*l'opera è una conclusione; ma pei più dei lettori un fondamento e un principio*.' Croce, he seems to suggest, is to this generation what Pater was to the last — 'a critic for a few people.' Nevertheless, Ojetti's essays are not pure comment or reminiscence, as opposed to the Crocian ideal of pure criticism. The public for which he writes and the method which he employs demand a little of both ingredients. But he is preëminently a humanist. In his own words, *L'uomo mi nasconde lo scrittore*, and instead of 'By their works ye shall know them,' it is, with him, a case of 'By them ye shall know their works.' Writers confess themselves only when they have escaped from the glare of the literary limelight, and their unpublished revelations of character help us to estimate the true quality of their published work.

With their frequent flashes of humor, their gleams of shy sentiment, these essays have a sustained warmth, a glow of feeling and appreciation, which betoken an alert and generous mind, ready to be interested in everything and loath to betray or neglect even the humblest gifts of life. The return of a great actor to the stage after years of absence, the eightieth birthday of Anatole France, the disgust of the Sicilians with Maeterlinck, who found their beloved island 'sterile, monotonous, and dirty' — any event, grand or trifling, recorded in a brief newspaper paragraph, serves as a peg upon which to hang his witty reflections, his personal reminiscences, his worldly or unworldly comments. Even the sight of a cat sunning itself upon a garden wall near Settignano becomes the excuse for a delightful little description of a journey through Asia, which reads something like a story by Chekhov. Characteristic, too, of his interest in forgotten things and neglected people are the opening sentences of another paper: —

> Émile Zola died of asphyxia on September 28, 1902. I have waited a month to see if after twenty years anyone in Italy will remember him, at least on the anniversary of his death. Nobody.

Some of the articles are mere fragments, tantalizing but evocative. But always, as, for example, in that entitled 'Mussolini Makes a Speech,' the subject lives before us, drawn in a few sure, sympathetic strokes. He displays, besides the insight of the critic and the practical skill of the journalist, the Midas-touch of the born essayist, transmuting commonplace incidents and chance encounters into literature that will endure.

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# VIEWS AND REVIEWS

**Daisy and Daphne,** by Rose Macaulay. New York: Boni and Liveright, 1928.

It is a commentary on the marketability of Rose Macaulay's extremely up-to-date talent that her latest novel should have gone into a second edition before publication. Readers of this sprightly and entertaining romance will not feel that hope has triumphed over experience, for the book deserves all the favorable auguries that have accompanied the birth of these twentieth-century heavenly twins, Daisy and Daphne. (The pedant who on the second page of the book discovers that Daphne is five years younger than Daisy will blame the inaccuracy of the reviewer who defines these sisters as twins, but by the middle of the book apologies for such a hasty criticism of a critic will be in order.)

Rose Macaulay has gone one step beyond Virginia Woolf and Eugene O'Neill in her method of treating the Objective and the Subjective Self, but she exercises her technique with so light a touch that the reader is not conscious of fraud, — or Freud, — so busy is she with being entertained. We say 'she' advisedly, for the feminine reader will find more to amuse her in this social study than the average man. Daisy and Daphne are very human, both in their weaknesses and in their virtues, and, although guilty of no moral lapses, one of them at least possesses far from admirable traits — snobbishness, social hypocrisy, and petty cowardice being constantly in evidence.

The slender plot of the story centres around the fact that Daisy and Daphne are in love with a young zoölogist of a social position superior to their own. The incidents of the tale matter little — the character drawing is what we remember. The hero's mother, Mrs. Folyot, is an almost Dickensian personage, with her constant preoccupation with Russian Refugees, Persecuted Poles, and all varieties of the desolate and oppressed peoples of Central Europe. Mrs. Folyot is hardly more credible than Mrs. Jellaby, and scarcely less amusing, but her little twelve-year-old girl Cary is one of the lesser triumphs of the vivid portrait gallery. Cary really lives; and so does Mrs. Arthur, Daisy's mother, a large-hearted, weak-willed, incredibly vulgar creature — a mother denied for very shame by the daughter who really loves her, yet disowns her to the man she adores, being herself made of clay too common to realize that her denial of her mother would shatter her lover's faith past mending.

But not even the sad ending of this novel can make it into a tragedy, for the book is hopelessly, incurably amusing. Rose Macaulay has written nothing more entertaining, sophisticated, clever, and true to life than this.

'Daisy and Daphne *true?*' we hear some incredulous and indignant reader exclaim. Yes, my dear old lady — for no young lady would make so unimaginative a criticism. Daisy and Daphne is true, — not *are* true, but *is* true, — even as you and I.

**The Eternal Moment,** by E. M. Forster. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.00.

*The Eternal Moment* is a volume of fantastic sketches, the last of which gives the title to the book. Like all of Mr. Forster's work, these stories are full of imagination and suggestion, but — much more than is the case with his longer books — this one will have a special and limited appeal. For hundreds who enjoy *A Passage to India* or *A Room with a View,* only one person will be found with taste for fantasy or for impossibility sufficient to relish the fare spread before him in this highly specialized diet.

The first allegory, called 'The Machine Stops,' suggests H. G. Wells's earlier works, the scene being laid in the far-distant future, when the machine created by man becomes a deity which finally wrecks the maker and itself. It is a prophecy as full of



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depressing portent as of keen imagination, and it makes one present imperfect civilization seem idealistic and sentimental in contrast to the picture of what a completely mechanistic universe might become.

'The Point of It,' though difficult to see, has pregnancy, if not sufficient point to penetrate the minds of the avowedly *terre à terre;* and 'The Eternal Moment,' though preposterous in plot, seems so plausible in comparison with its predecessors as to be almost probable.

For anyone who likes the bizarre and the bewildering, one can recommend this collection of some of Mr. Forster's earlier works. It is excellent of its kind, and in saying that it is far from being the kind of thing that everyone will like we are not speaking slightingly either of the book or of those who may disparage it.

**The Withered Root,** by Rhys Davies. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $2.00.

THIS is the first novel of a young Welshman who writes whereof he knows — the colliery districts where, as he says, 'in their bleak isolation the people lived their lives with all the primitive force of the Welsh — a natural life of toil, lust, and worship.'

Hugh Daniels, the father of the hero of the story, transmits to his son a faint gleam of idealism, the one ray of light in a consistently dreary and sombre scene. Briefly, the tale is that of a young worker in the mines, Reuben Daniels, who experiences almost simultaneous love and religion, — to give both emotions more flattering titles than they deserve, — and whose soul is racked with the eternal conflict between flesh and spirit. Unlike some kindred characters in fiction, Reuben is never a hypocrite, though frequently self-deceived. He becomes an evangelical preacher with all the hysteria and eroticism with which this unlovely type of revivalism is tied up, but the picture impresses one as being a true representation of the nervously unbalanced brand of fanaticism described. The temptress for whom Reuben eventually forsakes one form of emotional excess for another not altogether dissimilar is so completely a creature of flesh that she seems more of a type than a living woman, but as such she achieves her purpose and after months of struggle succeeds in accomplishing the fall of the fiery young revivalist to her own level.

Reuben's sottish mother, coarse and unstable, for whose love and tenderness he craves in secret all his life, is the only other important female character, except for one hysterical follower of the handsome young preacher, whose erotic impulses are even more hopelessly entangled with her religious ecstasies than are Reuben's own. A sophisticated young cynic, cousin of the temptress, dying of consumption with constantly reiterated protestations of unbelief, completes the list of chief actors in a foreordained tragedy.

*The Withered Root* is a remarkable study of a distasteful subject, but the fact that it is well written and sincere makes it worth reading for those who are not repelled by descriptions of pathological states. One closes the book remembering George Meredith's lines: —

> In tragic life, God wot,
> No villain need be, passions spin the plot;
> We are betrayed by what is false within.

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# DISCRETION AND INDISCRETION

MIA KATSCHE, a twenty-two-year-old Berlin girl, has beaten all comers in a recent contest by keeping a cigar alight in her mouth for two and a quarter hours. — *Daily Herald*

* * *

A cruel pun is current in Radical cabaret circles in Berlin. It is said that when Ludendorff was asked whom he considered the biggest criminal in Germany, he replied: 'Ich denke Haarmann.' (I think Haarmann.) Among the most notorious murderers in modern Germany are two men named Haarmann and Denke.

— *Morning Post*

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The attainment of an ideal is very often the beginning of a disillusion. — *Stanley Baldwin*

* * *

I hate moral indignation.

— *Mrs. Sidney Webb*

* * *

I find it easier to work in London for the reason that in the country there are so many better things to do. — *A. A. Milne*

* * *

Governor Wallace R. Farrington of Hawaii says that he and President Coolidge tried each other out on the once popular Ask Me Another game. Y. Soga, editor of *Nippu Jiji*, a Tokyo Japanese-language daily newspaper, remarked: 'Such quizzing of the Governor by President Coolidge showed that the latter is rather small. In my opinion it is not necessary for the Governor to possess detailed information as long as he has general knowledge.' The same editor, commenting in his paper recently on memorial services for a prominent business man of Honolulu who died in California, said: 'Really, it was very pleasant.'

* * *

I do not consider I have ever done any good work. — *G. K. Chesterton*

* * *

Folk songs are all very well for those who cannot invent their own tunes.

— *Sir Edward Elgar*

* * *

The result of the invention of the internal-combustion engine has been to ruin the earth and to make the air dangerous and the sea foul.

— *Lord Desborough*

I like the criminal class, and I see a good deal of them. There is good nature, a kind of sporting sense, about them.

— *Leeds Stipendiary Magistrate*

* * *

While we have in this country some who can write good music, we have a veritable army of men and women who write light bad music.

— *Sir Edward German*

* * *

I think that in our country parishes two of the greatest means of helping on Christian fellowship have been the dance and the whist drive.

— *Bishop of St. Edmundsbury and Ispwich*

* * *

In a single issue of a daily paper we were told in headlines that women's tears greeted the verdict in the trial of Captain Dewar, that at the closing of the old building at Lloyd's an underwriter was in tears as he walked down the steps, and that during the first public performance of *Dawn* at the Palladium many women were in tears. Something might be said for a revival of many of the virtues of our forbears, but who will defend a resuscitation of that feeble sentimentality whose ideal of self-expression was 'Tears, idle tears'? — *Outlook*

* * *

My experience has shown me that the greatest men are afraid of something.

— *Major J. W. Hills, M.P.*

* * *

Whatever other faults Americans may have, they are specially and splendidly free from the faults of skepticism and despair.

— *G. K. Chesterton*

* * *

Civilization is a disease from which nations seldom recover. — *Dean Inge*

* * *

The root of all disease is in bad feeding.

— *Sir Arbuthnot Lane*

* * *

Flappers make traditionally expensive company. — *Sir William Joynson-Hicks*

* * *

I believe in a small electorate; the more you increase it, the more you Robotize politics.

— *Lord Hugh Cecil*



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# STEPPING ALONG

"IT was with distinct enjoyment and admiration that I read the last copy of *The Living Age*, the first under the new program," writes a pleased reader. Writes one of many others: "I congratulate you on the new magazine."

SUCCESS justifies careful planning. *Metropolitana, Persons and Personages* and the other new departments whose incorporation in *The Living Age* last month marked the first step in our general program of enlargement and improvement, are all continued in the present number; and we are this month presenting *an additional number* of translated articles.

SHORTLY, when plans now under consideration are given definitive form, *The Living Age* will appear in a new dress: a cover in colors; a somewhat larger page size designed to make the magazine as convenient as possible to read and to handle; a smoother paper which will take illustrations in cases where text subjects can by this method be rendered more vivid and more interesting.

SO many of our readers have expressed a desire to find some way of immediately sharing with their friends their enjoyment, present and anticipated, of the enlarged, improved *Living Age* that we are urging you, too, to take advantage of the special gift subscription offer below.

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# THE GUIDE POST

MANUEL UGARTE, who explains the recent awakening of South America, is the foremost journalist in the Argentine, and has devoted his entire life to a somewhat Quixotic battle with the windmill of Yankee imperialism. The significance of his present article is that it attacks the local self-seeking politicians quite as much as the domineering Babbitts from the North.

❦ ❦ ❦

Two Germans give us new points of view on England. Georg Popoff has been living in London for some time as the regular correspondent of the *Neues Wiener Tagblatt*. Arnold Rechberg, head of the German potash syndicate, visits England frequently, and enjoys the confidence of a few big business men and the contumely of the chauvinist press. He is not to be taken too seriously, even though he does speak for the new spirit of conciliation toward France.

❦ ❦ ❦

Count Richard Nikolaus Coudenhove-Kalergi has a mixture of noble Japanese and Austrian blood flowing in his veins. He is the head of the Pan-Europa movement, and labors incessantly for world peace and Continental solidarity. We feel safe in saying that no contributor to the German-language press writes in a clearer, more effective style than the belligerently pacifistic Count.

❦ ❦ ❦

Professor Madariaga is a former chairman of the Disarmament Committee of the League of Nations. At present he is giving a series of lectures in London, and his new book, *Englishmen, Frenchmen, Spaniards*, is reviewed in our current issue.

❦ ❦ ❦

J. B. Atkins succeeded Mr. St. Loe Strachey as editor of the pro-American *Spectator*. He has been writing a series of articles describing his last visit to the States — in the hope, no doubt, of dispelling some of the hard feeling that heartless Big Bill Thompson has been responsible for.

Élie Faure has written a long and remarkable history of art, which was translated into English some years ago. We cannot pretend that his style is easy reading, but we do assert that he is one of the most subtle and versatile men of letters anywhere in the world. His essay on the French soul was so very long that we reluctantly had to condense its closing paragraphs.

❦ ❦ ❦

Goya was so much more than just a painter that he gives M. Pons an opportunity to criticize and expound the whole spirit of Spain in connection with the centenary of his death.

❦ ❦ ❦

Arnold Höllriegel has traveled all over the world, and about a year ago he wrote a series of articles on California. He has now returned to the cinema country, but only a meeting with Charlie Chaplin could induce him to hold forth on Hollywood. For our own part, we cannot help remarking that this business of Mr. Chaplin's breaking heart gives us a slight pain.

❦ ❦ ❦

René Fülöp-Miller, author of *The Mind and Face of Bolshevism* and *Lenin and Ghandi*, has collaborated with a dramatic critic and turned out what appears to be a really important history of the Russian theatre down through Stanislavskii and the grotesque Mayerhold. Ernst Lothar, a regular feuilletonist for the *Neue Freie Presse*, outlines this book in considerable detail.

❦ ❦ ❦

The struggle between Oriental wisdom and Occidental civilization has become a matter of very real concern to the intellectuals of Europe, who even go the length of taking Keyserling seriously. We do not suggest that our readers indulge in any such extravagance, but merely recommend Émile Bouvier's article to their consideration, since it throws a good deal of light on the current state of mind abroad.

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